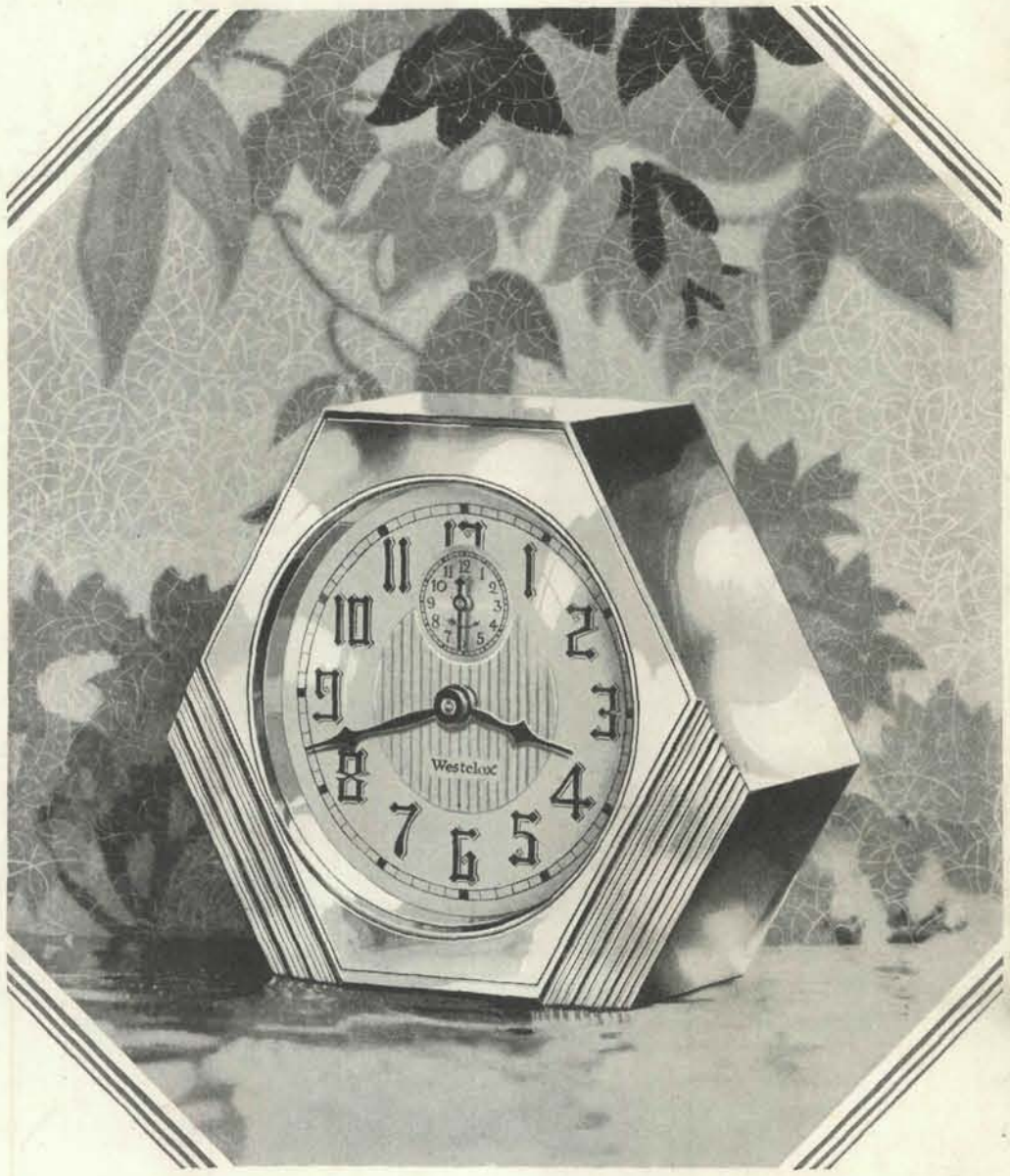
Nov. 8-1930

Three Beautiful New Westclox



ACTUAL SIZE

EXPRESSIVE of supreme refinement, the La Salle Series of Westclox introduces a distinctive new vogue in clocks. Aristocrats of modern timekeepers . . . worthy of a place in milady's dainty boudoir . . . on the mantels of mansions . . . and the price places them within the reach of all who admire beauty with a note of the finest artistry.

Securely built in a one-piece metal case with satin-like finish . . . silvered metal dial with graceful etchings . . . artistic numerals. These attractive clocks are extremely practical, too . . . for they have a mellow toned alarm that is sure to call you.

They are Westclox through and through, built by the makers of Big Ben; endowed with those trustworthy characteristics for which *all* Westclox have so long been famed.

There are three new Westclox models to choose from . . . ranging from a combination of a conservative and modern mode to the extreme modernistic. $6.00

Nov. 8, 1930

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

THIS country, without doubt, should be grateful for peewee, or bantam, golf. At a time when gossips have been talking of unemployment this new industry has given work to thousands of carpenters, stonemasons, concrete experts, ditch-diggers, wall-builders, sappers and miners, cotton-growers, makers of sports clothing, specialists in mental diseases—the full list is too long to print here.

It is meet and proper, therefore, that the causes and development of this outbreak be traced in a short story for the benefit of future historians. Moreover, Frank Condon has done so in a very entertaining work entitled "A Lot on the Corner." Intimately acquainted with Mr. Condon, as we are, we do not say that this history is accurate in every detail, but it sounds probable. As you take the wrong stance, hold your putter incorrectly and make a hole in one, little do you know that but for Ben Bissell's faith in California real estate and the fact that Mrs. Bissell was such a blister, you would be home washing the dishes.

"JUST as we refer to the speed of an engine by saying it turns over so many revolutions per minute, we can describe the circulation of money by saying —roughly—that it turns over twelve times a year." That's not very fast. Roger W. Babson, Big Business' most famous diagnostician, says it ought to go faster. In "An Exercise for Business" he tells you how the revolutions per year can be increased. It's an easy exercise, recommended for any business, young or old.

—

SAYS Knute Rockne: "When I hear the football coach of some mental capacity referred to as a deep and serious thinker, as a master mind who evolves game-winning strategy that by a single brain-wave conquers tremendous opposition, I smile."

While admitting that a coach must know something of practical psychology, we gather from Mr. Rockne's next article that at any point in his career he would have traded several tall brows for a smart running backfield. Going over Notre Dame's football records, however, it seems evident that *someone* has indulged in headwork. Could it have been the modest Rockne?

—

THE Teatro Payret in Havana shows talking pictures now, and its lovely façade is half hidden by electric signs. But less than eighty years ago supremely beautiful La Catalana stamped her heels on its stage and men fought duels over her. It is one of these duels Guy Gilpatric has written about in "Ghosts of Spain."

—

JEROME BEATTY'S "I Can't Understand Marriage" explains a great deal; F. R. Buckley's short story, "One-Man Sheriff," will amuse you; Grantland Rice, Professor Work, Rube Goldberg and others will divert and instruct you; Zane Grey and P. G. Wodehouse will begin where they leave off this week and all will be well with the world. A pleasing prospect.

THIS WEEK

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PITTSBURGH'S WINNING FORWARD PASS

Page 61—Milton C. Work

HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT?

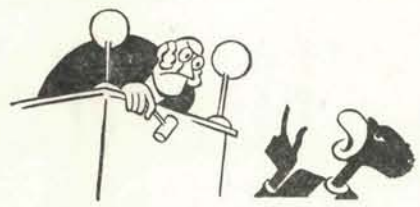
Page 66—Editorial

Any Week

MR. WILLIAM B. PINCKENS advises us that the influence of Tammany Hall is so widespread that it trickled into court in Tulsa, Oklahoma, while Tammany's big boys were refusing to speak to the graft-seeking grand jury in New York, complaining that the very summons offended their dignity.

A Negro named Chuney Wells was being arraigned for an assortment of misdemeanors and crimes among which were larceny and attempt at wife murder. The prosecuting attorney set forth in ringing tones the whole list that the judge might understand this was no ordinary case and that bail was not advisable. So heated was the prosecutor's condemnation of Chuney that Chuney himself was overwhelmed. But presently the judge asked Chuney whether he had anything to say.

"Yassuh, I has," squeaked Chuney when he had found his voice. "I want to say yere and now that I never been mo' insulted in mah life."



WE SLEEP rather well of nights, for which we're becomingly grateful. But inasmuch as there are those who don't we pass on the advice contained in a letter from Dr. J. F. Burnam of Madison, Alabama, who gives us what he calls "an infallible formula for insomnia."

"If," writes he, "sleep will not come to you, just go to sleep."

—

IF WE did nothing else with our editorial "Let the Public Decide," we sent a large number of letter-writers to their desks. Roughly, we'd say that half our correspondents agree with us that if a play or a book has nothing but indecency to recommend it, it will die of itself.

But to N. B. Cook of Totowa Boro, New Jersey, our opinion "is an affront to decent men." And having thus warmed up Mr. Cook calls us a liar. But Mrs. Mary Clemm Wellson of San Francisco insists that we're against censorship because "law makers who advocate press muzzles would naturally seek to silence all publications and plays that tell the truth fearlessly and therefore Collier's would be in danger."

—

IT MAY be a bit late but we hasten to supplement James B. Connolly's article "The Pilot Boat" with information supplied by Mr. A. E. Greenough of Dartmouth, Nova Scotia. Mr. Greenough finds that Mr. Connolly failed to mention one of the most famous of the owners of the famous schooner America, the first winner of the cup for which Sir Thomas Lipton has contested so often and so gallantly.

The overlooked owner, writes Mr. Greenough, was none other than the late General Benjamin F. Butler, who occupied New Orleans toward the end of the Civil War. About forty years ago the general arrived at Halifax on the America and a good time was about to be enjoyed by all. But as usual somebody had to spoil it by bellowing, just as the general was landing, "Who stole those spoons in New Orleans?" Mr. Greenough doesn't mention the general's reply, if any, which leaves the ancient mystery still a mystery.

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Connect *your* distant Offices by Telephone Typewriter Service

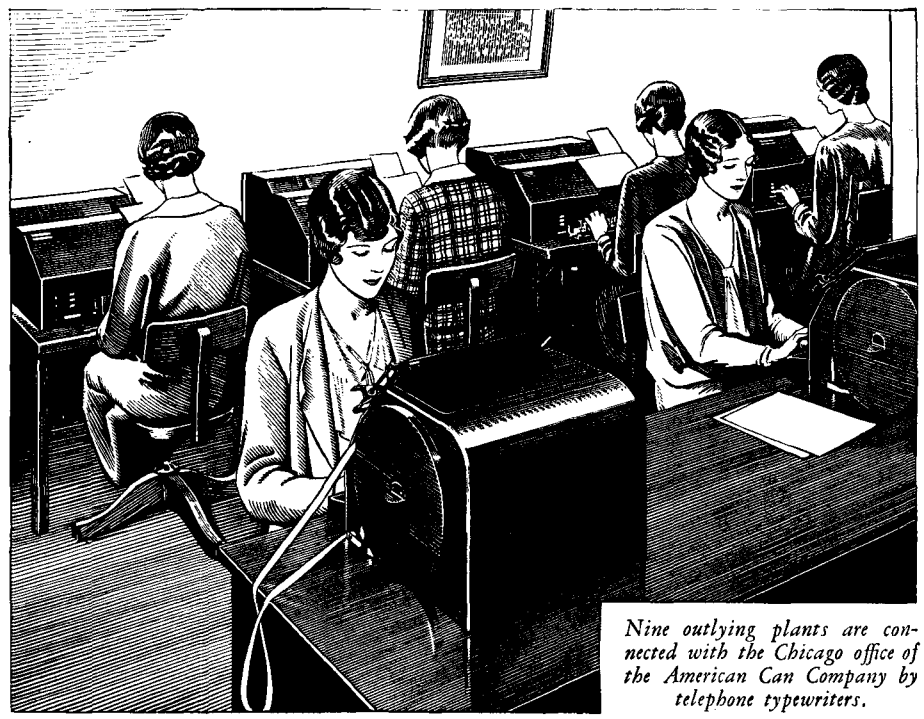
TELEPHONE TYPEWRITER SERVICE speeds business and cuts operating costs. It transmits typewritten messages instantly between the separated divisions of an organization. It is quick, accurate and handles an unlimited flow of incoming and outgoing messages in a single business day. Orders are reproduced identically on duplicate printed forms. Inquiries are answered from a distant city the minute they arise. Routine is simplified and expensive duplication of operations eliminated.

A textile company has headquarters in Boston, sales offices in New York, a manufacturing plant at Biddeford, Maine, and a bleachery at Lewiston, Maine. Telephone Typewriter Service ties together the operation of all these units. An official writes: "Many transactions can be cleaned up on the same day that they arise, even if they concern several offices. A saving of 48 hours or more in the handling of orders is frequently effected."

A public service corporation uses Telephone Typewriter Service to connect its offices in three cities. General information and executive messages are exchanged.

Your local Bell Telephone Business Office will gladly show you how this modern business aid can be of value to your company.

The New York office of the International Nickel Co., maintains constant contact with factories at Huntington, W. Va.



Nine outlying plants are connected with the Chicago office of the American Can Company by telephone typewriters.

The Kelly-Springfield Tire Company uses telephone typewriter service between New York and Cumberland, Md.

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"RCA Radiotrons always in every socket"

says

COLIN B. KENNEDY

President

COLIN B. KENNEDY CORPORATION

"MANY unnecessary radio troubles are caused by inferior tubes. The finest receiver is handicapped by poorly designed and constructed tubes. RCA Radiotrons are the unquestioned standard of scientific achievement in this field. To insure clear Kennedy tone, and maximum Kennedy performance, we strongly advise 'RCA Radiotrons always in every socket.' We unhesitatingly recommend them to Kennedy owners."

RADIO ENGINEERS ADVISE:

Replace all the vacuum tubes in your radio set with RCA Radiotrons at least once a year. This is the only sure way to maintain good performance and minimize disagreeable noises and other troubles caused by inferior tubes. RCA Radiotrons will give you the maximum in selectivity, sensitivity and *tone quality*.

Old tubes may impair the performance of the new.

This is the 24th in a series of endorsements of RCA Radiotrons by the leading radio set manufacturers.

RCA RADIOTRON CO., INC., HARRISON, N. J.

RCA Radiotrons

THE HEART OF YOUR RADIO

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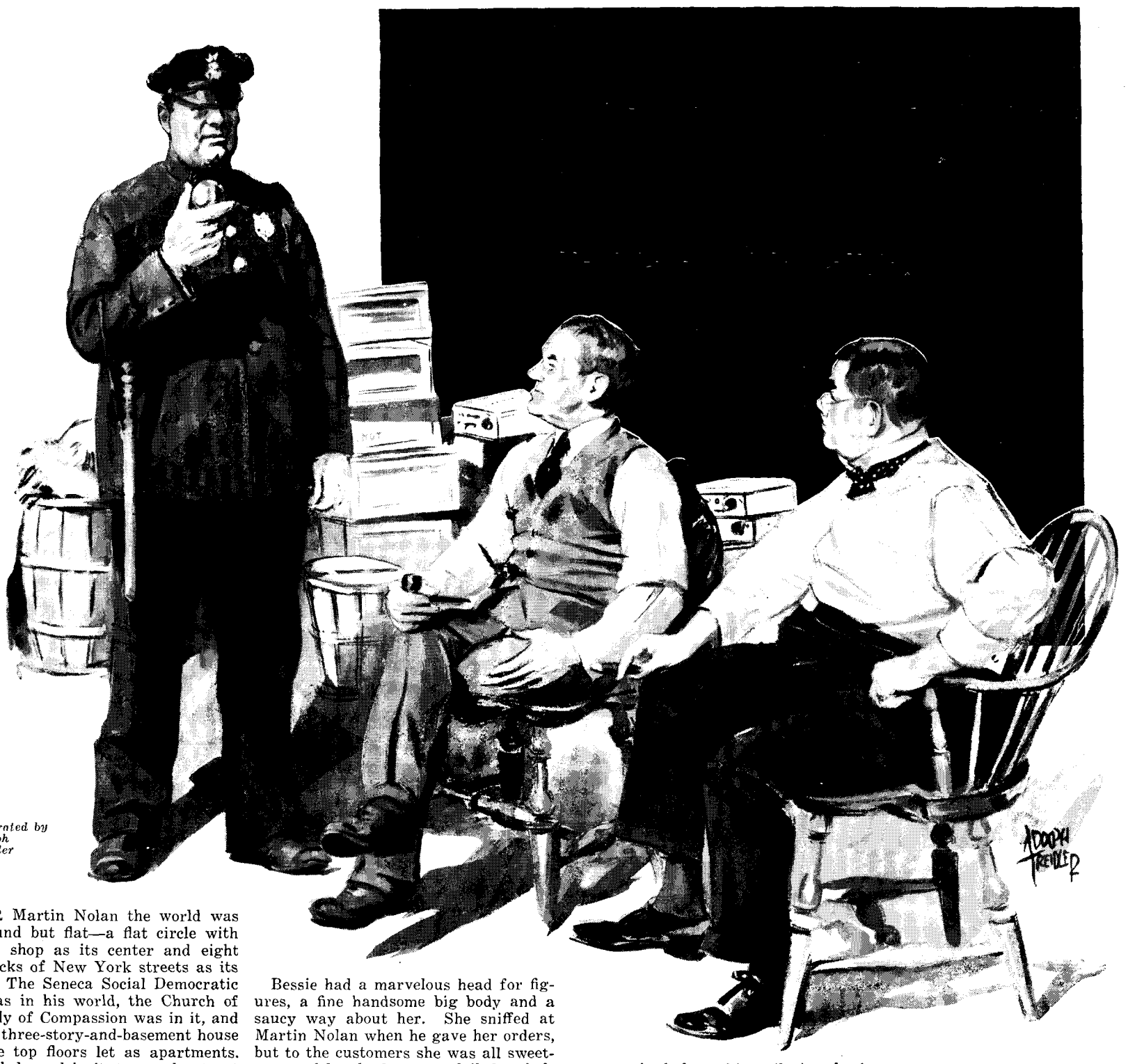

Illustrated by Adolph Treidler

Sheehy strolled in, eating one of the hothouse peaches. "Afternoon, Mr. Nolan," he said. "We're having the police games next week. I brought in some tickets"

FOR Martin Nolan the world was round but flat—a flat circle with his shop as its center and eight blocks of New York streets as its radius. The Seneca Social Democratic Club was in his world, the Church of Our Lady of Compassion was in it, and his own three-story-and-basement house with the top floors let as apartments. Ireland belonged in it, too, and yet not in it—the County Tipperary and bits of West Meath. The old country was a part of his universe only as it contributed to the real world with its center on Columbus Avenue in the Seventies and its eight brownstone blocks north, east, south and west.

Martin Nolan was born in Ireland, but he hardly remembered it. His sister Honor was still there, and her boy Tom growing up. Judge Costello's people were from Kerry and Al Smith had his roots in Ireland. But the real, thronging, busy, tangible world was the West Seventies.

Martin Nolan was a fancy grocer and wine merchant. He had no wife. Instead he had his shop. It was a wide neat shop, shadowed a bit by the El, but managing to seem quiet and orderly even in the bustle of a Saturday morning. The whole place had a prosperous, respectable look and smell about it. This aroma of the best of everything was the air of Mr. Nolan's world.

Mr. Nolan had trials, which stimulated him and made his world all the finer, though he wouldn't have admitted that. Bessie Shields, his cashier, was a trial, and so was Connor, the clerk, and Jim Sullivan, who drove the truck, and John Larkin, who made deliveries.

Bessie had a marvelous head for figures, a fine handsome big body and a saucy way about her. She sniffed at Martin Nolan when he gave her orders, but to the customers she was all sweetness and her books never failed to balance, so he kept her on in spite of the sauciness.

Connor was really more of a problem. There was no defiance about Connor. He was all humility and mealy-mouthed talk and smiles. He did nothing wrong. He'd worked faithfully for three years. By all rights, Connor would one day succeed to the business. Yet Martin Nolan didn't like him. He couldn't give a reason for it, but he felt Connor was too sweet by half. There was something cold and damp about him. His face of course he couldn't help, pale with hay-colored hair and a little mouth—or the way he talked, high and apologetic as if he were close to tears, hissing his s's in a meek way, for that was a Cork brogue in the mouth of a small man.

JIM SULLIVAN, who went to market, and John, the delivery boy, were trials mostly because they were human, and only perfection would have completely suited Martin Nolan, so high were the standards he set for his business.

There were two chairs in the storeroom at the back, where Martin sat with old John McCue when he dropped in for a chat. Old John was a dried-up little man, retired from his tailoring business and living with a married daughter in Seventy-first Street. Martin Nolan wasn't much bigger, but he was round and smooth-faced. Old John was squeezed up and wrinkled. He had small bright eyes, and hair that was sparse, with not a thread of gray in it.

The two had many an argument, but it was only once that they came to real hot words. That was when John made an acidy face at the picture of Judge Costello, which Nolan had clipped from the Sunday paper.

"He's a fine man," said Martin Nolan. "With a brilliant knowledge of the law."

"He's cute," said John. "They'd never catch him."

"Catch him with what?"

"With anything," said John. "Him with his charities and his legal title. How did he get where he is?"

"By his brain," said Martin.

"Ah, that's true enough. By doing what he was told. Blessed saints, Martin Nolan, you've seen something of the workings of politics. How does a man get appointed to be a Federal judge—by going against the leaders and holding to justice without a thought for what's convenient and easy?"

"I won't stand for you slandering a decent man," Martin Nolan answered him.

"I'm not slandering him. He's a cute fellow, but I'm not going to genuflect when I know his kind. The ones that get on are no better than the rest of us. Only smarter."

MARTIN never quite forgave John that, but he made allowances because John was an old man with nothing to do but think vinegary thoughts about the rest of the world.

John's spitefulness and the meanness of all others like him was something you could know nothing about. There were many things Martin Nolan disapproved of. Crime, bloodshed, what he called boozing—but you couldn't wipe them out except in your own place. The girls walking out with young men in the summer evenings weren't decently dressed, but Martin Nolan couldn't help that. He could censor Bessie's appearance because she worked for him. In the same way, though he was a teetotaler himself, and made clucking sounds

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of disapproval when he passed Cassidy's saloon, it was only in his own store that he could refuse to hire a drinking man, or fire one with the smell of drink on him.

He disapproved of Herzog, the district leader, who could always be counted on to bring in five hundred votes when an election was a close thing. Martin Nolan often fought Herzog at meetings at the Seneca Club, but he didn't let himself think deeply about Herzog's methods, or how many Herzogs made an efficient machine. Instead he cut pictures of Judge Costello from the paper and thought very little about Herzog. Martin was pious and respectable. He revered respectability. He didn't hold with violent upsets of any kind.

Perhaps, as John McCue said, he wasn't a realist. When the prohibition amendment was proposed, other wine merchants were troubled, but Martin Nolan wasn't.

"THEY'RE cranks, that's what they are," he said. "They can't ever put it over, not in this country. In foreign countries like Russia you can make black white by law, maybe, but not here."

"You'd best face it," said John. "It'll make a terrible difference to your business."

"It would but it won't," said Martin, "because it won't happen."

"You can't tell. The world has gone mad on words and fine phrases. The war did that. They're blinded."

"What has the war to do with a silly piece of business like this?"

"More than you'd think," said John McCue. "You can't face facts in a war. People like me can't make war because we can't drug our minds. It's childish people like the most of the Irish or the English, they're the do-or-die boys."

"It's not war I'm talking about," said Martin. "It's this foolishness about saying it's a crime for a gentleman to have his port or his brandy and soda."

"It's all of a piece, I tell you," said John. "You can hypnotize people by words. We've been doing it for three years until we're all a bit silly. All right, maybe you can hypnotize them out of their natures by writing down words into a law. We're at the mercy of people blind drunk with high-sounding big words."

"Well, it'll come to nothing," said Martin. "The people have too much sense to go off on a wild scheme like this, turning everything upside down in a day and a half."

So Martin Nolan wouldn't believe in prohibition until it was upon him. He was like a man in a dream that last week before the law went into effect. His world had gone mad. The customers he'd known for years, the quiet, good, respectable people, crowding into his store, buying out his wine stock like crazy people, elbowing each other away from the counter. Those of them that hadn't given an order except by telephone, quietly and decently, in years, fighting with each other over the last bottle of the good sherry like the flower sellers at the foot of Nelson's Pillar in Dublin. It wasn't decent. And paying cash, too, and carrying the stuff away with them as if the store were a cash-and-carry market on a Saturday night.

The only good thing about it all was that he had had forethought enough to set aside the best of the cellar for Judge Costello. Mrs. Brady, like the real lady she was, had told him a month ago what the judge would want.

When the day was over, the shelves empty and the cash drawer bursting, he sat numbly in the storeroom while Connor locked up, pulling down the green shades and fastening the lock on the door. He could hardly count the cash with Bessie or check over the books with her. Oh, they were crazy. It wouldn't last a month. The government had gone entirely mad.

NOT two months after that strange last day Martin Nolan had callers. He didn't remember their names. To him they were just Italian fellows. They came separately, three of them, within three days, but they all had the same errand. They were liquor wholesalers—not the solid Germans and the prosperous Irishmen Martin Nolan had known in the old days—brewers trained in their trade, proud of it. These men were very smooth, very polite, very eager. Their offers were identical and made quite simply. He was to get the orders from his customers, these orders were to be turned over to the wholesalers by phone, and they would deliver the goods. Martin Nolan would take no risk. His customers would get first-class stuff right off the boat, just like in the old days.

Martin Nolan said to the first one, "Do you think I'd trust my customers to the judgment of the likes of you? Who are you? I never heard of you. The wine business is a business you have to study. Men like Rappe made good beer and knew good beer. The whisky I ordered myself from England and Ireland, and the wines from France, and it was only the best. Now I'm to turn my orders over to you, and what kind of stuff will it be? Something you made yourself in a dirty bathtub on the East Side, most likely, or the poor stuff you've sneaked in that wouldn't be used for cooking in a good family on the other side. Now get out of here, you upstart little smuggler!"

To the other two his answer was the same, but shorter and not so polite. Martin Nolan had never broken a law. He was a good citizen. He found this business shocking. But somehow it wasn't the illegal side of it that shocked him. He couldn't feel this last piece of tomfoolishness was a law at all. It was a kind of temporary insanity on the part of a lot of queer people with no understanding of good living or decent behavior. What outraged Nolan was the idea of turning over customers like Judge Costello and Mr. and Mrs. McGrath from Seventy-third, and the McEldowneys with the big thirty-foot house in Seventy-second, to men like these, just out for the money, with no knowledge of the business and an impertinent, slick way about them.

John McCue was in the back of the store when the last of these visitors was hurried out into the street.

"The cheek of him," said Martin, settling his wing collar. "That's the third of them wanting to supply my good customers with their low-grade stuff."

"We're entering on strange times," said John McCue.

"Strange times indeed, when the likes of them, the sweepings of the East Side, would venture into my store."

"Stranger than that," said John. "Men will get their liquor. There'll be no change in that. The only change will be that it'll all be under cover, with no one to watch over it like any regular business. They'll be the kings in this country, fellows like that."

"How are they to be kings?"

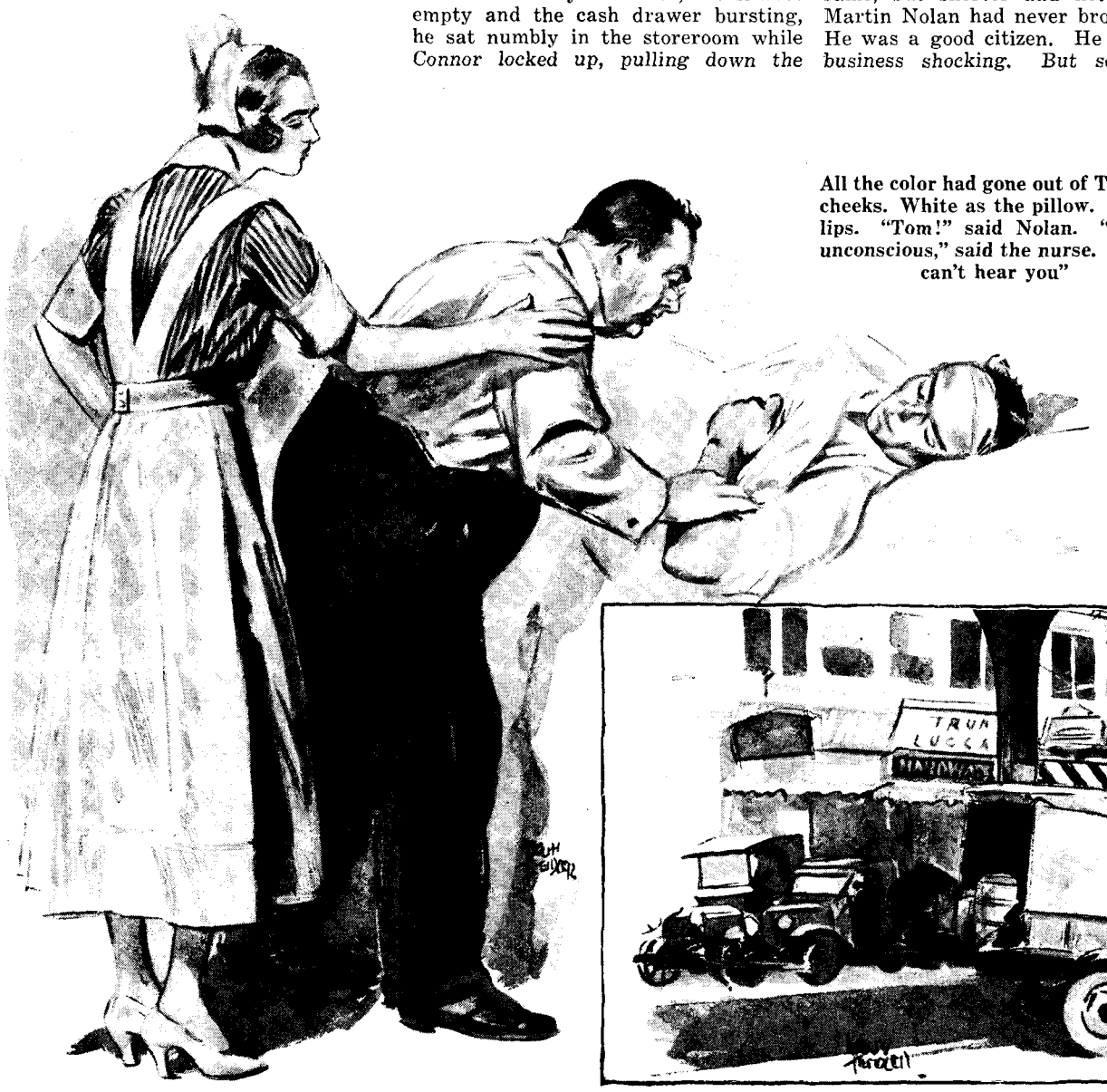
"BY PAYING for it," said John. "They'll have to buy the cops and the courts. When you own them sure you own the country."

"The sensible people will put a stop to this nonsense," said Martin. "Things will be back to the old decent way before the greasy lad who was in here has sold one tubful of his red ink."

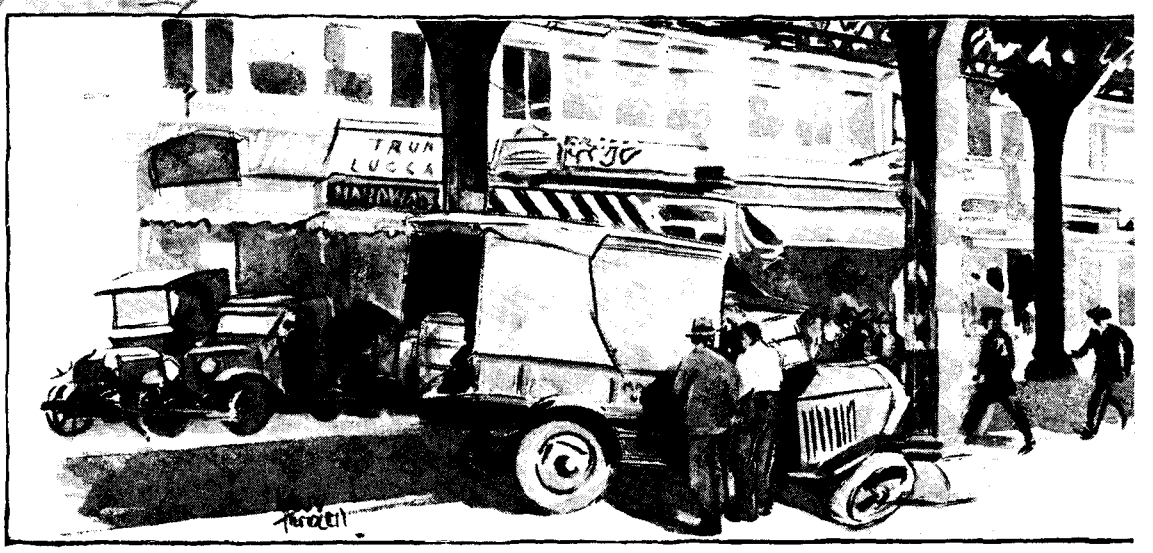
"They will not," said John. "What with wild-eyed men and women full of crusading ardor to make the rest of us virtuous, and the whole tribe of these fellows thriving off the new law, it'll go on till we're buried."

As the months passed, Martin Nolan began to lose faith in the sensible people. This wild nonsense seemed to be taken seriously. Just seriously enough to keep a man like Nolan from selling good wines and whiskies in the old-fashioned way. The tailor shop in the middle of the block was visited at all hours by men who often came out reeling in the middle of the morning, and Chiesa the fruiterer, who was selling liquor on the side, continued to get new customers in spite of his second-rate oranges and wilted string beans. Old Dr. Fletcher over on West End, seventy-five years old and long since retired from practice, put out his shingle again and did nothing all day long but write out prescriptions until his month's allotment was gone.

All that bothered Martin Nolan, and



All the color had gone out of Tom's cheeks. White as the pillow. Blue lips. "Tom!" said Nolan. "He's unconscious," said the nurse. "He can't hear you"



Another truck had swung around the corner, crowding Tom over into the pillar. The other truck

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The stuff came in cases, and it seemed easy enough, although Martin Nolan's collar wilted while the truck was outside

it bothered him even more to have Mrs. McEldowney and Mrs. Brady come in and ask him whether there wasn't something left in the cellar which he'd let them have, seeing what old customers they were. Martin Nolan had always been able to fill the orders of his old customers before. Now he had to disappoint them. Things were greatly changed.

The damp sweetness of Connor irritated Martin Nolan more than ever in these generally irritating days. On an impulse he wrote to his sister Honor in the old country and inclosed passage money for her boy Tom, who had reached eighteen now. "If the boy has any talent for it at all he could get a good start in the business," he wrote. "It'll be hard work and little pay for a while, but if he has the stuff in him he'll get on."

When the letter was posted, Martin Nolan began to look forward to Tom's coming. Everything was going wrong, but having the boy by him would be good. One of the same blood to carry on the business when his time was over

had driven away before anyone saw —a fine, handsome boy brought up in the strict old-fashioned way with none of this present-day nonsense about him.

He was sitting in the back of the store one afternoon thinking about Tom and how he'd teach him the grocery business from A to Z and make a first-class merchant of him, when Herzog, the district leader, dropped in with another man. Nolan remembered seeing this other at Herzog's heels at election time. Vaccarelli his name was. A quiet sort of Italian, dark-faced and glum.

"HELLO, Nolan," said Herzog.

"Good-day," said Nolan.

"You remember Vaccarelli?"

"I do," said Nolan.

"He has a proposition you might be interested in."

"What's that?" said Nolan. It was hard for him to be civil to Herzog. He didn't like him.

"You're losing trade since prohibition," said Herzog.

"It's trade I could spare," said Nolan.

"No one likes to lose trade," said Herzog.

What was this? The Italian didn't say anything. He sat manicuring his highly manicured nails, not even glancing at Nolan.

"Well?" said Nolan.

"Joe Vaccarelli, he's started up a business," said Herzog. "Only the finest stuff he handles, hey, Joe?"

"That's right," said Joe, and went on with his manicuring.

"There's been three of those fellows after me already," said Martin Nolan. "I said to them and I'll say again, the liquor I sold was the best. I don't turn my good customers over to any bootlegger just out for the money and with no judgment of good liquor."

"Easy, Nolan," said Herzog. "Joe has got a different proposition. He wouldn't bother with no retail trade. You got any room here to store stuff?"

"I might and I might not," said Nolan.

"You got the vaults."

"Yes," said Nolan.

"Joe will bring the stuff right here. You can see for yourself that it's Grade-A stuff, can't he, Joe?"

"Sure," said Joe, studying his little finger.

"You got so much stuff coming in, ginger ale and mineral water. This'll be unloaded nice and quiet along with—"

"That's fine," said Nolan. "And I'll be in jail in three months."

"Listen to that, Joe," said Herzog. "That's a hot one. You don't get me, Nolan."

"No," said Martin Nolan. "I don't. And you don't get me with any scheme that'll put me behind bars."

"Listen, that's where I come in."

"Oh," said Nolan, "so you're in it?"

"Well," said Herzog, "helping out a pal. Joe's been a mighty useful man to the party, Mr. Nolan."

"He'll be small use in jail," said Nolan.

"Now, now. Why do you keep talking about jail?"

"There's a law, isn't there?" said Nolan.

"Well," — Herzog winked — "we're practical men, Mr. Nolan. There are ways of passing over things. I can make things right with them at the station, and maybe I could even say something to the Federal men. They're all mighty fine fellows, Mr. Nolan, if you get to them right."

"I don't like it," said Nolan. "Bribing right and left."

"Oh, let's talk pleasant, Nolan," said Herzog. "Just a little present where it'll do the most good. If you're on the up and up with the boys, why, they'll treat you right. Well, think it over. Joe'll leave you his card. Just give him a ring any time you decide to lay in some extra-good stuff. People will get what they want, Mr. Nolan. It's better they get good stuff from you than bum stuff from someone else. I'll drop in in a couple of days."

Vaccarelli put his nail file in his pocket, brushed his knees with a silk handkerchief, rose, and left, leaving a card on Martin Nolan's desk. "Joe Vaccarelli—Service with a Smile," and the phone number. The card lay there for several days.

Martin Nolan went down to meet Tom at the ship. He surprised himself by the eagerness he felt. The ship was in. Martin was on tiptoe looking over the shoulders of the crowd. Could that—? No, Honor said he was a big fellow. Maybe—

"Pardon, sir, would you be my Uncle Martin?"

A FINE-LOOKING boy, blue eyes and red cheeks—healthy, broad-built, a good, open face.

"That's my things over there. . . ."

"How did you leave your mother?" . . .

"It's a terrible big place, New York." . . .

"You'll see the store after we've had a bit of dinner." . . .

A good boy, a real fine boy, a cute one, too, with his eyes open, asking questions, noticing everything. He'd catch on to the business in no time. Martin Nolan beamed at Tom across the table in the restaurant. He mustn't let himself be soft with this boy. He'd get too fond of himself. But he was a fine boy. An uncommonly fine boy.

"Can you drive a car?"

"Ah, I can," said Tom. "I was on the Enniskerry busses for six months. I'd have to learn the rules here, driving to the right, but I think I'd catch on quick." (*Continued on page 63*)

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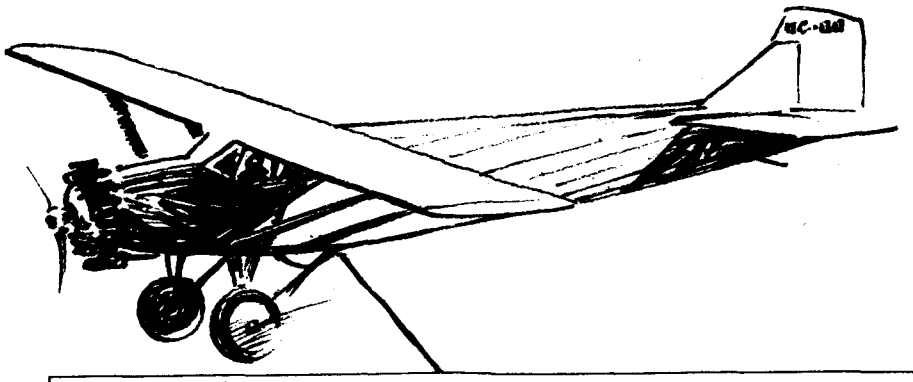
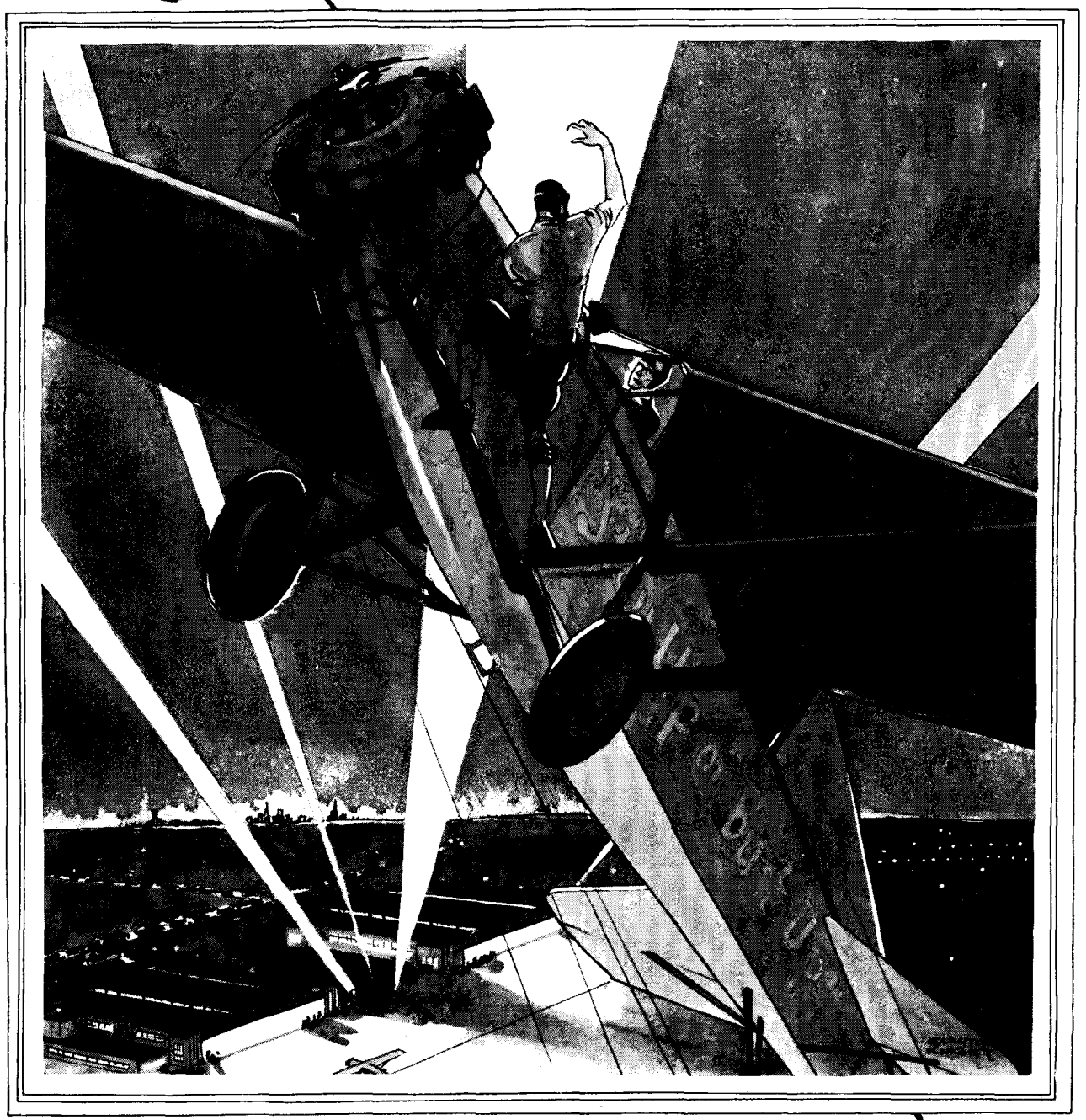


The Long Grind

You know what the newspapers said about it. Now read the rest of the story

By Guy Gilpatric



Suddenly, Shultz kicked the rudder savagely. The ship snapped into a wing-over

AFTER the usual ballyhoo, battling among the backers, legal injunctions, motor trouble and last-minute change of pilots, the monoplane Mississippi Valley took off from Russel Field on a hot August morning. Along its yellow fuselage was painted "Stay Up or Bust Up," a terse expression of the hopes of all concerned that the refueling endurance record would be raised to fifteen hundred hours.

"Flyers up for Long Grind," said the papers that evening. "Air Buddies to Soar Two Months. 'See You Next Fall,' Say Shultz and Kennedy as Throng Cheers Take-Off."

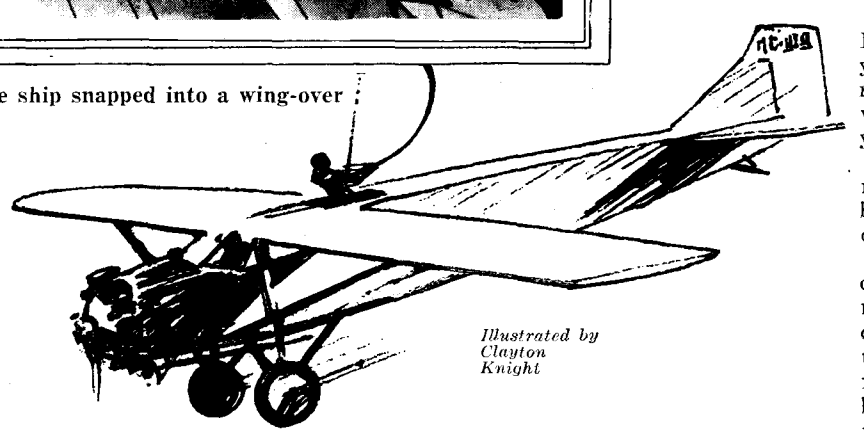
"Oh, yair?" shouted Kennedy above the roar of the motor as, after the first refueling contact, he read the editions which had been swung aboard. "Hey, get a load of this, Shultz."

Shultz, clad only in cotton union suit and tennis shoes, spread the paper across the top of the control stick. "'Buddies,' hey?" he laughed. "Well, I guess you and I'll have a chance to get acquainted with each other at that. I'm an easy guy to get along with."

"So'm I," grinned Kennedy. "Say, do you know I been wondering all day where I met you before?"

"That's funny," said Shultz, glancing from the tachometer to the face of his co-pilot. "I been wondering where I seen you, too. You wasn't ever out in Salt Lake City, was you?"

"Salt Lake? Sure! Oh, now I place you. You was flying the mail from Cheyenne before I went down to Hollywood. About two years ago."



Illustrated by Clayton Knight

"Just about. And you got a job daredeviling for the movies or something, didn't you? Sure, I remember hearing."

"Yair. I went down to L. A. But that job went flat a coupla months ago. When I got the wire from the birds who are backing this racket I didn't have a seat to my pants. Believe you me, this flight was a break for yours truly."

"I bet," said Shultz, sympathetically.

"Yair. I was in hock all over town in L. A., and after I'd paid off with the expense money they wired, I had to hitch-hike up to Salt Lake to make a touch. I got plenty friends in Salt Lake."

"So've I," said Shultz, slowly. "That is, I useter." Then, sliding from behind the stick, "Well, s'pos'n you take her a while."

Kennedy eased into the seat and planted his feet in the rubber pedals, his eyes scanning the glowing dials on the instrument board. Tentatively he pushed the stick from side to side, moved it gently in a circle, and shoved his feet forward—left and right, left and right.

"She feels pretty good," he announced.

"Yair," nodded Shultz. "She handles nice, this ship. Say, I'm going to take a snooze. If the motor starts heating, climb up a couple thousand where it's cooler."

THEY took turns at the controls, and at standing in the hatchway to handle the refueling hose and food supplies during the three daily contacts with the other plane. The arrangements were satisfactory to both, and each, in his heart, decided that the other was a mighty decent sort. They had a radio receiving set, but after the first week they agreed that it would be wiser to conserve it against the time when they should have run out of conversation.

"It's gonta be tiresome as hell," said Shultz, as on the fourteenth day he gazed down at the familiar green-and-brown checkerboard of farm land above which they were slowly circling. "It's only been two weeks and it seems like a year already."

"You tell 'em!" agreed Kennedy. "Say, whaddya say we grow beards, just to have something to do?"

"Nope," said Shultz. "Not me. You grow one if you want to, but me, I'd rather feel clean."

"Clean?" repeated Kennedy. "Well, say, you don't think I mean I ain't gonta wash any more, do you?"

"No, no, of course not. It's only that beards are kind of—oh, I dunno."

"Well, don't grow one then," said Kennedy shortly, as he crouched along to the hatch in the roof of the four-by-six-foot cabin in which they were cooped. And for the rest of the day, neither of them spoke.

One morning in the third week of the grind Kennedy leaned across and pointed at the bulletin of their flight on the front page of The Standard. "Say," he said, "where do they get this 'relief pilot' stuff about me? We're co-pilots, ain't we, both on the same basis?"

"Sure," nodded Shultz. "Fifty-fifty."

"Well," said Kennedy, "then I wish

(*Continued on page 62*)

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The Good Try Young

Those immortal champions we often hear about usually remain immortal only until they reach the ripe old age of thirty, or possibly forty. Then younger immortals bury them. This year's young hopefuls look unusually hopeful

By Grantland Rice

AT ONE time I couldn't believe that baseball would still be a major attraction drawing big crowds when Matty, Ty Cobb, Hans Wagner and Larry Lajoie had turned in their uniforms. And yet the last season broke all attendance records in many cities and was one of the most exciting of them all. For there is always a long line of budding talent crowding forward and with the great growth of sport and the spread of sporting interest the list of possible champions, of championship material, is larger than ever.

For example, tennis. In the United States, Bill Tilden was the last of the old guard that began to dominate the game more than ten years ago. He was the drawing card, the most colorful figure left in the game. There could be no other Tilden.

But the big crowd that saw Frank Shields, nineteen years old, and Johnny Doeg, twenty-one, play for the championship at Forest Hills in the final round had forgotten Tilden before the first set was over. And Bill Johnston, as popular as he used to be, was then only a faint memory.

For Doeg and Shields, two big, fine-looking lads, gave the crowd more thrills than even Tilden and Johnston used to provide. They had skill and courage, stamina and the daring that goes with youth. There were moments in that final set which Doeg won, 16-14, that had everything a thrilling competition needs. On two occasions Doeg got back impossible returns to save himself when on the verge of defeat. And when the tide turned, young Shields on another occasion dived through the air to get the ball back and save a miracle point as he finished in a stunned heap on the turf.

And these two are not alone. Just back of them come such young stars as Wood of New York, Sutter of New Orleans, Grant of Atlanta and Coen of Kansas City. Wood and Sutter are two great prospects who will help to keep tennis skill and public interest at higher peaks next year, regardless of who may win the Davis Cup.

The same youthful development is true of golf. In the last amateur championship held at the Merion Cricket Club the field was fairly cluttered up with young talent on its way to possible stardom. There was Charley Seaver of Los Angeles, the eighteen-year-old Stanford freshman, who scrapped his way to the semi-final round, where he was only beaten on the final green. He is around six feet, weighs 185 pounds and has extraordinary power, which is no light asset.

The Far West has a flock of young golf stars coming on. The list includes Donald Moe of Portland and Seaver, Fay Coleman, Lawson Little, Johnny McHugh and Gibson Dunlap, all of California.

Then there is Johnny Goodman of Omaha, who will be heard from later, and a young Detroiter named Kocsis, a fine player with a sound, true swing that will take him far. Maurice McCarthy, Jr., and Gene Homans are among the best young golfers in the East.

These younger entries raised a crop of trouble at Merion. Lawson Little upset Doc Willing, largely by holing four or five long putts. And Doc Willing is one of the best. Young McCarthy dropped George Von Elm, although it took him ten extra holes and a record hike to turn the trick. Young Kocsis of Detroit eliminated Francis Ouimet right at the start.

What these hard-hitting, take-a-chance younger stars did to the Walker Cup team and the seeded stars was astonishing. If Bobby Jones should pass up the amateur championship next year, which he might, there will be a wild scramble for it by these young stars.

Baseball's New Galaxy

While most of the fireworks in baseball this past summer were touched off by such veterans or near-veterans as Hack Wilson, Babe Ruth, Lefty Grove, Bill Terry, Mickey Cochrane, Al Simmons, Lou Gehrig, Pat Malone and a few others, more than one sign of coming stardom developed in the younger casts. The two most promising younger stars were Wesley Ferrell, the Cleveland pitcher, and Lopez, the Brooklyn catcher.

Frank Shields, nineteen-year-old runner-up for the national tennis title and one of the game's outstanding youthful stars

Wes Ferrell, Cleveland's great young pitcher, who leads the newly rising crop of baseball heroes

Wide World

Charley Seaver, eighteen-year-old Californian who fought his way into the semi-final round at Merion

Wide World

International

Skill, courage and the daring of youth made Johnny Doeg the new national tennis champion

Wide World

Ferrell is a big, strong, 200-pound right-hander with a world of stuff on the ball. He is cool, smart, has good control and a winning heart. Connie Mack rates him as one of the best young pitchers he has ever seen.

Babe Ruth has selected Lopez, the Brooklyn catcher, as the prize find of the National League. Cronin, the Washington short stop, is a great young ball player who will challenge the best at that position. While in no sense rookies, there are other such young hopefuls of baseball as Mel Ott of the Giants, Gelbert of the Cardinals, Klein of the Phillies and Foxx of the Athletics.

There are more young girls playing different games today, girls between the ages of fourteen and nineteen, than any generation has ever known. In golf and tennis there have been few exceptional developments in the last year. Helen Hicks, the nineteen-year-old Long Island lass, is still the most promising of the younger golfers. She can hit the ball and she is getting her share of experience.

Frances Williams, a sixteen-year-old Philadelphia golfer, is Eastern champion, and she also will be heard from later in still larger type and louder tones. There are two fine British prospects in Enid Wilson and Diana Fishwick, the latter being the present British champion who defeated Glenna Collett last summer.

The British also have a slight edge in tennis prospects. With Mrs. Helen Wills Moody out of the picture, it remained for Betty Nuthall, a young English star, to come across and take away our national tennis crown. Miss Nuthall was too good for any of the talent America could present at Forest Hills. She gave Helen Wills a terrific battle a year ago and then her play seemed to fall away. But once she had set her mind to it she came back strong.

The price of stardom may involve plenty of work and study, but there is no alternative. Bobby Jones and Helen Wills paid this price at the expense of all other forms of competition. It may be harder for a Charley Seaver who plays football, squash and basketball as well as golf. The pace is getting so fast that only the specialists have a chance.

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The Red Racket

By Owen P. White

First it was pleasant Emma Goldman calling for the overthrow of capitalism. Then Big Bill Haywood followed with his I. W. W., but he had to flee to Russia on account of the police. Now William Z. Foster carries on, shouting the same old battle cry of Red revolt. But somehow they get nowhere. It looks like a racket

P. & A.

Parading Communists carrying a caricature of Police Commissioner Whalen during the 1930 May Day demonstrations in New York City

MOVE on," said the cop, "you guys are blocking the sidewalk." Nobody moved. At that moment the dozen or more foreigners, under the oratorical spell of a curly-haired Russian agitator, were too busy securing economic security for the wage-earners by staging a revolution, overthrowing the government, seizing the factories, burning the capitalists, conciliating the peasants and wiping out color lines to worry about orders from a mere cop. So they just held their ground. The policeman grinned and walked away. The air continued to ring with high-power, imported language. I didn't move either—just stood there on the curbstone in Union Square listening to a foreigner make an open declaration of war on the United States and it occurred to me that there were two ways to investigate Communism in this country.

One way, ridiculously simple, was to go straight to the Communists and ask them what they are driving at. The other way, simply ridiculous, is to impanel a congressional committee and expect suspected Reds to appear before it and formally render testimony against themselves. Having just come from the stuffy rooms of the Department of Justice, where several eminent representatives, using the second method, were emitting whoops of delight over their discovery of the astounding fact that somebody was distributing Red propaganda throughout the country, I made up my mind that now was the time to use the first method.

No trouble at all. I merely turned away from the gang on the sidewalk and climbed the stairway in a dingy building that houses a lot of Communist activities. Presently I found myself in a musty bookshop at the end of a dirty hallway on the second floor. A mere glance at the books on the shelves, and at the piles of pamphlets on the tables, convinced me that I was in the right place. Nobody bothered me. Within half an hour I had picked out several books that looked interesting and had selected fifteen or twenty pamphlets that seemed to me to be revolutionary enough to suit anybody—even Congressman Hamilton Fish, Jr. I carried them to the desk and asked if I could buy the lot. "Certainly. Why not? That's what they're here for," said the attendant.

P. & A.

That was all there was to it. Absolutely no trouble at all in getting enough radical literature to get me locked up for six months, provided I got caught with it in, say, the state of Iowa. Neither, when I put a few questions to the Russian who wrapped up the bundle for me, did he display the slightest hesitation in giving me direct answers.

From this man I learned that his aim and object, which is that of all the Communists in the United States, is the overthrow of this government; that the party here is a branch of the Third International with headquarters in Moscow; and that the Soviet government of Russia hasn't got anything whatever to do with it.

I left him expatiating on the beautiful theme: what a wonderful country this would be when he and his crowd got control of it. And then, on the sidewalk again, I was captured by another Russian, who addressed me as Comrade;" spoke to me as one worker to another, backed me up into a corner and shook his finger under my nose for fifteen minutes. But I got nothing from this man except that after having been in this country for fifteen years he was still washing dishes and was advising me to read all the Communistic literature I could get so that I might know how to get

Acme

Washington police take charge of a youthful Communist after a too-violent demonstration before the White House

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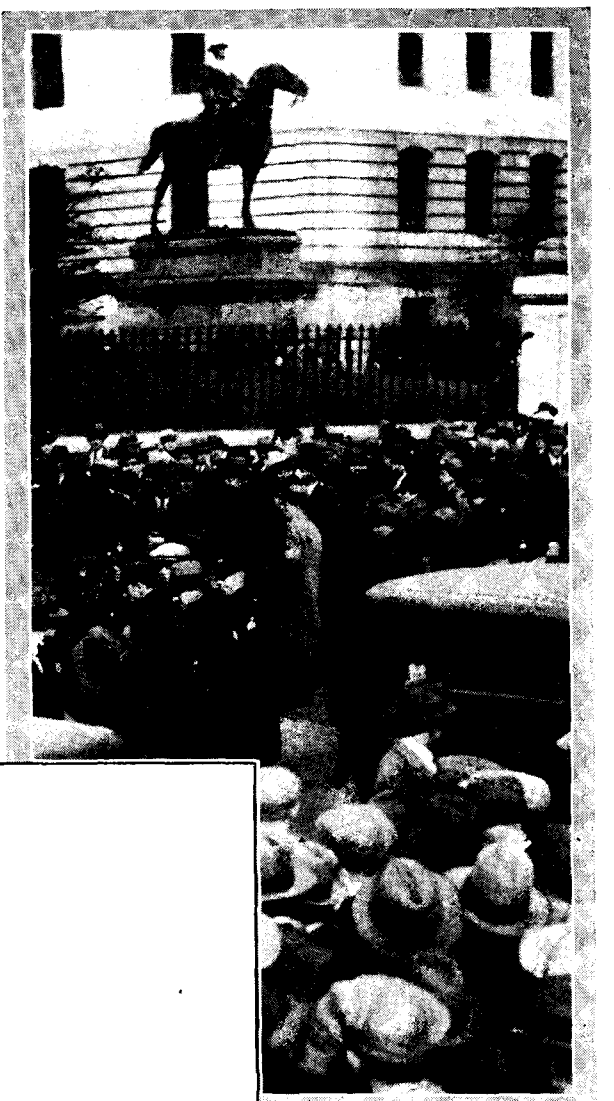
Left: The ladies take an active part in the rioting before the British consulate in New York when 2,000 Reds, Gandhi sympathizers, battled with the police

Right: Boston police suppressing a Communist during the unemployment demonstrations at State House last March



Keystone View

Below: "One on the House," a cartoon by Fred Ellis, published in the Daily Worker

Fred Ellis in the Daily Worker

along in the world.

By exhibiting my books and promising to go home and absorb all of them I finally managed to escape. Through the remainder of a very hot day I wandered around and wherever I saw two or three gathered together in the name of Karl Marx I stopped, looked and listened. They are all gifted conversationalists. They all know their stuff and whenever one runs into a crowd of Communists, who are not mere loafers, he can be assured that when they say "revolution" they don't mean maybe. Quite a few freely admitted they didn't know how far they'd get with their scheme of redemption in this country, and in this generation. They believe in their ideology; they're sincere; their faith in their golden doctrine of "From each according to his ability: to each according to his needs," is as implicit as mine is in the ultimate failure of the beautiful Eighteenth Amendment. But suppose we look over some of the inflammatory literature, see what the Communists' aims are, what plans have been made to achieve those aims.

To begin with, the Communist party in the United States is not essentially an underground organization. In its dealings with the general public it is no more inclined to double-cross the people than is any other political party. In some of its activities, for example in its

(*Continued on page 42*)

William Z. Foster, Communist leader, addressing his followers at a meeting to protest unemployment, held in Union Square in New York

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Catfish and the Countess

Another adventure of Papa Wiggins—in which the Hot Dog King puts over a fast one on a lady

By Jerome Beatty

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

IN ENGLEDALE, Long Island, when one speaks of the Big House, one means the home of Mr. and Mrs. Handly Hartman Haverstraw, and one mentions it in an awed tone that seems to kneel and worship.

Which is quite right, according to the standards of the majority of Engledale's solid and stolid citizenry—vice presidents, general managers, and the sort of business man who has reached the enviable point where he has his name on the door of the office and on the desk a framed picture of the wife and kiddies.

Engledale's quiet boulevards are bordered with expensive homes which house families of fifteen-thousand-dollar men who are trying to make it look like twenty-five thousand dollars and twenty-five-thousand-dollar men who loudly scorn contract bridge at less than a cent a point.

All of which brings lines of suffering to the faces and almost unbearable pains to the necks of Engledale's butchers and grocers, who sit behind stacks of unpaid bills and note with no little foreboding that their most delinquent customers are buying new limousines and throwing big parties at the Engledale Country Club.

TO THE obsequious citizens of Engledale, Mr. and Mrs. Handly Hartman Haverstraw—a bank once addressed him as "H. H. Haverstraw" and immediately lost his account—occupy a position somewhat similar to that of Buddha among the Hindus. Except that Buddha probably would not have been quite so smart as Mr. Haverstraw, who saw the market crash coming and sold short.

With part of the few million dollars that he made while other speculators, from Engledale to Hollywood, were losing their life insurance policies, their minds and their shirts, Mr. Haverstraw built the Big House.

Engledale admires brains tremendously—and the possession of a few million dollars made by short selling is ample guarantee of genius. So Mr. Haverstraw, who up to that time had been just one of the Wall Street fellows who caught the 8:48 train, became a master mind.

Mrs. Haverstraw, scared to death of the butlers and maids, and feeling secretly that eating breakfast in bed was the cause of her recent attacks of indigestion, was quite startled to find herself a social leader.

Having been taught by the movies that all accredited social leaders and master minds must be extremely high hat and should use great care in selecting their acquaintances, the Handly Hartman Haverstraws all of a sudden went snooty.

Henry K. Wiggins, president of the Bon Ton Meat Products Corp., better known as "Catfish" Wiggins, the Hot Dog King, was one of the first to be checked off as undesirable.

In months previous, at dinner parties, Mr. and Mrs. Haverstraw had listened with some interest to Henry's gusty tales of how, in the old days in Topeka, he was the champion greased-pig catcher of the county. Mr. Haverstraw had joined in the discussion and told how he won a bicycle race from Denver to Pueblo and he boasted that he had a medal to prove it.

Matilda Wiggins, now suave, keen and polished, would discuss with Mrs. Haverstraw those distressing occasions when Dorothy Wiggins had had colic and Mrs. Haverstraw would retort with exciting stories regarding the adventures of Handly, Jr., who as a lad would not stay out of the freight yards, which were only a block from their humble home in Colorado.

Both families had been pleased when Handly Hartman Haverstraw, Jr., a mild, shy young man who usually was called "Strawberry," had found a good friend in beautiful Dorothy Wiggins. When Straw would come to take Dorothy to a dance, Catfish always was glad if Dorothy's appearance was delayed, for it gave him a chance to crack jokes with Straw.

"He's a good kid," Catfish told Dorothy one day. "I like him. He's different from most of those jazz hounds you bring around here. He doesn't know it all. It's a relief to find a simple, old-fashioned boy again."

Dorothy laughed. "He likes you, too, Dad," she said. "He says you're not like most fathers. You're easy to talk to, he told me." She pinched his chin and kissed him. "You're a nice old pop," she teased, and rumpled his hair.

The fact that Strawberry's new power boat, his valet and his Fifth Avenue tailor in no way affected his admiration for Henry Wiggins and Dorothy annoyed excessively the Handly Hartman Haverstraws.

"Things are different now," Mr. Haverstraw pointed out. "For one thing, I wish you would make people stop calling you 'Strawberry'."

"Aw, Father, a fellow's got to have a nickname. What's the matter with 'Strawberry'?"

"It's undignified for a young man in your position, Junior, you must realize that this is a critical period in your life. You must use care in choosing your companions. The Wiggins family, now. Mr. Wiggins has no background whatsoever. He's nothing but a seller of sausages!"

"Applesauce!" said Strawberry. "Dorothy's a swell girl. You used to say so yourself. And Mr. Wiggins, besides being a darn' big man in this town, is one of the best friends I have."

"You're young, Junior. You don't understand."

"I'm nearly twenty-one," he retorted, "and understand more than you think. Do you mean that you don't want me to go with Dorothy any more?"

MR. HAVERSTRAW hedged. He always had been uneasy in the presence of this son of his and he had no desire to get himself into a position that might be difficult to defend.

"Well, not that, I presume. But why not spend a little time with other girls? You never have had much to do with them—even in college. There's that Dooblin girl. Her father and mother came from Boston—a fine family."

"Fooey!" said Straw. "She's a big horse."

Mr. and Mrs. Handly Hartman Haverstraw talked it over and decided upon a flank movement. They would let the Wigginses know that it was hopeless for a mere Hot Dog King to expect to walk beside the Haverstraws in this new plane.

"Ha!" said Henry Wiggins to his friend, W. B. Nash, who never spoke of the fact that he was directly de-

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"Pardon me, Countess," said a cold voice behind them. "I believe you have this dance with me. . . . Oh, it's you, Junior"

scended from silk-hosed signers of the Declaration of Independence, nor mentioned that his fortune would make Haverstraw's look like nickels and dimes. Mr. Wiggins and Mr. Nash were sitting together on the 8:48 train to the Pennsylvania station. "Poor old Haverstraw. He needs an operation."

"I hope, as the saying goes," Mr. Nash muttered, "it's nothing trivial."

"He's got a rush of money to the head and he's gone blind," Catfish grinned. "I said 'Hello, Haverstraw' when I passed him on the platform, and he couldn't see me."

"Humph," Mr. Nash grunted. "We're not going to their party. Are you?"

"What party?"

"For a countess they picked up. It's next week."

"A countess! And we're not invited! Ha! That'll burn up Momma, all right," he chuckled. "Oh, boy! And what she'll say when I tell her Haverstraw don't speak to me any more!" He slapped his leg. "Come over and see the fireworks, W. B. Fourth of July won't hold a candle."

"We sent our regrets. You're luckier than I am. He still speaks to me."

"What's this countess stuff?" Henry inquired.

Mr. Nash smiled guiltily at Henry. "I hate to repeat gossip, but this is too good to keep. The Haverstraws think she'll carry them into New York society! She used to be a chorus girl. She married a Brazilian count and divorced him when she found he had no money. She's no good."

"Gee whiz! I knew they were nutty, but I didn't know they were that far gone."

"She's out for what she can get from the Haverstraws, of course. Mrs. Nash thinks the countess is after the boy."

"Strawberry? Aw, no. He's a good kid. He wouldn't fall for that stuff."

"She's very clever, I understand. Even the Haverstraws don't know how clever she is. And of course," he closed his lips tight, "of course no one will tell them. She probably will compromise the boy, if she doesn't marry him. It will serve them right."

"Serve who right?"

"The Haverstraws—and the boy."

Catfish shook his head. "He's a good kid," he said.

"I supposed he was just like his parents."

"No, sir. Not that boy. He's all right."

"Then it's too bad—about him."

THERE were no lights on the screened-in sun porch at the Big House, where Mr. and Mrs. Handly Hartman Haverstraw's party was going good. From the ballroom, through the double doors, came just enough illumination to make it cozy, with the wicker seats, the palms, the grass rugs and the tinkling fountain in the corner.

The jazz band was plunking a lazy one-step and now and then the leader burst into a song. Without shame he moaned, "I Got the Kiss - Me - Again Blues." Proud of the honor that the Haverstraws had shown them, the ballroom was filled with men and women who considered themselves to be important people in Engledale, sycophants to whom arrogance and a few million dollars were sure signs of social superiority and who had come pell-mell to kiss the hems of the Haverstraw garments.

Far back in a corner on the sun porch sat Strawberry Haverstraw. His heart was going pa-lump! pa-lump! pa-lump! because he had just kissed the countess! The young, beautiful, alluring Countess de Vira of Brazil!

She snuggled up to him and pulled his right arm tighter around her waist and rested her sleek, black bob on his broad shoulder.

"I'm so comfy, honey," the countess purred. "I don't ever want to leave my little sugar pie."

"Huh!" said the sugar pie in a hollow voice as he looked around uneasily at the open doors. "Whatever you say goes with me." But his tone lacked the assurance that would have been Romeo's or Don Juan's.

THROUGH the broad windows Strawberry gazed across the wide lawn. Above the trees peeked a full moon. He averted his eyes. He couldn't even look a full moon in the face.

He wished now more than ever that Dorothy Wiggins had been invited to the party. He had raised quite a rumpus when his father had told him that the Wigginses were off the list. He realized now that he should have delivered an ultimatum. It was not only that he wanted them here because they were his best friends. He realized that if Dorothy had been on hand, all this never would have happened.

How it all came about, he didn't know. He remembered vaguely that he had just sort of drifted out on the sun porch with the countess. She had told him of her lonely life in Brazil—an American girl, just out of a convent, always among strangers. And finally she was forced to divorce the count. He didn't understand her the way nice young American boys did.

She had sighed. "It is *so* good," she had said softly, "to find someone who understands."

Her face was close to his. Her lips . . . What could a gentleman do? He couldn't slap her, or push her aside and observe that it looked as if we might have some more rain. So he kissed her. For a true gentleman there was no alternative.

He tried to pull away his arm, but the countess held tight to his hand. He certainly did not want to be discovered in such a situation.

"I'm—I'm—er—I'm supposed to have this next dance with Miss Dooblin. She'll be looking for me." He nodded nervously toward the doors through which at any moment might stalk the big horse in blue chiffon.

The countess snuggled even closer. "My sugar pie will stay right here. Whatever I say goes," she reminded him.

THE countess was the first titled person he ever had met. He looked down at her pink satin slipper that swung lazily in time to the music. His glance flowed upward to her crossed knees and he hastily pulled his eyes away. Royalty was quite different from what he had been led to suspect.

"You'll never forget me, honey, will you?" she crooned.

"Forget you! Huh, me forget you? What a chance!"

"Umm-mmm," she purred.

Out there on the dance floor, Strawberry realized, were some of the most important men on Long Island. Yet out of all, she had chosen him. Of all these people, he understood her best.

Had he always been this way—a devil with the women? Did he have this strange power in college, where his shyness had made him avoid girls? Probably so! And here he was, twenty-one years old—middle-aged, practically. His youth was gone, never to return. And he had wasted it!

He groaned.

"What's the matter, sugar pie?" the countess pleaded.

"I was just thinking," he said. He added mysteriously, "Of my past."

"I forgive my sugar pie everything—every teeny-weeny little thing," she assured him, patting his cheek. "I bet you have been a rascal!" She giggled. "But I like rascals."

He tried to hold up his head and appear debonair but his conscience pulled his chin down to his chest. He must get away from this mad moment.

"I—I've got to go now," he said. "I have to find Miss Dooblin." He wished that it was Dorothy Wiggins that he had to find. Vaguely he felt the need of a good friend.

"Very well," said the countess coldly. "If you'd rather be with that Dooblin frump than with me—"

"Oh, I didn't mean that," he apologized. "It's just—"

"Then kiss me, sugar pie," she whispered into his ear.

What else could a gentleman do?

"Pardon me, Countess," said a cold voice behind them. "I believe you have this dance with me."

Strawberry broke away and leaped to his feet, confused and red, and faced his father.

"Oh," Mr. Haverstraw's voice softened. "Oh, it's you, Junior."

"Father—you see—I—er—"

(*Continued on page 28*)

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"Balchen is the greatest pilot in the world, bar none"—thus Clarence Chamberlin summarizes the flying world's opinion of this big, blond, modest fellow who considers transatlantic flights and polar perils real pleasures

Big Man from the North

By Charles J.V. Murphy

His fan mail is tremendous, but his heart interest is practically nil. He is a bachelor in fact and in instinct

Wide World

THE freighter Eleanor Bolling, with the weather-stained flag of the Byrd Antarctic Expedition at her masthead, speeded toward her pier at Balboa, as if reluctant to waste time on a slow and careful landing, now that the journey was nearly done. The dirt and rust of two years' voyaging were on her decks, fatigue was in her complaining plates, and her engine gang wondered how her racked engines had carried her so far.

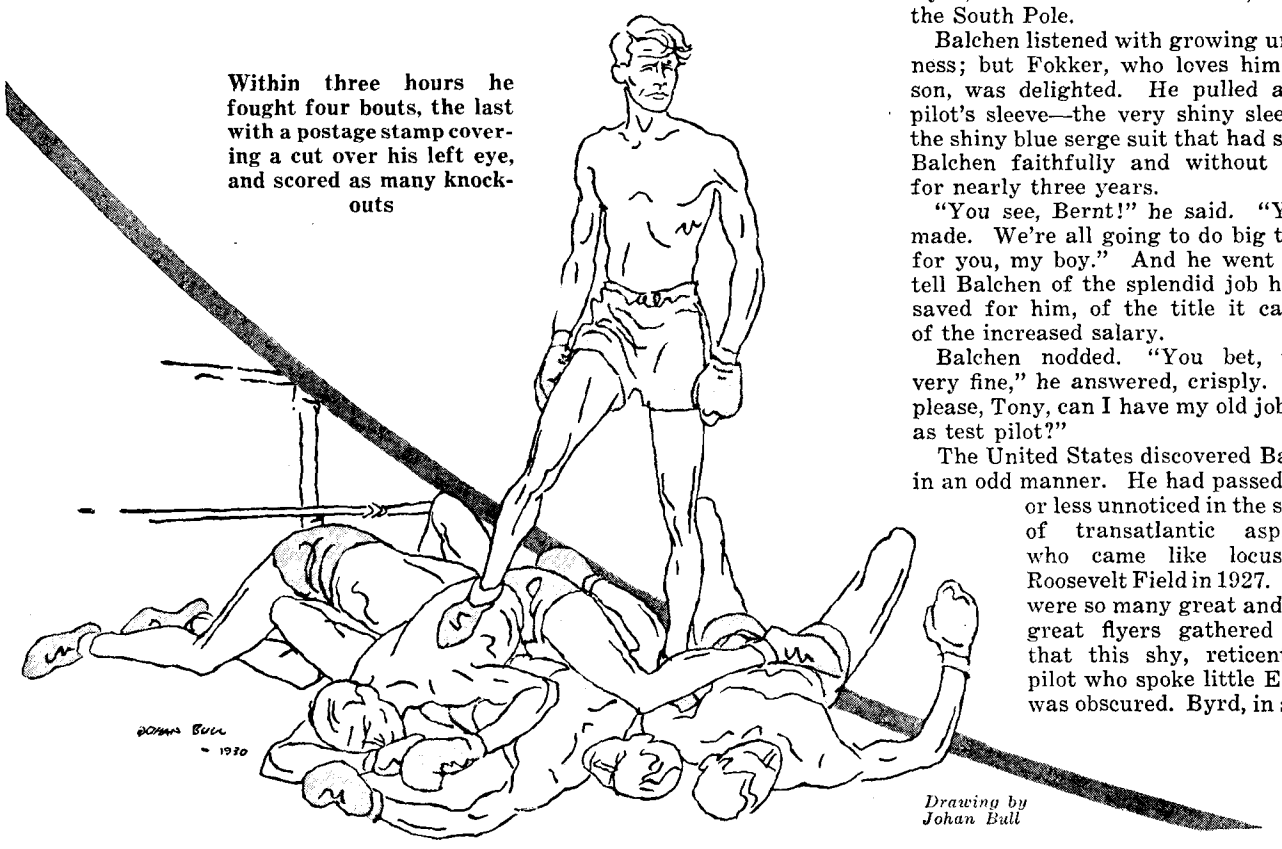
Men who had not seen American soil for nearly two years—who had seen no soil at all during the sixty-five heat-smeared days and nights since leaving the coolness of Tahiti—made for the railing. Some, more daring than the rest, risked life and limb in a flying leap to the pierhead. All, with the exception of one man, dropped whatever task was at hand, to exchange shouted news with friends in the welcoming crowd.

This individual, after a single encircling look at the low hills of Panama, continued coiling an oil-smeared rope. He was broad of shoulder, very strong and young. A shock of yellow hair fell across his sweaty forehead. He wore dungarees, and what had once been a white undershirt. A Canal Zone reporter, in glistening tropical whites, approached him.

"And I suppose, Mr. Balchen," he said, with an attempt at irony, "that you aren't glad to be home, eh?"

Eyes of astonishing depth and blueness looked up under brows of equally astonishing blondness. "No," Balchen replied, with that grave politeness that never quits his manners, "I didn't want to come back. It's good down there in the Antarctic. Very good. Better than this." The sweep of an immense hand showed his complete lack of interest in the tropics.

And he meant it. To all but a few members of the expedition, who really understand him, this love of Bernt Balchen's for ice and cold, work and trouble, is an unholy absorption, the mere mention of which invites shivering. Nothing would have pleased this splendid Norwegian more than to remain another year at Little America, perfectly at home under conditions that to other men bring loneliness beyond description; perfectly eager to undertake dangerous adventures.



Within three hours he fought four bouts, the last with a postage stamp covering a cut over his left eye, and scored as many knockouts

Drawing by Johan Bull

Clarence Chamberlin, by habit not given to excessive praise, calls Balchen "the greatest pilot in the world, bar none." He is without fear, without guile; he lacks completely that enhanced self-esteem with which fame spoils so many of our bright young men. Were it not for a layer of hardness, and below that a suggestion of foreign shrewdness, he might almost be naïve.

Anthony Fokker, the airplane designer, gave a luncheon in Balchen's honor shortly after the Byrd Expedition reached New York. It was a very elaborate affair. Bankers and business men who have taken over the business of flight talked in glowing platitudes of this young man who had flown with Byrd, first across the Atlantic, then to the South Pole.

Balchen listened with growing uneasiness; but Fokker, who loves him as a son, was delighted. He pulled at the pilot's sleeve—the very shiny sleeve of the shiny blue serge suit that had served Balchen faithfully and without relief for nearly three years.

"You see, Bernt!" he said. "You're made. We're all going to do big things for you, my boy." And he went on to tell Balchen of the splendid job he had saved for him, of the title it carried, of the increased salary.

Balchen nodded. "You bet, that's very fine," he answered, crisply. "But please, Tony, can I have my old job back as test pilot?"

The United States discovered Balchen in an odd manner. He had passed more or less unnoticed in the swarm of transatlantic aspirants who came like locusts to Roosevelt Field in 1927. There were so many great and near-great flyers gathered there that this shy, reticent test pilot who spoke little English was obscured. Byrd, in selecting him as relief pilot, moved Balchen a bit nearer the front page, but he still made a sorry figure, in his grease-stained breeches, lumberjack shirt and crumpled cap, beside the smart air togs of his senior flying mate, Bert Acosta.

Indeed, a night or two before Byrd flew to France, the scandalized head-waiter at a local hotel sought to thrust him from the dining-room for appearing without a coat. Balchen looked down at the homely pattern of the green-plaid shirt. "Very fine quality," he said; and, unmoved by the waiter's protests, he ordered and ate an immense steak.

His One Love

When he brought down the America out of the storm and blackness of an unforgettable night into the rocky surf at Ver-sur-Mer, the journalists in France *discovered* him with great delight. Horatio Alger had been vindicated. "Boy mechanic makes good," the headlines announced. And in feverish prose Balchen was likened to the humble errand boy, born to blush unseen, who saves the great man in time's inevitable nick.

Now this notion, though ever so pleasing, is not entirely true. For Balchen was no boy; he was then twenty-seven years old. And men like Byrd do not take young hopefuls on transatlantic flights; space and weight are too precious. Nor was Balchen a beginner; he had been an officer in the Royal Air Force of Norway, and a member of Amundsen's two polar expeditions. His advice to Byrd when the latter was making ready at Spitzbergen for his flight to the North Pole caused that shrewd judge of men to invite Balchen to the United States, with the promise of a brilliant career.

Balchen's greatest asset is his resourcefulness. "If ever I should make a two-man expedition, no matter where or under what conditions of danger," Professor Lawrence M. Gould, Byrd's second in command, has said, "I would

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Looking for Trouble

By Ruth F. Wadsworth, M.D.

What's the use of a long life if you're so full of aches and pains you can't enjoy it? Doctors have decided it's better to aim for a healthy life while it does last. Looking for trouble in order to avoid it, otherwise known as periodic health examinations, is a large part of the scheme

Illustrated by James Billmyer

We have advanced far beyond the depressing habits of the mid-Victorian era when the really elegant woman fainted easily as a sign of high breeding

SHAKE hands and say good-night, Anne," said Anne's mother in the honeyed tones I have learned to identify with the unwelcome order.

Anne, a magnificent specimen of thirteen, went the rounds of the guests with a grudging smile on her face, shaking hands and bidding a perfunctory good-night. When she came to me at the end of the porch she squeezed my hand savagely and whispered—"Just you and Mother wait till I grow up and can do as I please! I'll *show* you!"

"What's the matter?" I asked. "Don't you have a pretty good time? And goodness knows you're healthy. Every time I look at you I'm as proud as Punch to think you're a patient of mine."

"Well," she countered, "how would you like it if you had somebody fussing over you all the time? Somebody to see that you brush your teeth every morning? And to send you to the dentist every so often when you don't even have a toothache? And then I'm sent to *you* every so often to be 'looked over,' when I never have an ache or a pain! How would you like to go without coffee for breakfast, and have to eat vegetables you don't like, and just so much of everything every day? And get your ten hours of sleep no matter what is going on? How would you like all that, I ask you?"

"I might not *like* it," I confessed, "but it would be awfully good for me. And I'd like most awfully to be as healthy and healthy-looking as you are."

Anne sniffed and went to bed, leaving me with a disturbing thought. If we were not teaching her to make the care of her body automatic and painless, what was going to happen when, in a few years, she would be thrown on her own responsibility? A pity, after all, that we cannot all stay, permanently, under the supervision of someone interested in our health. Who ever reaches years of discretion when it comes to the care of his own body?

I recalled a woman I had to examine when I was working for a large trust company which paid a staff of doctors to examine all their employees once a year. When this patient was due the reception clerk came in to me with a look of distress on her face.

The Old Guard Surrenders

"I can't get Miss Blank to come in," she said. "She is one of the old guard, and hasn't come up for examination before, and she says it's all nonsense, and nobody in the world can make her submit to it."

"Ask her to talk to me," I suggested, and pretty soon the clerk ushered in a middle-aged woman, very obviously disturbed and red in the face, her black eyes snapping at me resentfully.

"Good morning, Miss Blank," I began with fear and trembling, quite aware that my at-that-time-youthful appearance was not adding to her respect for the medical department. "Tell me what makes you so opposed to this innocent performance we are trying to put over on you."

That started her, and I didn't speak for a good five minutes. She told me all she knew about health, and how careful she was in every particular, and what a perfectly healthy person she was, and how most doctors knew nothing and their examination of the body was all nonsense; only a person herself knew when things were not going right. She told me what she did for her liver, and how she protected her kidneys, and

she named more drugs which she used to keep herself healthy than I used in a month of treating really sick people.

"Just let me see," I suggested, "if your standard of perfect health is up to my standard, and if it isn't I'll suggest what I think would improve you, and you can take it or leave it. If you've got something good you can afford to put it to the test."

To make a long story short, we came to a compromise. By changing a few simple habits of life, we managed to cut out most of the drugs, and a year later she came back to me and delivered a lecture on the ills of self-medication.

At the risk of being tarred and feathered for using a hackneyed expression, I would point out that we, as a nation, are gradually becoming "health-conscious." We haven't reached the ideal of some of the ancient Greeks, by any means, but we have advanced far beyond the depressing habits of the mid-Victorian era and the gay nineties, when vigorous health was hardly compatible with refinement, and the really elegant woman fainted easily as a sign of high breeding. It is no longer fashionable to have a nervous breakdown, and the possession of symptoms is no longer a social asset. But we have a long way still to go. We may wear light, hygienic clothes, and open our windows at night, and let the sun pour in on our colored rugs and draperies, and we may look upon weight a little more intelligently than to consider obesity a sign of prosperity and emaciation a sign of interesting delicacy, but most of us still stumble along through the work of living, letting well enough alone until we have a pain, or until something interferes with our efficiency, letting our bodies get soft and eating what we like without much idea of what our bodies thrive on.

A Little Pride Needed

Until the mature person, or the adult who is not yet aged, no longer considers himself the best judge of the health of his own body, well-brought-up children and well-to-do old people will be the healthiest individuals in the nation. And next to the children and old people will come the laboring classes who are more or less supervised in matters of health by their employers and by the government. The independent middle and upper classes are doomed, it seems, to be the great uncared-for masses.

This, after all, is not an ideal state of affairs. We *want* children to be the healthiest people in the world, but it is silly to have those people who do most of the executive work of the world the unhealthiest. We have found means of protecting the child against most of the diseases which used to be the terror of our grandparents. Smallpox is practically unknown in communities where vaccination is compulsory, and diphtheria is rapidly disappearing where the children are immunized against it. Rickets and tuberculosis in children are decreasing rapidly with the new knowledge of diet and the value of sunlight and vitamins, because the parents are

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Robbers' Roost

By Zane Grey

The Story Thus Far:

IMPRESSED by the courage of a young stranger, who gives his name as Jim Wall (which, obviously, it is not), and who frankly admits that he is wanted in Wyoming, Hank Hays, superintendent of the Star Ranch, offers the newcomer a job.

The offer does not appeal to Wall. Herrick, the wealthy Englishman who owns the ranch, is surrounded by desperadoes, men he has hired in order to protect himself against their depredations; and Hays, one of the gang, is plotting to rob him on a gigantic scale!

But, because he is penniless and desperate, Wall takes the job.

Herrick likes his new employee from the start, admires his remarkable marksmanship, feels he can be trusted. . . . But Wall is far from happy. Hays, he soon suspects, is a villain—brave, but utterly conscienceless. And serious trouble is brewing. Bill Heeseman, likewise employed by Herrick, is Hays' bitterest enemy. The two men hate each other; each has a loyal following. A sanguinary struggle may start at any moment—a war which would mean ruin for Herrick, whom Wall sincerely likes.

Wall meets Heeseman, who warns him against Hays. "He was my pard once," he confides, "and he double-crossed me. You better watch him, young fellow!"—and Wall resolves to be on his guard. . . .

Herrick's sister—a twenty-two-year-old girl—is en route to the ranch from England. Herrick shows Wall her picture. She is beautiful—far too beautiful for that wild and lawless country! Why, Wall wonders, has Herrick permitted her to come? How—with conscienceless scoundrels all about her—can tragedy be averted?

Wall thinks he has the answer: if she can be thoroughly frightened, she will cut short her visit. He resolves to terrorize her, when she comes, so that she will realize the peril of her position. . . . And then—

She arrives. Wall, acting on orders from Herrick, meets her; and, gazing at her while he introduces himself, he is conscious that never before has he seen a creature so lovely.

Driving toward the ranch, the young man launches his intimidation campaign. He pretends to be a desperado. He describes the wildness—the terrors and the dangers—of the country. He waxes eloquent for several minutes. Then—

"Ugh, how you make me shiver!" exclaims the fair visitor. "But I love it! I'm sick of cities, tired of dirt and noise. I'd like to get lost down one of those red canyons yonder!" . . . And Jim Wall listens, astounded!

V

THEY came to a long, level valley, where the white road was like a floor, and the horses went like the wind. Wall's letting them out was unconscious; it was a release of his vagrant and startling imagination.

Here the English lady could not catch breath enough to talk. The tan veil was flying and so were some strands of her hair. She appeared to be a beautiful thing of porcelain and gold, animated by throbbing life.

What was going to be the effect of *this extraordinary woman upon the* fierce men of this lonely region? Upon that swarthy Hank Hays! Once in a long time, perhaps, his pale eyes alighted upon fresh, red-cheeked, buxom girls, but for the most part, Jim knew, Hays never saw any but flat-chested, lanky-limbed, big-footed and hard-handed women, whose faces were dark, coarse, weathered, with skin dried in the wind. They wore overalls and boots as often as feminine garments, and they were always married. Utah was still so wild and unsettled that the hags and camp-followers common to Wyoming had not arrived.

At last the horses had to be held in at the base of the longest ascent on the journey. Miss Herrick tucked her disheveled hair with the ends of the veil underneath the edges of her bonnet.

"What a run! I'm used to horses—but not tearing along—with a vehicle like this," she said, breathlessly.

"Wait till one of these old drivers gets a chance at you. I'm really no teamster."

"Are you a cowboy?"

"I used to be. And I still ride after *cattle occasionally. But now I'm only* a—a range-rider."

"What's the difference?"

"Well, a range-rider just travels from camp to camp."

"It must be a wonderful life. Like a gypsy's. I have been among the gypsies in Spain. But that can scarcely be the nature of your position on my brother's ranch."

"Didn't young Barnes tell you who and what I am?" queried Jim, turning to her.

"He talked like—like that babbling brook we just passed," returned the lady, with a musical laugh. "Much of it was Greek to me. But I grasped that you were a stranger to Utah—that you were from Wyoming, where you had killed many bad men, and that your mere reputation was enough out here to keep rustlers and desperadoes away from Star Ranch. Mr. Wall, you certainly are a hero in his eyes."

IT DID not take great perspicuity to grasp that Jim was not far from that in her eyes. He groaned in spirit.

"Miss Herrick, this young fellow is an awful liar," said Jim.

"How so? He seemed very frank and sincere to me. And he has such honest eyes. I don't know Westerners, as they call you, but what of that?"

"You are in for a terrible disillusionment."

"Mr. Wall, you cannot quell my enthusiasm. I know I am going to love this wild, glorious country. I've lived in London most of my life. I got to hate the crowded streets, the mud, the clamor, the dark, cold rooms where you had to have a light at midday, and the endless, ever-hurrying throngs of people. There's a strain of primitive blood in me. One of my ancestors was a Viking. I think another must have been an American Indian." Here her rich laughter rang out. "At any rate I am going to indulge my wild strain. The red gods have always whispered to me. Even as a child I knew I was intended for something big, strange, extraordinary."

"I hardly understand you, Miss Herrick," returned Jim, in perplexity. "My education has been limited, except out *in the open. I had some schooling.* And I taught a country school before I was twenty. But I never saw anyone like you. So if I appear ignorant, please excuse it."

"On the contrary, Mr. Wall, you have impressed me as far above the average Westerner," the girl returned, kindly, but without a trace of condescension. "I've met numberless people on the way out. Pioneers, farmers, ranchers, drivers, cowboys, and quite a few that I couldn't place or learn from. But I talked with all of them. You certainly do not need to apologize for yourself. . . . And you have been a school teacher! That is something that I would never have attributed to you. And what else have you been?"

On the moment Jim was too stricken to take advantage of the opportunity to repel her once and for all. The astounding idea flashed over him that he did not want to repel her.

"A little of everything, I guess," he floundered. He felt her gaze.

"I see that you will not tell me about yourself," she went on. "Pardon my inquisitiveness. But I must inform you that I expect to go into the ranching business with my brother. You will be working for me, then, as well."

"I hope you don't, Miss Herrick," he burst out, impulsively. "Somebody must tell you, it oughtn't come from a—a—rider like me. But this Utah is no place for such a girl as you."

"What do you mean, Mr. Wall? That hardly seems a compliment to me. I can work, and I want to. I shall adore this wild country. I tried to explain why. I can milk cows, bake bread, take care *of horses. It doesn't follow just because* I have money that I do not want to work."

"MISS HERRICK, you didn't get my meaning," replied Jim, hastily, with strong feeling. "It is not *you* who couldn't fit in. You've convinced me you could. And that is the biggest compliment I could pay you. . . . I meant that you will not be able to live, and work too, in Utah the way you want to. You absolutely cannot indulge that primitive strain you spoke of—not out here. You dare not ride around—or even leave the house. Even that—"

"For mercy's sake, why not?" she demanded, in astonishment.

"Because, young woman, you are too new, too strange, too lovely to risk yourself in sight of these Utah men. . . . Not all of them, nor a tenth of them. But

Illustrated by Harold Von Schmidt

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some of them. And they are the men you would meet at Star Ranch."

"You cannot be serious."

"I swear it, Miss Herrick."

"But what of the vaunted chivalry of Westerners? England rings with the daring, the gallantry of Americans on the frontier. I've read of Frémont, Kit Carson, Crook, and many others. And of the thousands who are unsung."

"That is true," he replied, his voice husky. "Thank God, I can say so. But you won't find *that* at Star Ranch."

"You say I am too new, strange, too—too lovely to risk—I understand you, of course. I must doubt it, despite your evident strong feeling. You may be playing a Western joke on me."

"I wish I was."

"My brother will know, if there is anything in what you say."

"No! No!" burst out Jim passionately. "Herrick doesn't know. He *never will* know. He is English. He can't see through a millstone with a hole in it. Oh, don't misunderstand me. Herrick is a fine chap, but Utah is no place for an English gentleman and sportsman, any more than it is a fit place for his sister."

"That is for us to decide," she returned, coldly. "It is less disturbing than what you say against my having my fling. I shall ride, anywhere and everywhere. I've always ridden. I'd go mad not to get on a horse in this glorious country."

"I've done my best. I've told you," he said, curtly, as if he were also addressing his conscience.

"I THANK you, Mr. Wall," she said, quick to catch the change in him. "No doubt you Western folks regard Bernie as eccentric. And I'm bound to admit his ranching idea—ripping as it is to us—must appear new and strange to you. So I'll compromise. If it's really dangerous for me to ride about alone, I will take you with me. Not, however, that I'd be afraid to go alone. Then I would be perfectly safe, would I not?"

Wall flicked the reins.

"Look, Miss Herrick. We're on top at last. There's your country. The black snow-capped mountains are the Henrys. We go through that gap—a pass—to Star Ranch. That purple space to the left—with the lines and streaks—that's the desert."

"Ah-h-h!" she had cried out, breathlessly.

Jim halted the horses and gazed himself, trying to see with this stranger's eyes. Her silence, after that one outbreak, was amply eloquent. But he got no satisfaction out of his own gazing. He had an instinctive desire to get on a horse and ride off alone into this wilderness. He had more—a feeling that it would not be long until the open wasteland claimed him again. For him the bursting of one of the Henry peaks into volcanic eruption would be no more startling than what would accrue from the advent of this white-faced, golden-haired woman.

She took to the Western saddle like a duck to water. She could ride. More than once she ran off alone, riding like the wind; and upon one of these occasions it took the cowboys till dark to find her

Jim anticipated, presently, an outburst from Miss Herrick, but it was not forthcoming. He drove down the hill, and again put the blacks to a keen gait on a level road, this time a straight, white line across a longer valley. The warm sun had begun its descent from the zenith. Jim calculated that he would beat the time he had declared, and reach Star Ranch before sundown. Only one more hill to climb and then the pass, which was comparatively short on this side. He wished he could fly. The sister of Bernie Herrick had an unaccountable effect upon Jim. Bernie! The name suited Herrick, as that of Helen suited this girl. It was a fatal name for a pearly-skinned, blue-eyed, golden-haired beauty. Vague legend stirred in Jim Wall's memory.

FAST as he drove it was yet not fast enough to escape from himself. Then when the wind tore off Miss Herrick's bonnet, he had to stop the iron-jawed blacks—no slight task—and get out and walk back. But the change seemed to soothe him somehow. He strode back with the flimsy headgear. Far from prepared was he, however, for sight of Miss Herrick bare-headed.

"Thank you," she said. "Too bad to make you get out and walk. But you drove so terribly fast. It's a wonder my clothes didn't follow my hat."

Jim made a light reply, he knew not what. To him the wonder was—flashing like a flame from the darkness of his mind—that he did not turn the team off the road and drive down into the wilderness, never to let the gaze of another man rest upon this destroying woman.

In an hour more he had crossed the valley, and again addressed a slope, where the slow gait of the horses gave Miss Herrick further opportunity to talk. He both dreaded and longed to hear that rich voice, so different from the few women's voices he recalled. But she surprised him again, this time by silence. She had been overpoweringly struck by the two hours' riding toward that gorgeous region of color and upheaval. Not until they got to the top of the pass, when Jim pointed down the Star Ranch valley, did she awaken out of her trance. Then during the hour and a half it took to reach the ranch Jim answered queries and explained what this and that was which caught her eye. Such wholly objective conversation was easy for Jim, and the time flew by.

WHEN he drove past Heeseman's camp all that worthy's outfit were at supper. The road passed within fifty feet of their chuck wagon.

"What a ruffianly crew!" murmured Miss Herrick. "Who, pray, are these men?"

"Part of the outfit your brother hired to protect his cattle from rustlers," replied Jim. "Funny thing about that is they are rustlers themselves."

"Deliciously funny, though hardly so for Bernie. Does he know it?"

"Not to my knowledge. Heeseman—the leader of that gang—came on his own recommendation and got the job."

"I'll have the fun of telling Bernie. . . . Oh, what's that. . . . What an enormous barn! All yellow. And a new one going up. Logs and logs. . . . Look at the horses! I want to stop."

"No, Miss Herrick," he replied grimly. "I'll drive you home safely or die in the attempt. . . . Don't look at this tall man we're coming to."

"Which?" she asked, laughingly.

"The one standing farthest out," replied Jim. "He's got on a black sombrero. . . . Don't look at him. That's Hank Hays. . . . Miss Herrick, drop your veil."

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Chevigny, the pivot of the Notre Dame running attack during the spectacular

Tuning up the Team

When the Notre Dame team runs through its plays with the precision of a perfect machine, it looks to the spectator as though eleven men had been mysteriously welded into one unit. Here the great Notre Dame coach shows you how the welding is done. There's not much mystery about it, but a great deal of ingenuity and hard work, plus a quick sense of humor. It's the system that produced Carideo, the Four Horsemen, George Gipp and a dozen other heroes

By Knute K. Rockne

Acme News Pictures

Knute Rockne, head football coach at the University of Notre Dame

THE first time I ran on a gridiron as a Varsity player against Ohio Northern, a one-man welcoming committee made himself heard. He had far less grace but much more voice than my friend Grover Whalen. He uttered one stentorian yell:

"Who's the homely Swede at end?"

Roars of laughter greeted this sally. I was disconcerted. It was like being hit with a missile. Although fairly thick-skinned under criticism, this personal slap in public carried a sting.

It had its influence in helping to formulate one of my first principles in coaching practice: never ridicule a beginner. You can kill talent by a smart crack at the wrong time.

The football coach's greatest asset is his greatest responsibility: the reliance placed upon him by the boys in his charge. I regard the handling of personnel as the most important part of the coaching job, and whatever secret of success there is to it can be reduced to a simple formula: strict discipline in training and on the field of play combined with kindly interest in all other relations with the boys.

A very good player named Bachman gave me my first test of authority when I was assistant to Jess Harper. Bachman was being put through blocking practice. Someone evidently gave Bachman what he considered better advice than mine. I worked with him for half an hour one afternoon only to see him discard the blocking method I had taught him—a quick, spread step and low crouch. There was only one thing to do. I did it.

"Come out of there, Bachman," I called. He came out. "Go to the showers and turn in your suit. We won't need you any more."

There was consternation at an assistant coach firing a Varsity squad man. But Harper sustained me. Later, Bachman explained that somebody had told him Rockne might be a good All-America end but his knowledge of blocking was limited. Bachman apologized, was replaced on the squad and played with credit in many big games.

The Right Atmosphere

This example gave me the reputation of being a martinet—a reputation valuable to any coach provided he doesn't work too hard to keep it.

Let me say at once that Notre Dame's scholastic discipline creates the right atmosphere for a coach. There is no co-education: by far the majority of the three thousand students live in halls and dormitories on the campus. All but seniors are obliged to eat their meals in the school refectories; strict hours are kept, class attendance requirements are stern. This latter I know, to my sorrow, for several fine football players have been suspended in my time. It's bad business for a coach to appeal to the faculty in behalf of an inadequate student. I did this once. The boy was given a chance and reinstated. He went into an important game and fumbled us to defeat, illustrating a general rule that a careless student is a careless player.

From the beginning of my coaching career, with whatever faults I brought to my profession, I at least had intelligence enough to recognize that the faculty must run the institution. The school is their school, and the coach must bear in mind that his is an extra-curricular activity like glee clubs, debating societies, campus politics, publications and so forth. Sometimes a coach may be handicapped by the passion in human nature for prerogative and authority which, on occasion, leads the faculty to interfere. But meddling is never the policy of top-notchers.

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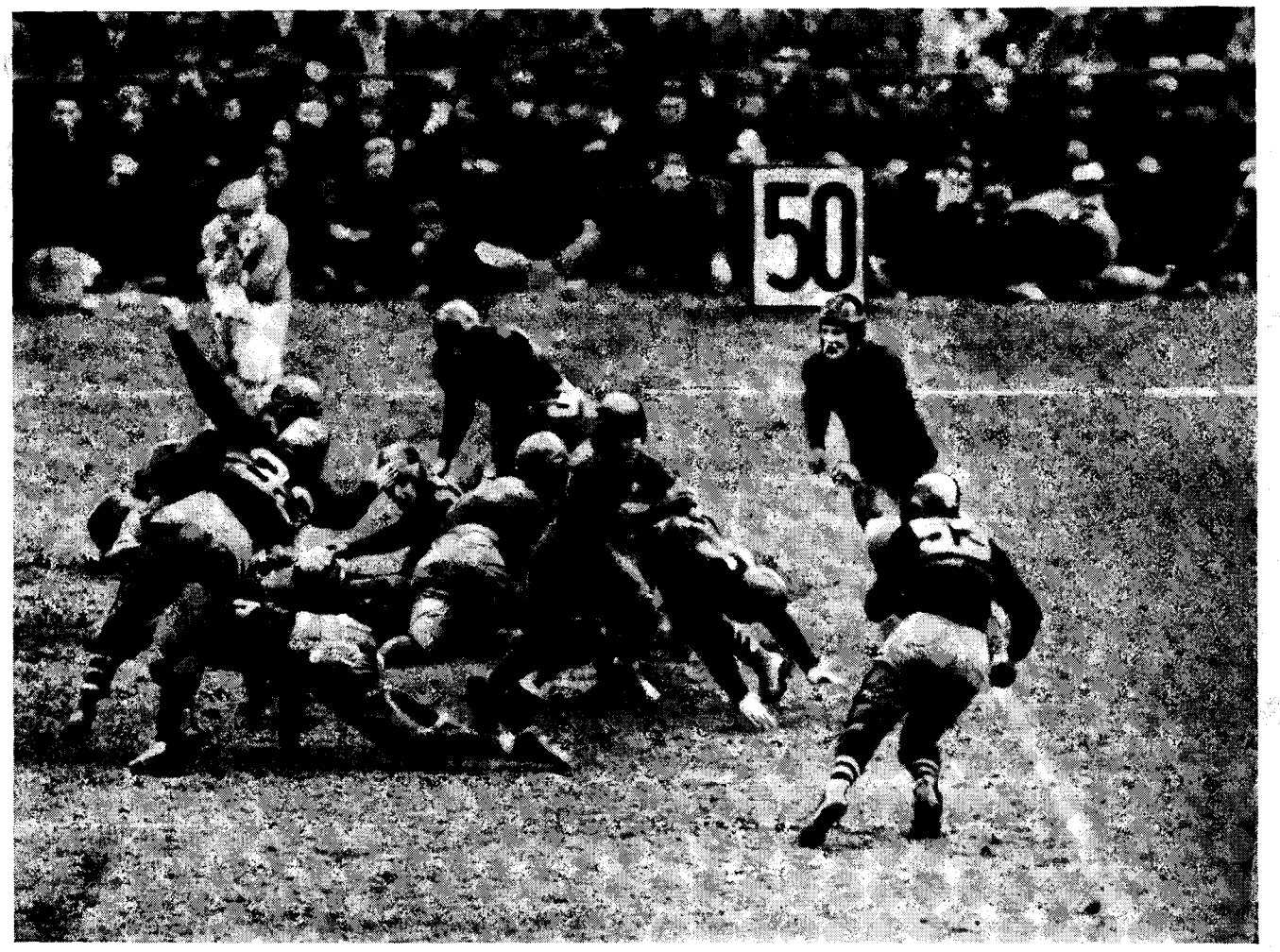

game with Army in 1928, making an end run for a gain of seven yards. Notre Dame won, 12-6 *Wide World*

They're too busy perfecting themselves in their own work. If a player flunks in class, he's no good to the coach or the school, and the coach who goes around trying to fix it for athletes to be scholastically eligible when mentally they're not is a plain, everyday fool.

The first premise to start with in coaching is that the school wants a good team (and so, of course, do the ever-vocal alumni) and the boys want to make a good team. No boy who puts on a football suit and goes out to try for the Varsity lacks manliness. Indeed, courage is the commonest quality among football material.

In my early days as coach we tried an impressive trick that was later discarded. More than a hundred boys would race on to the field in football uniforms before a game to give a picture of Notre Dame's reserve strength. This used to surprise smaller squads, so much so that one smart coach once said to his boys: "Keep your eyes on the ground till you line up."

Notre Dame's Training System

While it was true that many of the players in our impressive army never got into the game, it seemed to serve the purpose of accustoming beginners to the roar of the crowd, although it had a less desirable effect in spreading the legend that Notre Dame was first and last a football school. This it has never been and never will be. Many schools are richer in material than Notre Dame, which observes all Conference rules as to eligibility, training, practice and the rest.

Some three hundred recruits step out every March for spring practice. Every boy who wants to try out is given a suit. For the first week we have a little informal competition in which every boy takes part. This competition includes sprinting, tackling the dummy, throwing a ball, catching a thrown ball while running at full speed, kicking a ball, bucking the charging sled, carrying the ball through a live tackler—all of which gives us a pretty good line-up on who's who for the coming season.

The forty men who look best and who will include the best of the previous fall's freshmen are picked out and called the Varsity squad. These men immediately begin learning the Notre Dame offense. The remaining two hundred and sixty boys—for no one is cut off the squad although he may drop out if he wishes—are divided into five other teams which we call Southern Methodist, Pittsburgh, Carnegie Tech, Navy and Southern California.

An assistant coach or a senior who is graduating teaches each one of these squads the offense of these teams, which we are to meet in the fall, from the scouting notes of the preceding season. After a week, the Varsity team practices its offense by scrimmaging against the other five scrub teams and then, going on the defense, they learn how to meet these five distinct offenses as they are interpreted by the five scrub organizations. After three weeks of this the two men from each of these scrub teams who make the best showing are promoted to the Varsity squad. This stimulates interest and ambition. That is the gist of our spring training.

Wide World

Jack Elder, the flashing back whose run of ninety-six yards spelled defeat for the Army in 1929

Everyone's a Prospect

Everybody who follows football knows that the game, as played today, is better and less bruising; that brains count more heavily than brawn. As physical and mental training, football is unexcelled for boys strong enough to play it and patient enough to learn it, and I've observed that, aside from those unusual players who have a superb instinct for the game—the players who become great stars—a poor prospect can develop into a good player through application and industry.

Especially, since psychology plays a large part in modern football, can the boy only averagely gifted in physique and mentality aspire to and attain his niche in football if he gets careful, painstaking instruction and follows it equally carefully and painstakingly.

Very often during a successful Notre Dame season the comment is made, even by experts, that the Notre Dame system is mysteriously efficient, a method that has something of magic in it. Sometimes I wish that were true. My job would be much easier. The fundamental fact is that the school is alive with school spirit. Where you have an indifferent faculty and a listless student body, you'll have failure on the athletic field.

Once we played a Conference team—an important team. The poor chaps seemed lifeless and were badly beaten. Perhaps the reason was that the students who should have been cheering them on were pursuing their own branch of athletics—mezzanine hurdling at a thé dansant instead of supporting their schoolmates on the gridiron.

When more than two thousand youngsters turn out at bleak, gray dawn to give the Notre Dame team a send-off for an away-from-home game and the same multitude sacrifices sleep and comfort to receive them on their return—you have indomitable spirit behind you.

In 1925, when Army gave us a terrible trouncing, due to the demoralizing effect of a touchdown by Light Horse Harry Wilson in the first three minutes, the student body had seen us off. When we returned, thoroughly defeated by 27-0, not only the student body in its entirety but hundreds of South Benders welcomed the team home as if it had scored its greatest triumph.

Even the janitors out at the school receive and display the contagion of animated interest. An old walrus-whiskered fellow named Adolphus, supervising steam heat in one of the

(*Continued on page 58*)

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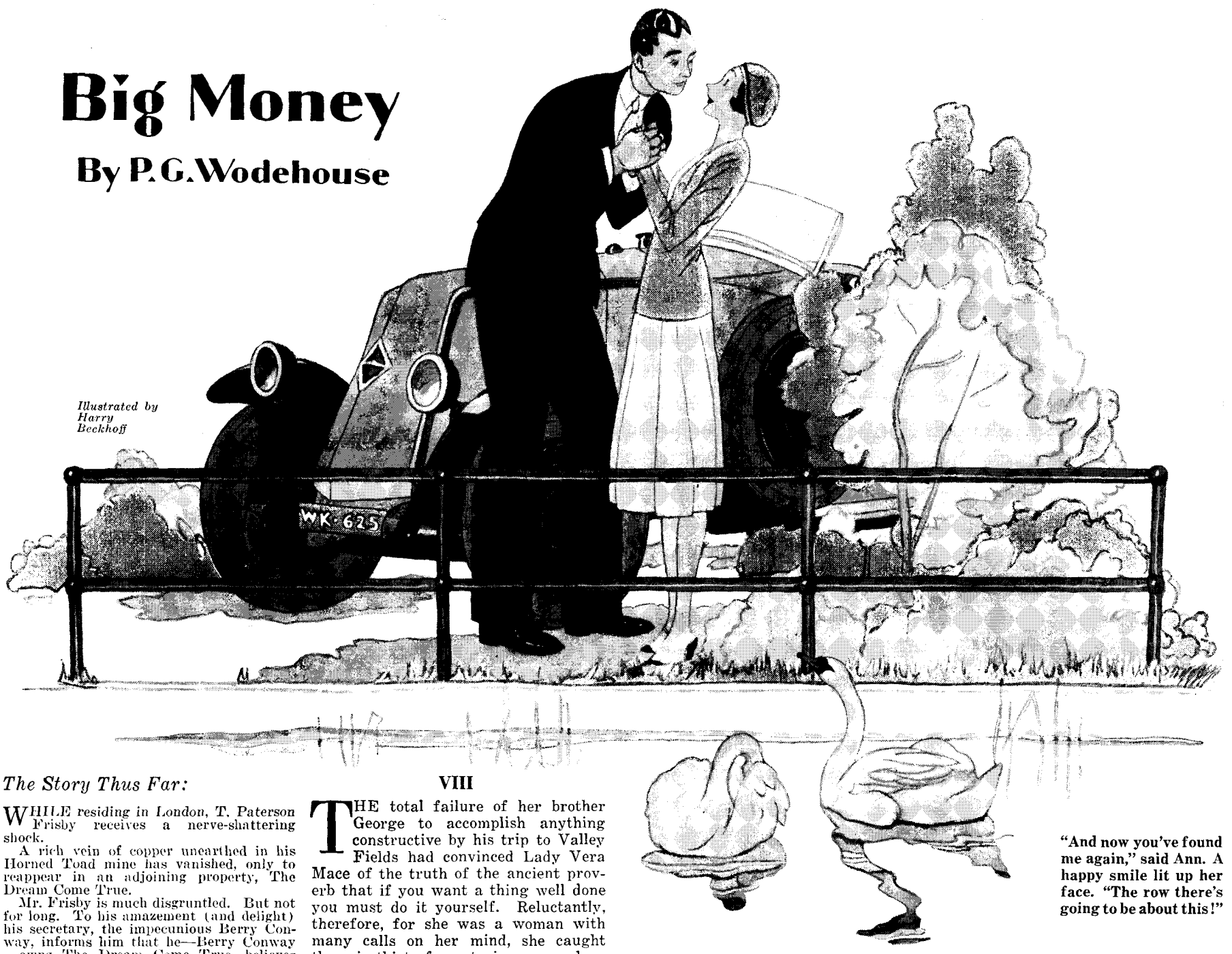
Big Money

By P. G. Wodehouse

Illustrated by Harry Beckhoff



The Story Thus Far:

WHILE residing in London, T. Paterson Frisby receives a nerve-shattering shock.

A rich vein of copper unearthed in his Horned Toad mine has vanished, only to reappear in an adjoining property, The Dream Come True.

Mr. Frisby is much disgruntled. But not for long. To his amazement (and delight) his secretary, the impecunious Berry Conway, informs him that he—Berry Conway—owns The Dream Come True, believes it to be worthless, and is anxious to dispose of it. Whereupon, Mr. Frisby sends the young man to one J. B. Hoke (secretly on the Frisby pay roll) who seems to be mildly interested.

Meanwhile, other momentous events are occurring. Two beautiful American heiresses—Miss Ann Moon, T. Paterson Frisby's niece, and her friend, Miss Kitchie Valentine—reach London. Kitchie goes to the country to visit her uncle, the bellicose Major Flood-Smith; while Ann remains in the city, where she promptly becomes engaged to Lord Biskerton, young, charming and close friend of Berry Conway.

Lord Biskerton—"the Biscuit," to his intimates—is in debt. To evade a small army of extremely rude creditors until marriage makes him solvent, he flees to the country, takes a small house near Berry, and lets it be known that he is a victim of the mumps. . . . Then he meets Kitchie Valentine, a neighbor. What a girl! His lordship is badly smitten—he does not miss his bride-to-be at all! . . .

All this time Berry has not been twiddling his thumbs. He, too, is susceptible. And he is madly in love. But, strange to relate, due to a singular concatenation of circumstances, he does not even know the name of his lady-love; nor does she know his. Mr. Conway does, however, know that the beautiful creature to whom he has lost his heart is engaged; and he is at a loss as to how to conduct himself. Should he, or should he not, woo another man's fiancée? . . . His friend the Biscuit enlightens him. "Engaged!" exclaims his lordship. "What of it? Grab her!" And Berry proceeds to act on his lordship's advice, little dreaming the truth: that the object of his affections is none other than Godfrey, Lord Biskerton's, bride-to-be—Ann Moon!

Mr. Conway is now in funds. He has sold The Dream Come True, for five hundred pounds. But Mr. Frisby does not get it. Oh, no! Mr. Hoke, realizing its value, purchases it for himself. . . . After which, Mr. Frisby, furious but impotent, agrees to merge the two mines and clean up on the sale of stock. . . . But does Conway know of the plot? If so—all is lost!

VIII

THE total failure of her brother George to accomplish anything constructive by his trip to Valley Fields had convinced Lady Vera Mace of the truth of the ancient proverb that if you want a thing well done you must do it yourself. Reluctantly, therefore, for she was a woman with many calls on her mind, she caught the *six-thirty-four train* some days later, and, arriving at the gate of Peacehaven, met her nephew, Lord Biskerton, coming out. Another moment and she would have missed him.

Had she done so, it would have been all right with the Biscuit. This sudden apparition of a totally unwanted aunt affected him much as the ghost of Banquo on a memorable occasion affected Macbeth.

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed. "What on earth are you doing down here?"

"I want to have a talk with you, Godfrey."

"But you can't," protested the Biscuit. "I'm not open for being talked to."

His emotion was understandable. He was just on his way to Castlewood to collect Miss Valentine and take her to the Bijou Palace (One Hundred Per Cent Talking), at the corner of Roxborough Road and Myrtle Avenue, the meeting-place of all that is best and fairest in Valley Fields. And, while *he knew that he was doing this merely* because he was sorry for a lonely little girl, a stranger in a strange land, who had few pleasures, the last thing he wanted was a prominent member of the family dodging about the place, taking notes of his movements with bulging eyes.

"I'm busy," he said. "Occupied. Full of appointments. I'm just off to the pictures."

"What I have to say is much more important than any pictures."

"Not than these. They're showing a film of the Life of a Spanish Onion. Full of educative value, with a most beautiful theme song."

"I shan't keep you more than a few minutes. I've got to catch the seven-ten train back to Victoria. I am dining with Lady Corstorphine at Mario's."

"AH!" SAID the Biscuit, relieved. "That puts a different complexion on the matter. Well, I'll walk to the station with you."

He hurried her round the corner and into the asphalt-paved, beehive-lined passage that led thither. Only when they were out of sight of Mulberry Grove did his composure return.

"How the dickens did you find out I was living here?" he asked. "It looks to me as if there had been a leakage somewhere."

"Your father went round to your flat and made Venner tell him."

"Ah, that explains it. How is the guv'nor? Pretty fit and insolvent? Still stealing the cat's milk and nosing *about in the street for cigar-ends*?"

"His health and finances are in much the same state as usual."

"Poor old chap!" said the Biscuit sympathetically. "Odd, how none of our family seem able to get their hooks on a bit of money."

"He tells me he is hoping to let Edgeling to Mr. Frisby for Goodwood. I think it would be an excellent thing. But I did not come here to talk about your father. I want to speak to you about Ann."

"Yes?" said the Biscuit. "Good old Ann? How is she?"

"She is very well."

"Buzzing about a lot and rejoicing in her youth, I suppose? Parties, routs and revels?"

"She was at home, answering her letters of congratulation, when I left. At least, I think she was."

"You think? Are there secrets between you?"

"It is quite possible," said Lady Vera, "that she was writing to everybody to say that congratulations were unnecessary, as she is no longer engaged."

The Biscuit gaped.

"Says which?"

"What do you mean by that extraordinary expression?"

"Eh? Oh," said the Biscuit momentarily confused, "I picked it up. From a fellow next door. A man. He's an American. An American man. One of the first families in Great Neck, New York. The phrase implies astonishment and incredulity. Why the dickens should Ann say she was no longer *engaged*?"

"Because she may be intending to break off the engagement."

The Biscuit stared.

"What! Give me the push?"

"Yes."

"You mean, actually slip me the old acid-drop?"

"Yes."

"But what would she do that for?"

Lady Vera began to deliver the exordium she had roughed out on the train.

"Your father and I are terribly worried, Godfrey. We both think that you

(*Continued on page 48*)

"And now you've found me again," said Ann. A happy smile lit up her face. "The row there's going to be about this!"

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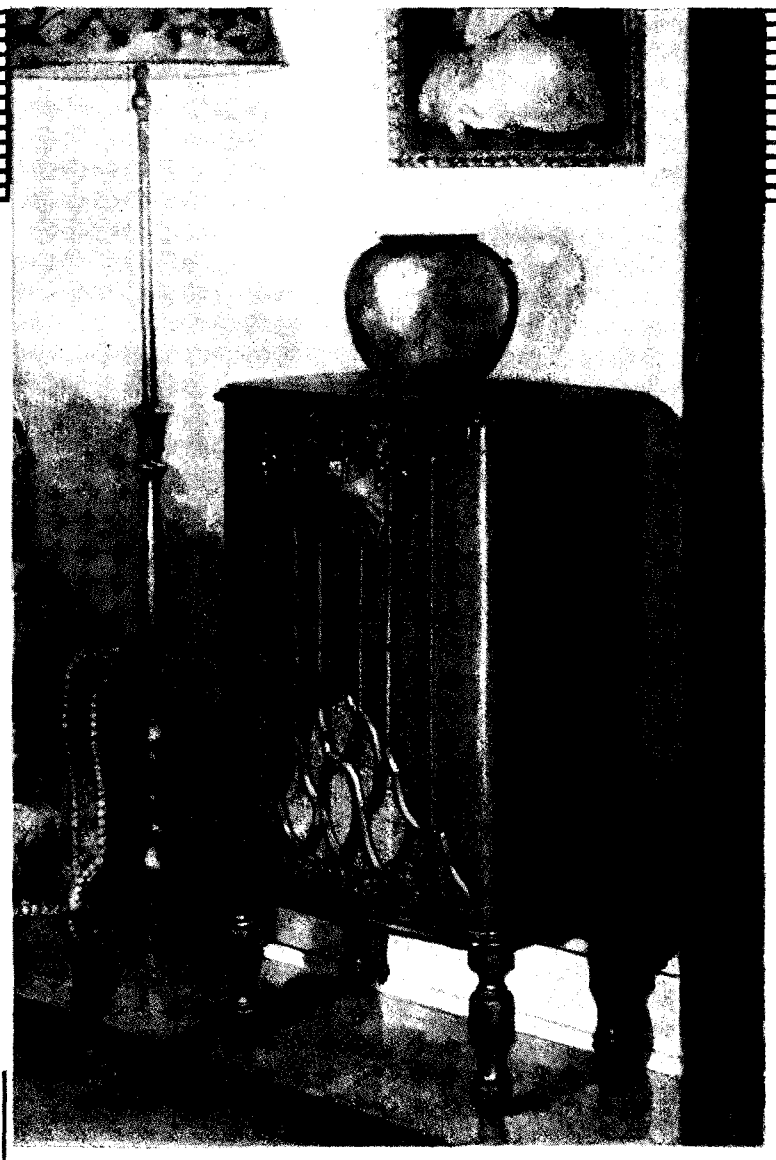

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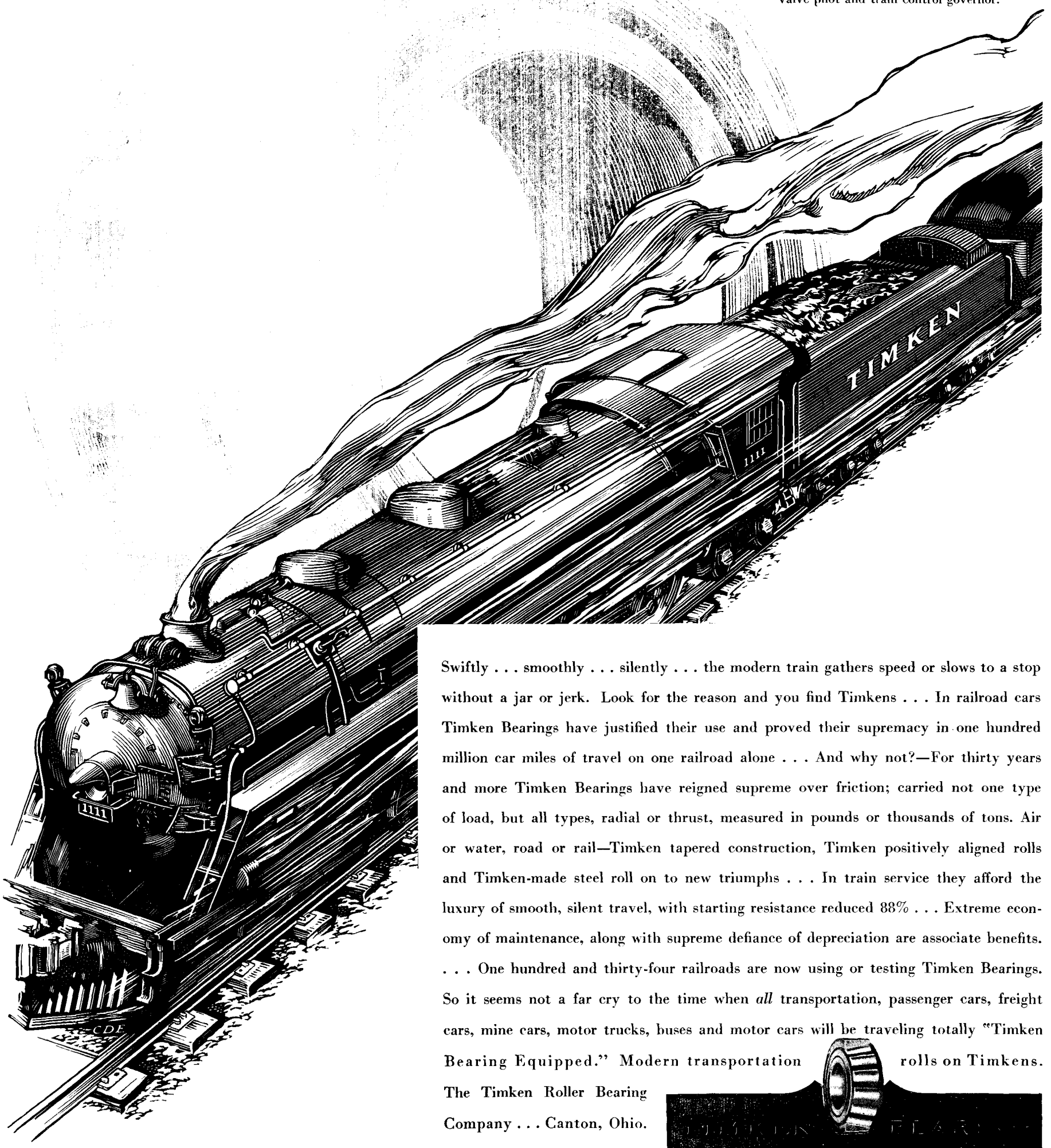

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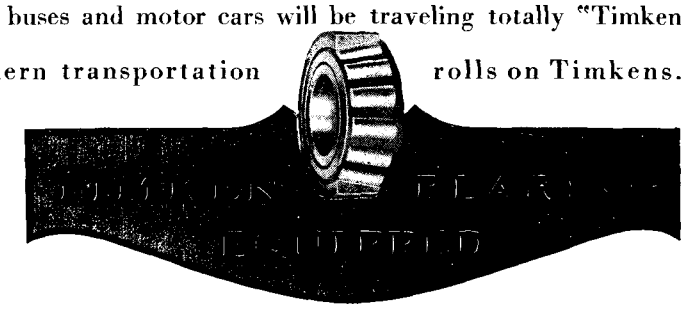

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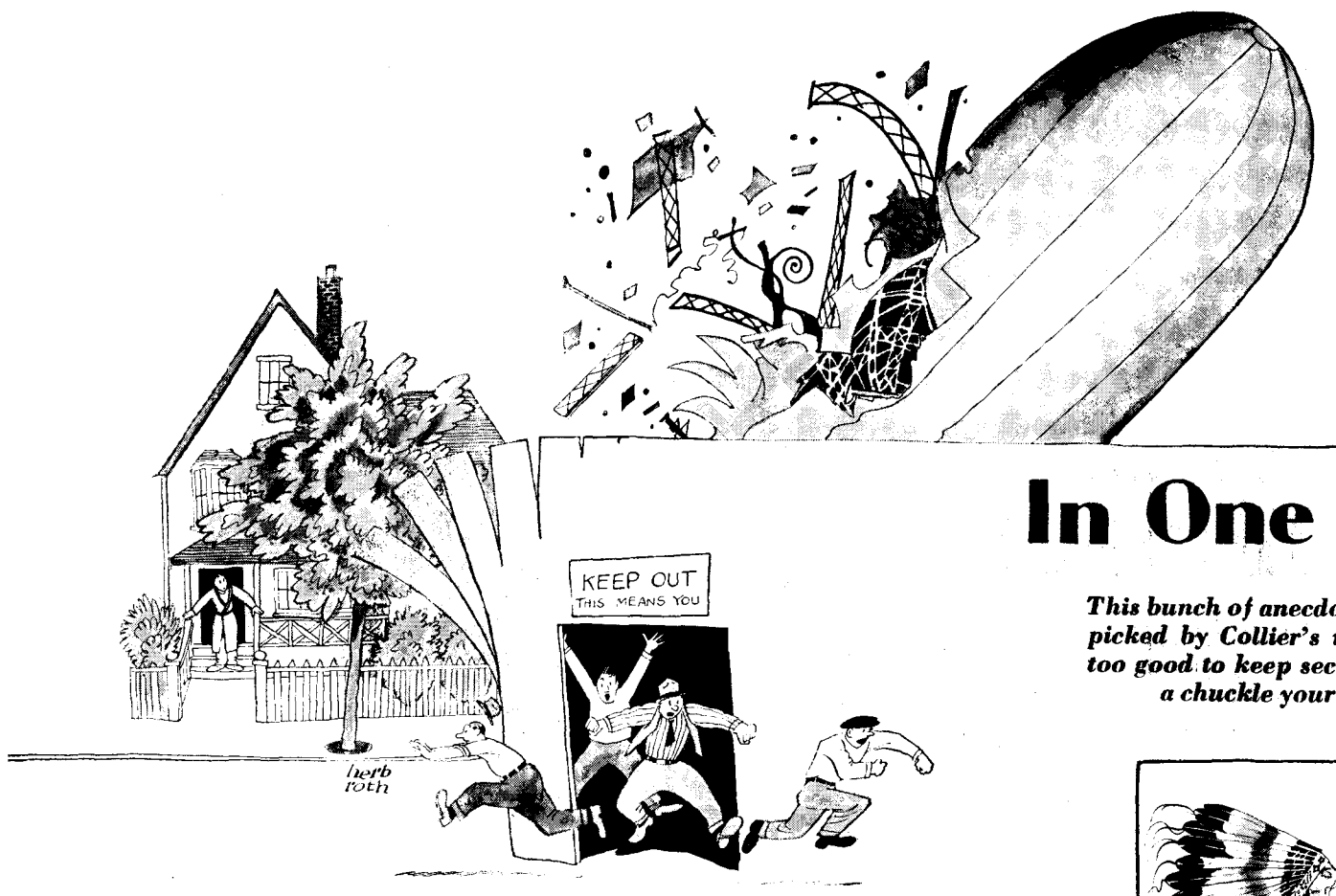

The dirigible arose in the air and sagged in the middle, crushing six workmen, and the story "broke"

Illustrated by Herb Roth

In One Ear

This bunch of anecdotes, hand-picked by Collier's writers, is too good to keep secret. Have a chuckle yourself

"You mean to say I am not sufficiently intelligent to vote?" asked the aborigine

"Why have you come to work this early?" demanded Mrs. Hardy

IN THE early days of the senatorial career of the Hon. Robert Latham Owen, of Oklahoma, a young Indian from one of the tribes then seeking the voting franchise visited Congress to lay his tribal claim before the branches of that body. In the presence of the Senate's Indian Affairs Committee, which included Senator Owen (himself partly of Indian origin), the young Indian made a splendid and intelligent plea. Senator Brandegee of Connecticut, member of the committee, was conducting the hearing.

At the conclusion of the plea, the senator from Connecticut refused the request, stating that the tribe was not yet ready to exercise suffrage.

"Why not?" asked the Indian.

"Not intelligent enough for such a sacred trust," was the assigned reason.

"You mean to say I am not sufficiently intelligent to vote on local and national issues?" asked the aborigine.

"Not you, of course—you are intelligent enough to exercise any of the rights of full citizenship," said Senator Brandegee. "But your tribe would not be."

"Why," said the Indian, in surprise, "they are as intelligent as I!"

"No," smiled the Connecticut senator. "You need not try to tell me that the people of your tribe did not select their very brightest member to send to Washington!"

"No," said the young Indian, "they did not, any more than the people of Connecticut selected theirs."

Made While You Wait

Karl Von Wiegand, veteran correspondent, who was radio announcer of the Graf's trip around the world, figured in a bit of newspaper enterprise when he was far younger than he is now—back in 1906 or '07. He lived in Berkeley, California, and did his nightly toil for the Associated Press across the bay in San Francisco. His return home was by a late night boat that docked about two or two-thirty.

On a vacant lot near the Von Wiegand home some inventor was working on a dirigible—an affair that looked large in those days before the Roma, the Shenandoah, the Los Angeles and the great Graf were heard of. Karl would stop and peep over the fence each morning as he headed for home, noting the progress as well as he could in the dark. For even then he was deeply interested in aviation.

One morning he noted that the lot was alive with workmen and bobbing lanterns that were going about from place to place around the big gas bag. When he arrived at his house he said to Mrs. Von Wiegand:

"I wish you would wake me at whatever hour you notice further activity about that lot. I believe they are about to pull off something."

Not long after daybreak his wife called him. There was the sound of humming motors on the lot. Karl arose, put on his bathrobe, went far enough toward the lot to note they had all four motors running and the bag inflated. Hurrying back to the house he called his office and said:

"Hold a wire open. I believe something big is about to break, out here."

Then he went out again in his bathrobe to watch. Almost instantly the dirigible arose in the air, the motors started, the thing's back broke and it sagged in the middle, fatally crushing six workmen—and the story broke.

Higher Authority Recommended

Marcus A. Hanna, that distinguished citizen, was lingering at the point of death in Washington. A new editor in San Francisco, anxious to be officious toward his hard-boiled veteran correspondent in the national capital, wired that calloused gentleman:

"Will Senator Hanna live till morning?"

To which the newspaper man sent the following terse reply:

"Ask God, you —— fool," and returned to his poker game.

A Literal Laundress

The colored laundress who serves the home of Congressman Guy U. Hardy, of Colorado, pounded vigorously on the back door at five o'clock one morning, seeking admittance to do her day's work. It was the day after daylight-saving time had gone into effect.

"Why have you come this early, Mary?" demanded Mrs. Hardy.

"Well, ma'am," answered Mary, "the paper said to set my clock ahead one hour. I done dat. And den it said for me to come to work one hour earlier and I done dat, too."

His Own Fault

It isn't often that Ambassador Charles G. Dawes finds himself at a loss for words, but he was stumped once, and by President Warren Harding.

Dawes was retiring as Budget Director and his associates had arranged a quiet little dinner in his honor at a Washington hotel. Mr. Harding was there, Senator Jim Watson, General Herbert M. Lord, Dawes' successor, and others. The hotel orchestra furnished music.

At the appropriate time Senator Watson, the toastmaster, arose.

"We will now enjoy a special treat," he announced. "Few of us, perhaps, know that our distinguished guest is also a distinguished musician. He has composed some beautiful music, and the orchestra will now play his favorite composition."

Dawes, fidgeting, emitted a string of the kind of words for which he was famed. Harding was thunderstruck. When the outburst had subsided, he leaned forward and addressed Dawes:

"Why, Dawes," he exclaimed, "what are you saying? If you didn't want the orchestra to play it, why did you compose it?"

Dawes, for once, was unable to answer.

And Freedom Shrieked Again

One day recently in Washington, D. C., a resident lady was accosted by a puzzled-looking stranger who said:

"Excuse me, madam, but could you tell me where Kosciusko's statue is?"

"Certainly," said the accommodating resident, and she was as good as her word.

"Thank you, madam," said the stranger. "I don't want you to think I'm interested in any of these damn' foreigners, but I parked my car close to that statue, and forgot where it was located."

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Horse Laugh

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Alan LeMay

Illustrated by Paul Brown

The race swung to the turn and two horses pulled out of the four. For once in his life Catsnap was on the rail!

IF THERE was any justice," Jimmy Flint finished, "no such a cheap horse-spoiler as you are would ever run even a ring-boned goat!"

For a moment Stuff Miller allowed his fat face to take on a nasty expression. He decided to laugh it off, however. Jimmy Flint had been a jockey and had not outgrown it very much; but he had a raw-hidey look, not at all like a man who is about to be rocked loose by a fat man.

"Who said there's any justice?" Miller snapped. "I can slip you a tip on that black hound yet. He folds up like a busted balloon. I suppose you didn't see him lead 'em into the stretch last week—and then drop like a shot pup!"

"I saw your jock break him, just as he was coming home! He shifted his weight, and Catsnap changed his lead. Give him a decent ride and he'll run their plates off. But what do you do? Drop him in the cheapest stakes you can find—then bust him in the stretch!"

"I got to build him up," said Stuff Miller. "Am I a millionaire sport king? Or a plain horseman that has to—"

"You're neither one! Why don't you stick to your claiming lizards? Catsnap is a horse!"

"Hipped on that dog, aren't you?"

"Here's what. I'll give you one more bid on him, and this is my last: two thousand cash and my note for six. That's final."

"I'm laughing," said Stuff. "But—you put up the two thousand now, and you can have the goat at the end of the meet. What do you say?" His notebook and pencil were out.

"I say," said Flint slowly, "that you'll have ruined a good horse by then; and also that you're a little fat gyp, and Catsnap, or any horse, is too good for you."

Stuff Miller sent a vicious glance to either side. By this time a little crowd had gathered—clockers, bugs and swipes—to the number of more than a dozen.

"I'll get you for this," he said. "I'll bust you so flat you'll be bumming oats off the swipes—and eating 'em yourself!"

"Try it!"

Catsnap was going to run. Jimmy Flint turned away as the fourth race came up, and walked disconsolately into the emptying betting ring. Ever since he had first watched Catsnap go to the post, he had seen his name written all over the lanky black. And now—he didn't want to see the runner wasted again, nor witness one more step in the spoiling of a great horse. For the first time he walked out on a chance to watch Catsnap run.

A STABLE boy came pushing through to catch Jimmy Flint by the elbow. "They've changed the jock on Catsnap! They've pulled Willie Moon, and Pat Loomis is up!"

"Who?"

"Pat Loomis! He never smeared a race in his life. They was already starting for the post, but—"

Flint had known Pat Loomis when they were both apprentice riders. He gripped the boy's arm. "If it's Pat, *Stuff Miller is shooting!* Get your money down on Catsnap, son!"

Jimmy Flint raced to the front of the clubhouse and craned his neck. The horses were parading to the post—and it was true that Catsnap now had Pat Loomis up. On the mutuel board Catsnap's estimated odds stood twenty-five to two. Flint sprinted back to the ring, and emptied his pockets at the nearest "win" window.

Still the bell to close the mutuels did not go, and Jimmy put in an agonized minute hunting for someone who knew him well—and who banked his money in his pants. The luck stood up, for he located three in a group. In less than a quarter of a minute he had borrowed more money than he owned; and when the ragged roar "They're off!" burst from the stands, Flint held tickets that had cost four thousand dollars.

It was a plunge. If Catsnap failed him he was cleaned out; but if the black horse won, it should be worth twenty or thirty thousand dollars to him—even after his own bets had broken the odds.

He fought his way to the rail, and his trained eye picked up Catsnap, packed tight into a knot of four horses that seemed to move with a deadly slowness down the length of the back stretch. Already the rest of the field was lost.

Then Flint identified the colors of the other four runners, and a shiver ran over him. There were two jockeys in that bunch that he would not have trusted as far as he could toss the track drag. If they pocketed the black—

If they had tried it they had failed. The race swung to the turn and two horses pulled out of the four. One of them was a chestnut gelding called Red Morning; the other was Catsnap—and for once in his life Catsnap was on the rail!

Nose and nose the red and the black hammered out that long turn, Pat Loomis under wraps, waiting for the stretch. The red inched up slowly, until he had an advantage of a head. They were at the head of the stretch, running close. A crazy yell was torn out of Jimmy Flint. *"Catsnap, come on!"*

Then—Catsnap faltered. He dropped half a length, a length, in what seemed no more than five strides. Red Morning was leaning into the rail, shutting the black out of the race forever.

Pat Loomis was going to the bat, laboring to bring Catsnap up again, this time on the outside. It was too late.

"Easy come, easy go," muttered Jimmy Flint.

"Oh, were you on that dog?" said a voice at his ear.

"All I had," Flint admitted. Then he saw that he was talking to Stuff Miller, and the blood rushed to his head. "Pat Loomis," he said, "was the straightest little jock ever tossed up. If you've taken that boy crooked—"

"You got me wrong. I never ran no shenanigan with Loomis."

"Say! Did you back Catsnap?"

"I should say not! What, with that dumb Loomis in there with them sharks? I knew they was mobbed to shoo in Red Morning and I sunk my bottom dime—on Red Morning!" Stuff Miller edged away a little, preparatory to ducking into the crowd. "I said I'd break you, you little punk! Ask yourself—did I? Did I? Caught that rider shift, didn't you? I read you like a form!" He cackled as he elbowed his fat figure out of reach.

"Wait a minute," said Flint. He had noticed something in the judges' stand. "Wait a minute! I got a proposition."

"You've got what?"

"I'll give you," said Flint, with a new gleam in his eyes, "just fifteen hundred for the Catsnap horse. Lay your bottom dime against your own horse, will you? Build him up, will you? Fifteen hundred cash, and that's every cent!"

"That's a laugh!" cackled Miller. "That's a—" His voice trailed off, and he seemed to gag, as his eyes followed Flint's.

PAT LOOMIS, saddle on his arm, had climbed into the judges' stand, and the officials had got their heads together there. Once more it was not Catsnap's fault that he had faltered at the turn—and this time it was not his rider's fault either. And as to the technic of that pinch-off against the rail— They were changing the numbers on the board. They had disqualified Red Morning. It was Catsnap's number in first place now!

"Twelve hundred," said Flint. "My next offer will be—"

"Take him," snarled Miller, purple-faced and quivering. "Give it here and take him—the snaky, double-crossing goat!"

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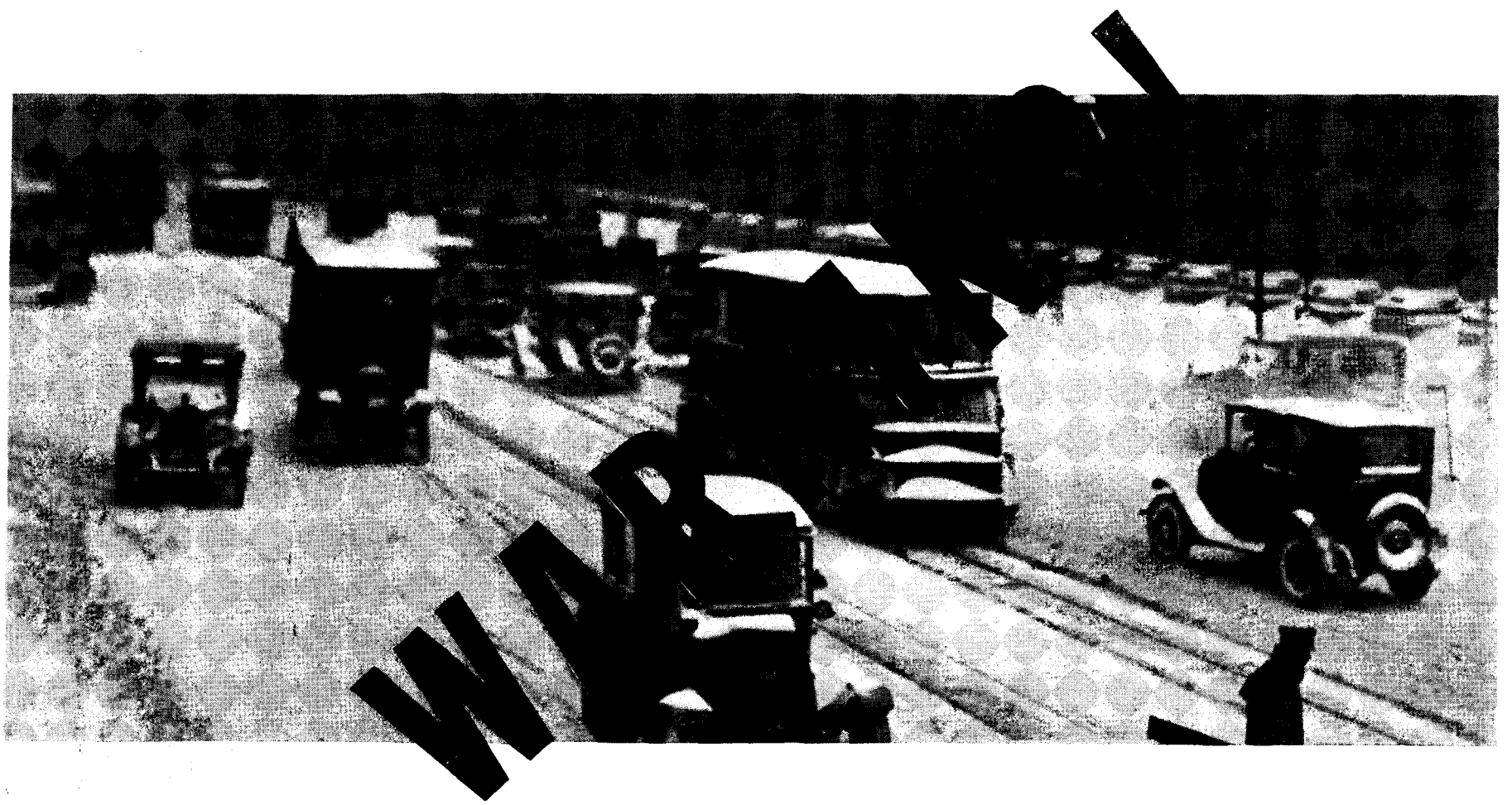
FREEZING WEATHER COMING!



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Your engine goes from below freezing to almost boiling in 5 minutes...

That's why only a "DOUBLE-RANGE" *winter oil can protect your engine!*

THE freezing point—32° F.—is the lubrication danger point for your engine!

The heavy summer oil you have been using will lie thick and cold-stiffened in your crankcase. It cannot circulate promptly and reach moving parts. Your battery wears its heart out turning your engine over. The first few moments of "dry" running give your engine more wear than miles of ordinary driving.

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Mobiloil Arctic will give your engine unique winter protection. It is the *double-range* winter lubricant. Down to zero—and below—you get easy starting and sure circulation. At hot running temperatures, you get rich, full lubrication.

This *double-range* quality is built into Mobiloil Arctic. Motor oil is made—not found.

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With Mobiloil "CW" on your gears you'll be delighted at the smooth ease of meshing on coldest days. You can be sure of complete absence of gear wear.

You can get this two-fold protection for your engine and your gears from your nearest Mobiloil dealer. Ask for Mobiloil by name.

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Catfish and the Countess

Continued from page 15

The countess calmly brushed back her hair and cocked her head and looked up at Mr. Haverstraw.

"Junior," her smile was the smile of a conqueror, "Junior and I are going to be married."

"Married?" Strawberry gasped.

"Well," Mr. Haverstraw was almost speechless. "Well, well. This *is* a surprise. I—I hardly know what to say."

Strawberry's jaw dropped. He felt as if a battering ram had hit him amidships and driven all the breath out of his body. He turned appealingly to the countess. "Why, why—" he stammered.

She rose and took his hand. She reached over and grasped Mr. Haverstraw by the arm and led them toward the ballroom. "We must break the news to Mother, Junior," she smiled.

"DADDY," said Dorothy Wiggins as she sat on his lap and put an arm around his neck, "Daddy, I need some help."

"This is the place to come," said Catfish, proud in the knowledge that he was his daughter's first thought in trouble. He laid down the Engledale Weekly Gazette, patted her hand and smiled.

"Strawberry Haverstraw?" he asked.

"How did you know?"

He nodded toward the newspaper. "I noticed that his engagement to the countess is announced. Were you and Strawberry—"

Dorothy shook her head. "I'm not planning to marry anybody. But Straw is one of the best, and this woman roped him in. He told me all about it."

"Umm," said Henry.

"He wants to talk to you."

"To me? Why not his own father?"

Dorothy shrugged her shoulders. "He wouldn't understand. Will you do it?"

"Listen, Dorothy," he said firmly, "the Haverstraws have turned out to be nothing but a pair of stuffed shirts. They think they're too good for us."

"You're not helping them. They think it's wonderful. It's Straw."

"It's too bad, but, Dorothy, don't you see—"

"He has a buckeye."

"A buckeye?" Catfish exclaimed. "What for?"

"Didn't you tell him once that a buckeye would get anybody out of trouble? Today he got one."

"Humm." Catfish grinned. "Probably I did. Where'd he get it?"

"I loaned him yours."

"Gee whiz!" Catfish fumbled in his pockets. "I hadn't missed it! Well, you had your nerve, young lady! You shouldn't go around doing things like that! You know better than to—"

"You will help him, won't you, Daddy?"

"How can I help him? I can't go to this woman and say, 'This kid don't want to marry you, so go roll your hoop!' She'd sue Straw for breach of promise and sue me for alienation and goodness knows what all! She's a dangerous woman!"

"You can fix anything, Daddy. Please. You know your buckeye must make good."

"I forgot about that," he admitted. "Humm. That does kinda—"

"Goody!" She kissed him. "I'll call him up and tell him to come right over."

THE business of the Bon Ton Meat Products Corporation was sadly neglected by President Wiggins for several days. The president was in deep and seemingly futile conference with himself on the subject of a method for breaking up, quietly and efficiently, the engagement of Strawberry Haverstraw and the beautiful Countess de Vira of Brazil.

Strawberry, blushing, had told him everything, kisses and all, and Catfish had tried to cheer him up with a slap on the back and a promise that everything would come out all right.

"Do you—do you really think the buckeye will help?" Straw wanted to know.

"Always. Boy, there's nothing like a good buckeye—and that's some buckeye, let me tell you—when you're in a tight place."

"Well," Straw had said grimly, "that's me, Mr. Wiggins."

There seemed to be no way out. A break by Strawberry, of course, would mean a breach of promise suit. Straw might go to his father and ask him to buy off the countess. But that evasion was almost unthinkable. The Haverstraws were bubbling over with delight. A real countess was going to marry their son and they boasted about it everywhere. They would have no sympathy with any such thought.

On the desk before Mr. Wiggins lay a report from a detective agency. Unfortunately no overt acts by the countess could be proved, although there was much cause for suspicion as to her mode of living. She was deep in debt, the detectives reported, and on the point of being evicted from her Park Avenue apartment.

"If I showed this to Old Man Haverstraw," Catfish scratched his head, "it might make him try to call things off. Nope. Any bust of that kind would send her running to the newspapers. And we gotta keep Strawberry out of that kind of a muss." He gave up the idea.

He pinched his chin. "There's only one encouraging thing. Straw hasn't written her any foolish letters that she can sell. Letters!" he repeated. "Let me see! Have I got an idea or not? The gal is hard up. She has to keep up this front until the wedding. She needs ready money. Maybe I've got something." He pounded his huge fist on the desk.

When Catfish arrived home that evening he managed to speak, unobserved by Matilda, with George, their butler. He had a few secret words with Dorothy, too.

The next morning when Matilda, excited, telephoned him at his office, Mr. Wiggins was not so surprised as he pretended to be.

"Henry!" she cried. "George has left! He may be gone for a week! He got a telegram this morning saying his mother was dying! And tomorrow night is our bridge party! What shall I do?"

"Aw, don't get upset, Momma. I'll get a butler for you. I'll call up the agencies right away and have somebody out there this afternoon."

"And another thing!"

"What? More trouble?" Catfish grinned at the telephone, for he knew what was coming.

"Dorothy asked Strawberry Haverstraw to drop in for the party! Why she should do such a crazy thing, goodness only knows!"

"Well, that's not serious, Momma."

"But he's bringing that Brazilian countess with him!"

"Maybe they won't stay long. Don't worry about that. I'd kinda like to see what this countess looks like. Wouldn't you?"

"No, I wouldn't!"

"Honest, now, Momma?"

"Well, maybe it will be all right," she confessed. "I never have met a countess."

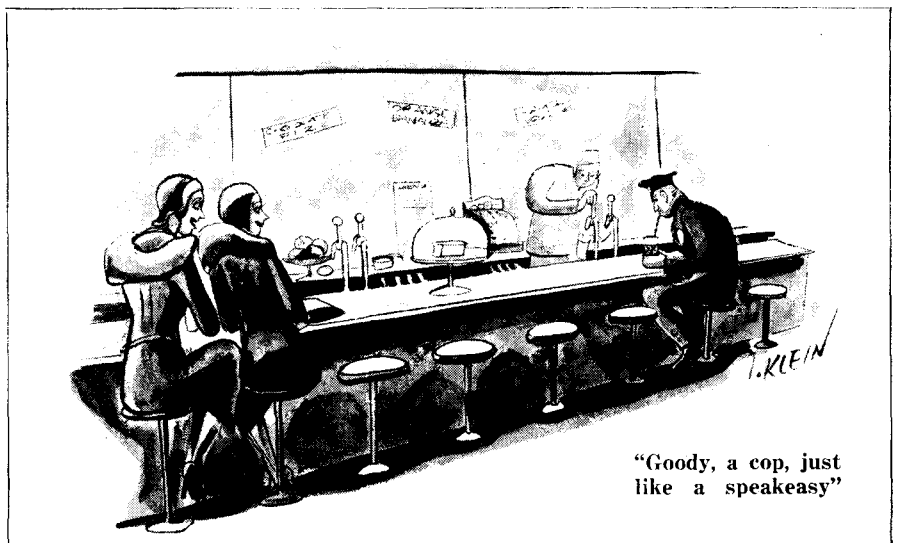
"O. K., honey. Don't worry about the butler. I'll get one. Good-by."

He rang for his secretary.

"Please call four or five of the best employment agencies," he told her, "and tell them to send over all the ugly old butlers named Henry that they've got."

"Beg pardon, Mr. Wiggins?" His secretary was accustomed to strange behavior on the part of her boss, but this order broke all records.

"Ugly old butlers named Henry. Nothing else'll do."



"Goody, a cop, just like a speakeasy"

ON THE 3:45 train for Engledale that afternoon was a puzzled old butler named Henry Potterson. He was bald in patches, and lean. He had a huge, bulbous nose like an avocado, his ears were so large they almost flapped and on his face were deep lines that could have been left only by years of suffering.

In his pocket were a week's wages and a hundred-dollar bonus. He had been promised another hundred dollars provided he kept his mouth shut and did certain things as outlined by Mr. Wiggins.

One of the strangest of these things was that after Mr. Wiggins had demanded only applicants named Henry, the fortunate incumbent was told that his name, for the week to come, was to be "Arthur," except under certain circumstances which were made very clear to Mr. Potterson.

"Two Henrys in the family would be kinda confusing," Mr. Wiggins had told him.

"A crazy bloke," Potterson said to himself. "But," he added, being a true philosopher, "dough is dough." . . .

The bridge party had ended. Catfish stood in front of the mirror in hi room and grinned at himself as he re moved his tie.

Matilda, who had remained behind t give instructions to Arthur, the nev butler, as to setting things straight came into the room. She was not smil ing.

"Good party, Momma," Catfish ob served warily.

"I suppose *you* think so."

"Whatda you mean?"

"The way you carried on with th countess!"

"Well, Momma, she wasn't playing bridge and neither was I, and Straw berry got to talking to Dorothy and i was kinda hot in there and I jus thought maybe she'd like a little fresh air."

"You were gone nearly half an hour What do you suppose people thought?'

"Aw, Momma, things like that don't bother anybody in this town. And be sides, she's an engaged girl. If it was somebody's wife, now," he grinned "maybe there'd be talk."

"That terrible Arthur seemed to have the same idea. I never saw a butler act so silly. If I hadn't spoken to him he would have spent the entire evening waiting on her. All he did was bring her drinks and cigarettes and grin with that awful face of his and say 'Yes, Countess. May I give you a light, Countess? May I empty your ash tray, Countess?' Mrs. Nash noticed it too. And probably everybody else—but you!"

CATFISH went over to her and put his arms around her.

"Aw, Momma, let's be friends. You looked swell and you're the nicest girl in the world." He kissed her.

She smiled up at him and pinched his cheek. "You're the nicest man, too, Henry. Good night."

"Good night, honey."

She started toward the door into her room, but stopped suddenly and turned.

"But no more countesses in this house," she said firmly. She was silent, in thought, for a moment, then she looked at him accusingly. "Henry," she demanded, "are you up to something?"

"Me?" he said, startled. "Me and a woman? Ho, ho!"

Ten days later Catfish Wiggins sat in his office and smiled upon Henry (Arthur) Potterson, the ugly old butler, no longer attached to the Wiggins household, who had been going through strange histrionics.

"Attaboy," said Mr. Wiggins. "Fine. Do just like that."

The door of the office opened and Strawberry Haverstraw stepped in.

"Pardon me, Mr. Wiggins," he said, glancing at Potterson. "Your secretary told me you were expecting me."

"Come right in, boy." Catfish rose and welcomed him. "Mr. Haverstraw, this is Mr. Potterson."

"How do you do, Mr. Potterson?" Strawberry looked at him, puzzled. "Your face is very familiar. Haven't I met you before?"

"Probably," said Catfish. "Now you two boys go in this room here." He opened a door off his office. "Wait till I call you. Hurry up. It's nearly three o'clock."

"But, Mr. Wiggins," Strawberry protested, "what's this all about?"

"You'll find out. Shoo—both of you!"

"I've got the buckeye!" Straw held it up.

"Give it to me. I'm the one that needs it now. Thanks," said Catfish.

His secretary entered.

"The Countess de Vira and Mr. Slavinsky are outside, by appointment," she said, with some awe.

"Show them in." He pushed Potter-

(*Continued on page 32*)

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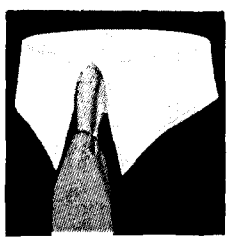

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White starch for business still has the call, and the collar this season is "Hempstead," a smart Golden Arrow. Light-weight and comfortable; 35 cents, 3 for $1.

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General Motors Radio offers an exceptional value . . .

The Queen Anne Radio-phonograph

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THE QUEEN ANNE COMBINATION $198

LESS TUBES

The General Motors Radio Corporation presents the Queen Anne radio-phonograph—one of the most unusual values to be found in radio today. This admirable instrument is priced at only $198, less tubes. Here is a value all the more impressive when you realize that this handsome period model of the new General Motors Radio provides the best that modern science can contribute to radio and phonograph performance—and, in addition, offers in its cabinetwork a type of design which has stood for centuries as a standard of good taste in furniture.

This fine instrument is equipped with the Visual Tone Selector—a remarkable new feature of the General Motors Radio with which you can actually "tune" radio reception and phonographic reproduction to please *your* ear!

Before you invest in any type of radio instrument it is advisable for you to see and hear the Queen Anne radio-phonograph. The nearest General Motors Radio dealer will be glad to give you a complete demonstration. He will also explain a new policy which makes it possible for you to keep your General Motors Radio cabinet as long as you like—and still enjoy all future developments in chassis or speaker at the lowest possible cost.

The Queen Anne radio-phonograph is one of five distinctive period models of the new General Motors Radio, ranging in price from $136 to $270, less tubes. Any model may be purchased on the liberal GMAC plan of a small initial payment and convenient installments.

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DAYTON, OHIO

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Molding of this shape and type is identified with the Queen Anne period.

The beveled and fluted edge with canted corners is a pleasing characteristic of this popular period style.

THE NEW GENERAL MOTORS RADIO
with Visual Tone Selector

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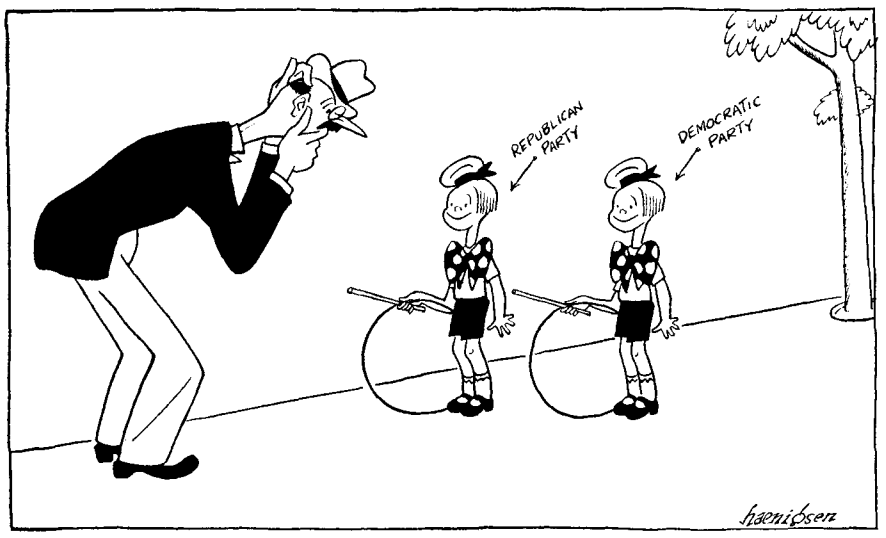

The Texas Steerer

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

AN IMPORTANT business man asked me, a few weeks ago, if the election of a Democratic House would be bad for business. At the time it did not seem as if anything could make business worse; however, I assured him that I didn't think the election of a Democratic House need make anyone worry about his investments or the margin on his stocks.

One of the odd things about the American citizen is that he holds two contradictory opinions: first, that the election of a Democratic Congress makes us tighten our belts and get along with one car instead of two, and, second, that the chief trouble with our politics is that there is no difference between the Republican party and the Democratic party! You will get both opinions from the same lips, the first when the speaker is timorously regarding the economic skies, and the second when in a statesmanlike mood he expresses his contempt for the politicians of both parties.

So far as policy is concerned there is practically no difference between the Democratic party and the Republican party. The Democrats tried to win the 1928 election by making themselves over to resemble the Republicans so much that the voters could not tell one party from the other.

The Democrats became frankly a big-business party. They took over the Republican doctrine of protection, and since it has just been proved that we can have a depression under a Republican administration it is hard to see what difference there is between the parties.

Herding Goats and Votes

The Democratic party is conservative. Today Bryanism is to be found only in the Republican party. The Democratic party hasn't any left wing, like the Western Progressive wing of the Republicans. If there is any advantage in having a party in power which can function by reason of discipline and solidarity, that advantage is to be found in the Democratic party.

In a Democratic House the Honorable John Garner of Texas would wield all the autocratic power recently wielded by the Honorable Nicholas Longworth. Mr. Garner is a banker and farmer, raiser of onions and long-haired goats. His district is as protectionist as any district in Pennsylvania or New England. He would hate to vote for protection himself; that is to say, Republican protection, Hawley-Smoot protection. But protection being on the statute books, he is the last man who would contribute to business uncertainty by voting generally to reduce it.

John Garner is the smartest man politically in either branch of Congress. Single-handed he can plan rings around the whole Longworth-Tilson-Snell combination, the most dull-witted trio that ever ruled the House. His mind works on politics eighteen hours a day. The Texan has a gift for stratagems and surprises. In control of the House he would give Mr. Hoover and other Republicans some uncomfortable moments.

Walking on Eggs

The unexpected would happen under Mr. Garner's leadership, but nothing reckless. The Democratic leader has a large bump of caution in his make-up. He is an old hand at politics and will make few mistakes. Besides, the Democratic party, so long as the Republicans control the White House, will still remain the opposition with nothing to do but oppose.

Moreover, the Democratic party, with its eyes on the Presidency in 1932, will walk on eggs, picking its way for fear it may break the egg that contains the 1932 victory. Even in harrying Mr. Hoover and the Republicans, Mr. Garner will proceed carefully, for no one knows better than he the danger of arousing sympathy, especially for the White House occupant.

I feel safe in this prediction that the coalition between the Democrats and the Progressives which dominated the Senate for most of last session will disappear. Parties are shy of entangling alliances just before a national election. And to a party which feels, as the Democratic party has ever since it got rid of Bryanism, that it must appeal to the conservative element in the country, coöperation with the Progressive Republicans would be a very entangling alliance.

A Democratic House would pass this year the debenture plan of farm relief, for it has become a settled policy of the Democrats to drive a wedge between the Eastern and Western Republicans.

As for the tariff, hardly more than a gesture is likely to be made by a Democratic House—at the most the reduction of a particularly obnoxious rate or two. The lesson of the danger of opening the tariff to any general revision was well learned in the experiences of last session. The Democrats cannot trust themselves as protectionists any better than the Republicans can. The most convinced low-tariff Democrats think there is no way of correcting the evils of the Hawley-Smoot bill except gradually.

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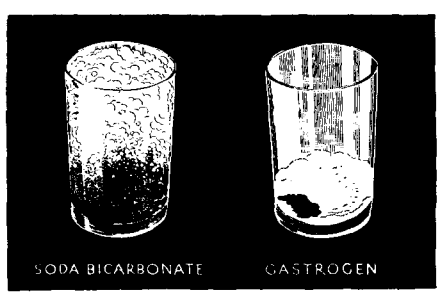
Gastrogen doesn't disturb normal digestion or alkalize the stomach, as "bicarb" does, because it contains only insoluble antacids. It's a welcome relief from the embarrassing hiccups and gas which soda causes.

Gastrogen has a spicy, aromatic taste. You'll like its effectiveness, its harmlessness. Get Gastrogen at your druggist's. Tins of 15 tablets for 20¢ and bottles of 60 for 60¢.

MAKE THIS TEST

1. *Pour a little vinegar into each of two tumblers. (The vinegar corresponds to the acid in your stomach.)*
2. *Into one tumbler drop 3 or 4 Gastrogen Tablets.*
3. *Into the other drop a teaspoonful of soda bicarbonate.*



Note the fizzing, the foaming and the seething in the tumbler with the soda. Note how little gas is released with Gastrogen—actually *less than half* as much, while neutralizing the *same* amount of acid. You see why soda disturbs and bloats the stomach—and why Gastrogen brings relief quietly without retarding or hampering normal digestion.

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Please send me your FREE introductory packet of 6 Gastrogen Tablets.

Name.....

Address.....

Catfish and the Countess

Continued from page 28

son and Strawberry into the adjoining room. "Stay there and keep quiet," he ordered. "Listen to what goes on, if you like." He left the door ajar.

He put the buckeye in a pocket and dropped into his chair just as the countess and her attorney entered.

"That's all, please," he said to his secretary, who stood by the door, wide-eyed. Her estimation of her employer had risen considerably. A *countess* was calling on him.

"Yes, Mr. Wiggins," she apologized and went out to spread the devastating news throughout the office.

"HENRY, my darling!" crooned the countess, hurrying toward him.

"What's the idea?" he snapped. "Sit down. And you too!" he ordered Mr. Slavinsky, who was a small, shifty-eyed man with dark oily hair. "Now," he said, when they were seated, "what's it all about?" He turned to Slavinsky, "I guess you are the fellow that telephoned me and said you were this woman's lawyer and that you wanted to talk about some letters I had written?"

"Yes, Mr. Wiggins," sneered Slavinsky.

"What letters?" Catfish demanded.

"These letters," Slavinsky drew out of an inside pocket a package of letters, tied with a stout cord. "These that you wrote to my client."

"That *I* wrote?" Catfish exclaimed. "I didn't write her any letters."

"Why, Henry," the countess pouted. "I didn't write any letters."

"Maybe, Henry, you forget, too, how you took me out into your garden and held my hand and told me how your wife misunderstood you!"

Catfish shook his head.

"And," she continued, "perhaps you don't remember that you kissed me and said that of all the girls in the world I was the only one who really seemed to be in tune with your soul."

"I sure don't remember anything like that!" He grinned. "I got a terrible memory, Countess."

The countess' lip curled. "You remembered the address that I gave you and you wrote me every day. And I remembered, too. Have you forgotten the loving words that I sent to you?"

"I didn't get any loving words from you."

"Let's stop this hokum!" Slavinsky leaped to his feet and shook the letters in Catfish's face. "You can't lie out of this! You wrote these letters to my client—ten of them. And the price is a thousand dollars a letter—or else—"

"Or else what?" Catfish rose, towering over the little man, who backed away.

"Violence won't do you any good, Wiggins. We got these letters photographed." He held them behind him. "You better behave. You're sunk. How'd you like to have them in the newspapers—all about how you'd leave your wife and run away if the countess just said the word?"

"Yes, Henry," the countess' voice was hard. "It never does to fight in cases like this."

"Would you mind," Catfish said in mock politeness, "would you mind letting me see one of those thousand-dollar letters? It's safe, ain't it, to let one out of your hands? Since they're all photographed?"

Slavinsky hesitated.

"Let him see them," the countess ordered.

Catfish tore off the cord and took a letter from an envelope. It was his private stationery.

"Humm," he said, as he glanced at the first page. "Hot stuff! But not in my writing, I'm sorry to say." He turned the pages. "They're signed 'Henry' though. You're right there."

"You wrote me and I wrote you," the countess' eyes blazed.

"Now, Countess," his tone was smooth, "do you suppose you coulda got me mixed up with some other fellow? Could those have been your letters, maybe, that came here to 'Arthur Potterson, Care of Henry Wiggins'?"

She jumped to her feet and pointed an accusing finger.

"You told me to address you that way—so your secretary would not open them." There was a frightened look in her eyes.

"I wonder, now. Maybe I could help you out so you could find this hot sweetie of yours." He stepped to the door that led to the adjoining room. "Potterson!" he called.

The lean, ugly old butler entered the room. His face brightened as he saw the countess. He advanced quickly toward her and held out his arms. "Countess!" he cried.

Henry's rehearsal and the two-hundred-dollar bonus had made an actor out of him.

"Who are you?" The countess backed away.

"You surely remember, Countess." Catfish seemed quite disappointed in her. "This is Henry Potterson, sometimes known as Arthur."

"Your *butler!* That nuisance!"

"Aw, now, Countess, don't call him names. He's eating his old heart out for you. He told me the other day that he'd gone nutty about you that night at our house. You must've noticed it. Everybody else did." He winked at the aged Potterson. "Still life in the old dog yet, hey?"

"Yes, *sir!*" Potterson agreed.

"What're you trying to pull off?" snarled Slavinsky.

"This is ridiculous!" the countess cried.

"You said a mouthful, Countess. And won't it be a bigger laugh if it gets in the papers?" He nodded toward the letters that the lawyer held in his hand. "I got pictures of those, too. Took 'em before we sent 'em." He chuckled. "Potterson thought he wasn't very nifty at love letters so I told him what to write. They must've been good, hey, Slavinsky, if they're worth a thousand dollars apiece?"

"YOU can't get away with anything *like that!*" Slavinsky roared.

"I can't, hey? Maybe you don't just get what I'm telling you, fella. How'd it be, Countess, if Potterson, here, with the broken heart, sued *you* for breach of promise? Swell stuff, hey? Pictures of you and pictures of your handsome sweetheart." He pointed a thumb at the grinning Potterson and the countess shuddered. "Pictures of the letters he wrote you and pictures of the letters you wrote him. What was it, Potterson, that she called you?"

"Sugar pie," Potterson said with some pride.

"Get it, Slavinsky? The countess and her sugar pie, whose heart is breaking. Kinda nice headlines, hey?"

The countess glared at Catfish. "You—you detestable lout! You think you're clever, don't you?" She turned to her lawyer. "Come on, let's go."

"Wait," said Slavinsky. "I don't just get all this. I don't—"

"I do," said the countess. "We're framed. Come on."

"Oh, not so quick." Catfish turned toward the door. "Strawberry!" he called, and the boy came out.

"Hello!" he grinned timidly.

"I'm sorry to tell you, kid," Catfish said, "that the countess says she don't want to marry you after all."

"Say!" He beamed at the countess. "That's fine!" He smiled thankfully at Catfish. "I sort of figured something like that from what I heard."

"I said nothing of the kind. Junior," she pleaded. "Please believe me, dear. This is all a cruel misunderstanding. I didn't say any such thing."

"Not yet," Catfish said. "But you're just about to. Here's a pen, Countess, and a piece of paper. Just pull up a chair and make yourself comfortable and write Strawberry a nice little note saying you're sorry, awful sorry, but you gotta break the engagement."

"I won't!"

"Potterson," Catfish inquired, "how'd you like to get your picture on the front page of all the tabloid newspapers as the countess' broken-hearted lover?"

"That'd be swell stuff, boss. I never had my picture in the paper."

"Of course," Catfish added, "it might not come to trial, but if it did, maybe you think I couldn't get half a dozen women that don't like you so awful much to testify about that love-at-first-sight stuff that Mr. Potterson put on that night at the party. Be kinda funny testimony, hey, Countess?"

"You win," said the countess.

MR. HAVERSTRAW and Strawberry were shown into the Wiggins' living-room by George, the butler. Catfish rose to greet them.

"Hello, Haverstraw. Hello, boy," he smiled, extending two huge hands. "I'm glad to see you."

Mr. Haverstraw spoke huskily:

"Thanks—er, Henry. Thanks. It's mighty good of you to see me—after what a damn' fool I've been. Junior—I mean"—he smiled apologetically—"Strawberry has told me all about it and—and I want you to know that we are tremendously grateful."

"Aw, that's all right," Henry waved a hand. "I didn't do much."

"You showed me what an idiot I was. Would you—do you suppose you and Mrs. Wiggins and Dorothy would come up to dinner tomorrow night?"

"Sure we will. Tickled to death."

"Thanks. You—er, you'll find us a good bit different, I think."

"By the way, Straw," said Catfish, "I'd like a little private conference. *You don't mind, Haverstraw?*"

Catfish and Strawberry walked out on the sun porch.

"Er, listen, boy," he said in a soft voice. "You heard all that the countess said in my office?"

"Everything, Mr. Wiggins."

"Well, then—maybe it'd be just as well if you forgot what she said about—er, about me kissing her in the garden. It was all part of the job but Momma, you know, might not understand."

Strawberry grinned and grasped Catfish's hand. "Of course," he said. "I understand." He was silent for a moment. "It was wonderful—what you did for me."

"Ha!" Mr. Wiggins looked out the window toward a dark spot in the garden. "A countess now—a real countess. She did have a cute little way with her, didn't she?" He chuckled. "It wasn't as much unpleasant work as you'd think, Strawberry."

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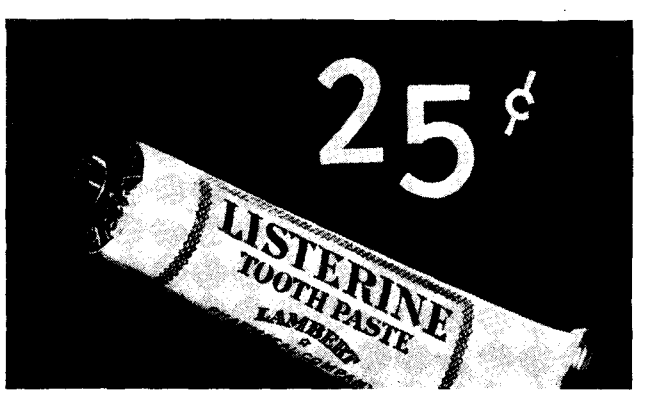

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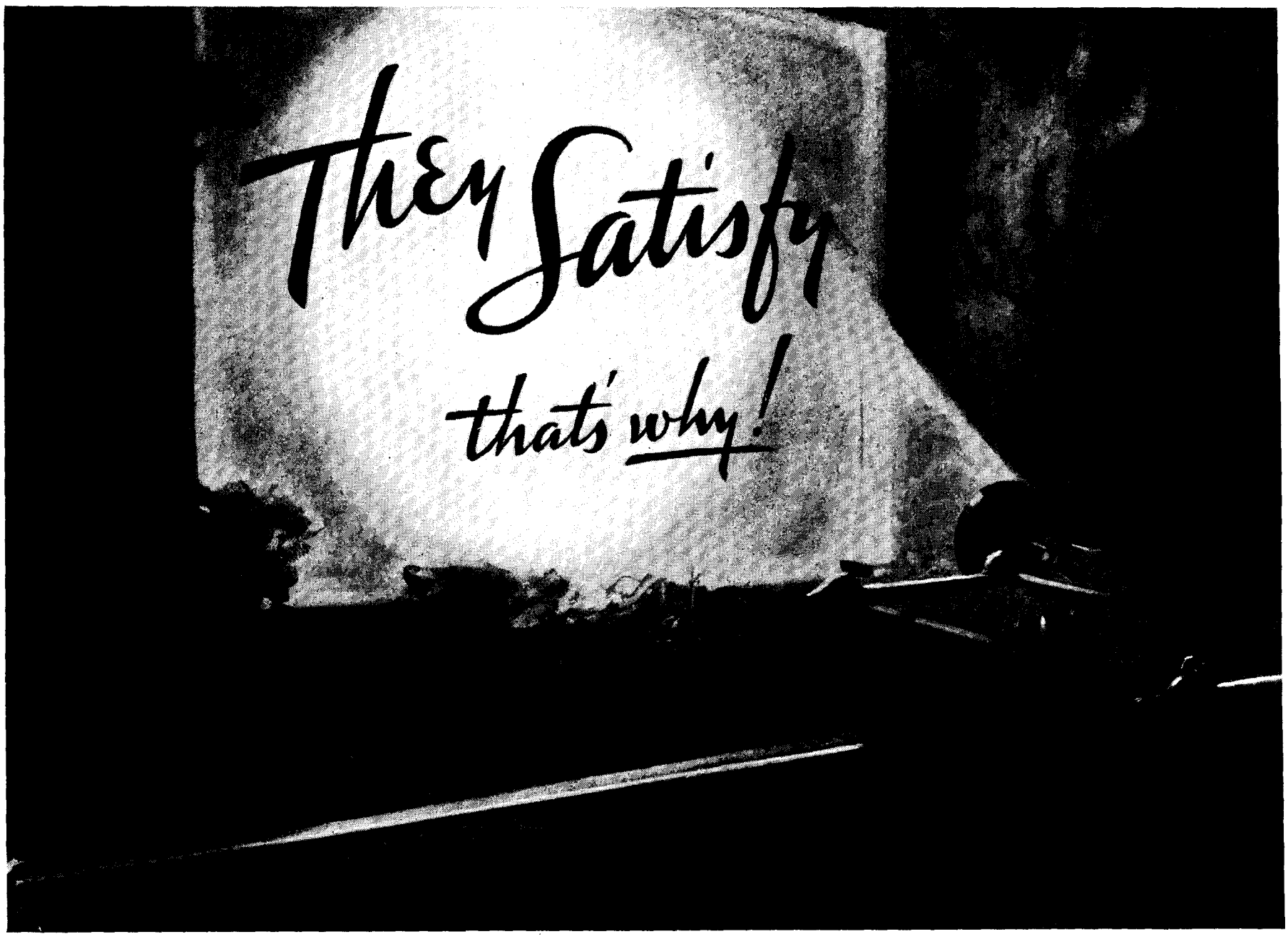

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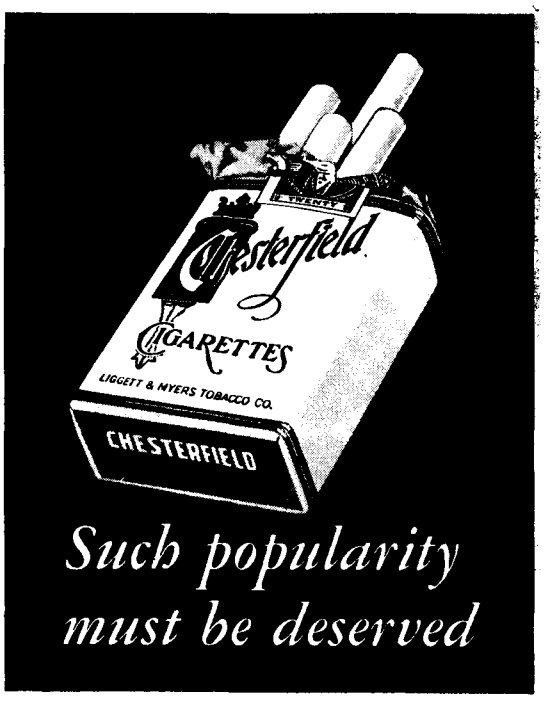

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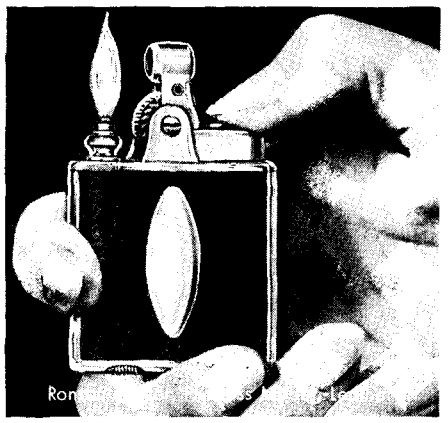

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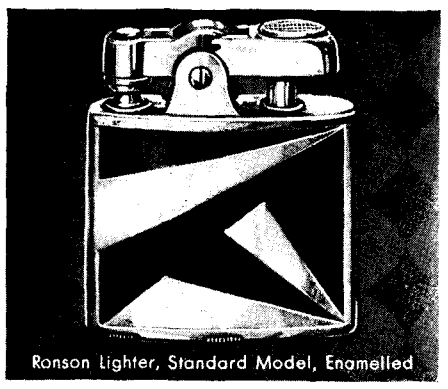

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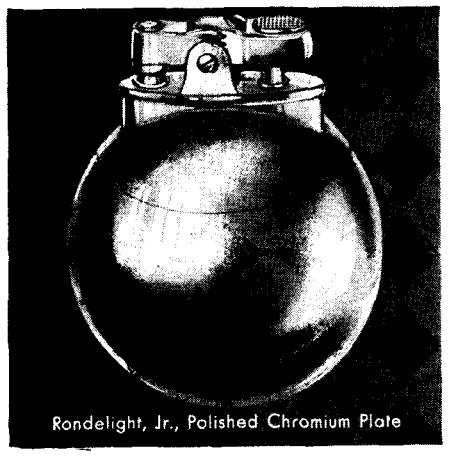

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Robbers' Roost

Continued from page 19

She obeyed, unobtrusively, though her silvery laugh pealed out. "You are teasing, of course. But I must reward your effort to entertain me."

Jim drove by Hays, who stood apart from a group of cowboys. He had the stiff, alert posture of a watching jack rabbit that imagines itself unseen. If he noticed Jim at all, it was totally oblivious to Jim. But Wall's glance, never so strained, pierced the shadow under Hays' dark sombrero rim to the strange eyes below. They were not pale now. Jim's hand clenched tight on the reins. He became preoccupied with the nucleus of the first deadly thought toward Hays.

"Hank Hays. Who is he?" Miss Herrick was saying.

"Another of your brother's vigilantes."

"Ugh! How he stared! But it wasn't that which struck me most. In India I've seen cobras rise and poise, ready to strike. And your Mr. Hays looked for all the world like a giant cobra with a black sombrero on its head. Wasn't that silly of me?"

"Not silly. An instinct. Self-preservation," returned Jim, sternly.

SHE passed that by, but only perhaps because she caught sight of the ranch-house up the slope. Here her enthusiasm was unbounded. Herrick stood on the porch steps with his dogs. He wore high boots and a red coat. He waved.

Presently Jim reined in the sweating horses before the steps. He was most curious to see the meeting between brother and sister. She stood up.

"Bernie, old top, here I am," she said, gayly.

"Yes, here you are, Helen," he replied, and stepped out to help her alight. "Did you have a nice trip?"

"Ripping—from Grand Junction in."

They did not embrace or even shake hands. Jim decided that when it came to intimate feelings, these English either did not have them or else they hid them. Jim, coming to himself, leaped out and began removing the bags. Barnes, whom he had totally forgotten, jumped out on the other side.

"Barnes, carry the bags in. Jim, hurry the blacks down. They're hot. You must have pushed them."

"Yes, sir. Stage was late, but we made up for it."

"Helen, where's that Wells-Fargo package?" queried Herrick.

"Here in my satchel. Oh, Bernie, it's good to get home—if this can be home."

"Come in and take off that veil," he said, and with his arm in hers led her up on the porch.

Jim let Barnes take the team, while he crossed the bench and made his way down the steep, rocky declivity to Hays' cabin. Happy Jack was whistling about the fire, knocking pans and otherwise indicating the proximity of supper.

"Howdy, Jack. What's tricks for today?" asked Jim.

"Glad you're back, Jim," declared the cook, cordially. "Anyone'd have thunk you was goin' to dish the outfit—judgin' from Hays. He's been like a hound on a leash. Smoky rode in today full of ginger, news, an' a roll of long green that'd have choked a cow. But even thet didn't ease the boss."

"What ailed him, Jack?" inquired Jim, not without impatience.

"Dinged if I know. It had to do with your goin' to Grand, a darned sight more than Smoky's."

Heavy footfalls outside attested to the return of Hays. Without more comment Jim stood up and away from the table, to face the door. Hays entered. He was not the genial Hays of other days, yet it was hard to define the change in him, unless it consisted in a gloomy, restless force behind his stride. Smoky followed him in, agreeable by contrast.

"Hullo, here you air. I waited at the barn," said Hays gruffly.

"Howdy, boss. I took a short cut down," replied Jim, with a nod to Smoky.

"I seen Barnes an' had a word with him. So your trip come off all right? You shore made them blacks step."

"It wasn't as pleasant a drive as you'd imagine," returned Jim, darkly.

"Haw! You must be one of them woman-haters. . . . Outside of thet side of it, what happened to jar you?"

"Nothing to concern you or your outfit. Smoky saw me yesterday before I got a line on him. He ducked off the road. At Grand Junction nobody paid any more attention to me than I'd expect."

"Ahuh. Thet's good," replied Hays, and going over to the pack beside his bed he rummaged about to return with a packet, which he slapped down upon the table.

"There you air, Jim. On our first deal."

The packet unrolled and spread out—bills of large denomination.

"What's this for?" queried Jim.

"Quick action. Thet's how we work. Your share. Smoky fetched it."

Jim did not care to give the impression that he was unused to this sort of thing. Straddling the bench he sat down to run through the bills.

"Five thousand six hundred," he said, as if to himself, and he slipped the money inside his pocket. "Much obliged, Smoky. Now I'll be able to sit in a little game of draw."

"Jim, ain't you got any news at all?" inquired Hays, searchingly. "A feller with your ears an' eyes shore would pick up somethin'."

"Miss Herrick fetched a Wells-Fargo package to her brother," rejoined Jim, slowly yielding to what he felt was due himself, as an ally of this robber.

"Then it's come," said Hays, cracking his hands. "Herrick was expectin' money last stage."

"Yes," returned Jim, indifferently.

"Boys, set down an' fall in," called out Happy Jack.

AS USUAL supper was not a conversational matter. Hays' outfit always ate as if they were facing starvation. It was a habit of riders, engendered by their being always on the move. After supper Smoky was the first to break silence:

"Boss, now Wall is back you can make up your mind about what I'd like to do."

"Jim, listen to this: Smoky an' the other fellers, except Brad, want to make a clean sweep with this next drive. What you think?"

"Clean Herrick out?" asked Jim.

"Thet's the idee."

Jim pondered a moment. His mind answered that in a flash, but he considered it wise not to be precipitous.

"It'd be harder work, but save time, and perhaps our bacon as well. These cowboys are going to find out pretty soon that the cattle have thinned out. If Smoky drives a couple thousand more it'll be sure to be found out, sooner or later."

"See thar, boss. Wall sees it just as I do. There's plenty of water along the road an' feed enough. . . . Let's make it one big drive."

"Meanin' for me an' Jim an' Happy to fall in with you?" queried Hays.

"Shore, onless you think thet ain't so good."

"Wal, it'd mean leavin' Star Ranch sudden," cogitated the robber chief.

"Shore. An' thet's good."

"But I don't want to pull out of here sudden," declared Hays.

"Why not, if we get away with ten thousand head?" queried Smoky, astounded.

"Thet ten thousand won't close the deal I'm on."

"What've you up your sleeve, Hank?"

"Thet's my business. Yours is drivin' cattle."

"You mean to rob the Englisher? Fer Gawd's sake, Hank, don't be a hawg!"

"Hays, if you'll excuse me, I'm thinking Smoky talks sense," interposed Jim, quietly.

"Wal, I'm listenin', but I reckon you can't change me," returned Hays.

"If we put it to a vote, Hank, you wouldn't be nowhere. I don't want to buck agin' you. But you're way off on this. . . . Listen, I had the gall to tip Hadley off thet he'd better run up to Salt Lake an' get a big lot of cash. He took the hunch. Said he'd go an' thet he'd guarantee buyin' us out, every damn' hoof."

"Thet's all right. It's good figgerin'. Only I see no call for rush."

"But we do. We're all on edge fer it. Brad thinks it wise. He doesn't like this English deal anyway. An' now Jim Wall backs us up."

HAYS knocked the bowl of his unsmoked pipe on the table, and he arose, gaunt and virile, to stalk up and down the room, plainly a victim of conflicting tides of feeling. But indecision did not last long. His gesture, abrupt and passionate, not only indicated the men who opposed him, but infinitely more.

"My mind's made up. We'll stick to our first idee. You fellers make drive after drive, goin' slow . . . thet'll give me time—"

"Ahuh. So you'll risk goin' agin' the whole outfit," interrupted Smoky, with a curious gaze at his superior.

"Wal, hell, yes, if you put it thet way," replied Hays, and he stalked out.

"No help fer it, men," said Smoky, presently. "Somethin's got into the boss. Reckon I'll hit the trail fer camp. Didn't intend to leave till mornin'. But it's jest as well. Jim, don't you want to come along?"

"I'd like to, at that. But how'd Hays take it?"

"He'd swear you was double-crossin' him. I hope to Gawd he doesn't do the double-crossin'."

"Smoky, will you start that second drive tomorrow?" asked Wall.

"I'll lay it up to my outfit. Wal, so long. See you soon, one way or another."

He went out. Jim heard a few sharp words pass between Smoky and Hays, and then silence. Happy Jack looked at Jim, shaking his head dubiously. Jim waited a while, hoping that Hays would return, but as he did not Jim went to bed. For once he hated to be alone in the dark and quiet. In his inmost heart he realized that he was tremendously upset by the advent of this Herrick girl.

Next day he went back to work on the new barn. A subtle change in Hank Hays augmented his suspicion of that individual. Jim let him alone. He did

(*Continued on page 38*)

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Robbers' Roost

Continued from page 36

not require much more to satisfy himself about Hank Hays.

While Jim worked with the cowboys he watched, and he had the eyes of a hawk. Herrick was around as usual, interested in every detail of the building. Hays had gone off with the cowboys across the valley to put them upon some job there, which no doubt was a ruse to keep them away from Limestone Springs, where most of the stock grazed. He did not see Hays until supper. And the day had ended without one glimpse of Helen Herrick. Jim measured the incredible fact of his desire to see her by the poignancy of his disappointment. Then he cursed himself for a fool. His mood changed as subtly as had Hays', with the result that he and the moody leader made poor company.

This night Jim deliberately set himself to study the robber near at hand and to watch him from a distance. At table and around the fire Hays apparently made some effort to be his former self. But the effort betrayed constraint. And out in the dark, when Hays imagined no one saw his actions, he seemed a hounded man. What was on his mind? What further plot was he hatching? Could it be possible that intent to rob Herrick of money, and any valuables procurable, could obsess him to this extent? After all, Jim did not know Hays well. He had to give him the benefit of a doubt.

At breakfast the following morning Hays surprised Jim.

"Was the Herrick girl out yesterday?" he inquired.

"Didn't see her," replied Jim, setting down his cup.

"You didn't say what kind of a looker she was. An' the other night she had her face hid by some contraption. Might as wal wore a mask. I seen her hair, though. Like sunflowers! An' she shore has a shape."

"Oh, that," laughed Jim. "I forgot or didn't think you were interested. She's a washed-out, pink and white thing. No blood. Consumptive or anemic, I reckon."

"Consumptive! With thet breast?" rejoined Hays, scornfully. "Wal, I'd like to see her once before our deal's off here."

"Are you thinking better of Smoky's idea?"

"Not of thet. But I'm worryin' about him."

HAYS had his wish fulfilled next day. He was at work on the new barn, on the far side from where Jim was occupied, when Miss Herrick came down with her brother. Jim stared as if his eyes deceived him. An English riding habit was known to him only from pictures. She looked queenly. Jim did not look at her face. Besides, he wanted most to see the effect upon Hank Hays. That worthy's hawklike head was erect, but Jim could not see the telltale eyes, Hays stood transfixed, then suddenly, in strange gesture, as of finality, he flung down the tool he had been using. Was that his satisfaction at having seen this wonderful girl? Was it hail and farewell to such beauty as might once only come under the gaze of a man of his class? Most certainly it was repudiation of something.

Herrick and his sister walked toward Jim's side of the barn. They talked. Jim heard that laugh again. He seemed to be bewitched. Then she approached him.

"Good morning," she said. "So you are a carpenter as well as a vigilante?"

Jim doffed his sombrero and stood up straight. His gun struck the scantling with a perceptible little thud. She could not help noticing that and it gave her pause.

"I'm not at my best with *this* kind of a hammer," replied Jim, with a smile, after greeting them.

"Apropos of that, Bernie told me how you shot bob—no, jack rabbits—from the saddle," she said, admiringly. "I want to see you do that. And I want to learn how. Will you show me?"

"I'd be pleased, Miss Herrick," he returned. "But I can't guarantee you'll hit any of them."

"I may surprise you. Tomorrow, then, you will ride with me?"

"I'm at your service," replied Jim, hearing his voice as something far off.

"Wall, you'll oblige me by riding with my sister when it suits her," said Herrick. "By Jove, I can't live on the back of a horse, and I don't want her to ride alone."

"Yes, sir," returned Jim, gazing across at the statue-like Hays.

The couple moved off toward the open yard, where mounted cowboys were leading out saddled horses. Presently Jim heard them ride away with the barking dogs. He looked up, however, when Hays accosted him, at his elbow.

"I seen her, Jim," he said, as if the event were epic. "She walked right by me."

"Oh, hello, you startled me," replied Jim, essaying a laugh. "What if she did, Hank?"

"Nothin'. Only you gave me a wrong idee. Pink an' white washed-out thing, you said. My Gawd!"

"Hank, I've no use for blond women," rejoined Jim, testily, tired of the deception.

"Hell, you needn't bite my head off," said Hays. "I'll bet you haven't any use fer any color women. . . . What was she sayin' to you?"

"It seems Herrick told her about my shooting jacks from my horse, and she wants to see it done."

"Wal, I'll be jiggered! You're goin' ridin' with her? . . . The luck of some men!"

"Hank, I'd a darn' sight rather they'd asked you," declared Jim, and then a keen idea struck him, which would, if Hays was not wary, clear up a knotty question: "Shall I tell Herrick you'll go in my stead?"

"Nix, much as I'd like to. I can't hit jumpin' rabbits. An' I wouldn't want to be showed up bad."

"Like as not I'll be rattled and miss a lot," returned Jim, lowering his eyes lest the thought in them might be read. Then he went back to work. Hays hung around the barn, mostly idle, watching the valley, until the Herricks returned to ride up the hill toward the house. The cowboys brought the horses down. Whereupon Hays abruptly left. And he did not come back. From that hour he became an elusive man. Jim, preoccupied with his own troubles, barely noticed this circumstance until that night.

THAT day ended Jim Wall's carpentry. On the next he was summoned early after breakfast to ride with the Herricks. He went. And it would have been idle for him to deny that the event was enthralling. These English people were thoroughbreds. Not improbably, in their minds unconsciously, the abyss between them and him was so wide and deep, that it was not thought of at all. That accounted for things. He divined vaguely, however, that for him the abyss did not exist.

Under the stimulation of this girl's inspiring presence Jim gave an exhibition of swift and accurate shooting that surpassed any he had ever accomplished.

"Marvelous!" she exclaimed, with dark-flashing, admiring eyes on Jim. "It would be suicide for me to oppose you. . . . But poor little jack rabbits! What a pity they are destructive around the ranch!"

"Helen, he's a bally good shot," declared Herrick.

That night Hank Hays evinced slight but unmistakable symptoms of jealousy, occasioned, perhaps, by Jim's report of killing thirteen out of fifteen bounding jack rabbits. Happy Jack, wide-eyed and loud-voiced, acclaimed Jim's feat as one in a thousand.

"Air you thet good frontin' a man who you know is swift?" drawled the robber chief.

Jim stared, coming out of his natural gratification. "Hank, I'm not so good then," he replied, slowly.

"Wal, somebody'll try you out one of these days," added Hays, without significance.

"I daresay," he rejoined, coolly, and sought his seclusion. He refused to let that linger in his mind. Something else haunted him. His slumber was troubled.

NEXT day Herrick did not accompany his sister on the daily ride, a circumstance which, if anything, gave freer rein to her spirit. Jim had concern for her safety. He could not judge well of her horsemanship, because of the side-saddle she rode. Bluntly he disapproved of the atrocious thing and said it was worse than the "pancake" her brother rode. But she rode after the hounds just the same, and held her own until she was thrown.

If she had fallen upon rocks or even hard ground she would have been seriously injured, if not killed outright. But when the horse stumbled she hurtled over his head and hit in the sand. Jim was off almost the instant she struck, and he yelled for the cowboys.

Kneeling, he lifted her and held her head up. She appeared to have been stunned. Her face was gray with sand.

"Water, Barnes," he called, as the cowboy dashed up.

"There ain't none close," replied Barnes.

"I'm all—right," spoke up Miss Herrick, weakly. "I came—a cropper—didn't I?"

She sat, evidently not hurt, though she clung to Jim's arm. With his scarf he wiped the sand from her face, aware that his hand was not steady. If he had had to rely upon a gun then! The stiff hat she wore with this riding habit had rolled yards away. Barnes got it. Her hair had come partly loose to fall in a golden mass on her shoulder. She rearranged it and put on her hat, deftly despite gloved fingers.

"Help me up, please," she said.

Jim placed a strong arm under hers and lifted her to her feet. She appeared able to stand alone, so he released her. However, she still clung to him.

"Deuced clumsy of me," she said, flexing her right leg.

"Miss Herrick, are you sure you're not hurt?" asked Jim, solicitously. "It was a nasty spill."

"I'm not really hurt," and letting go of Jim she essayed a few steps to prove it.

Then something cold and tight within

(*Continued on page 41*)

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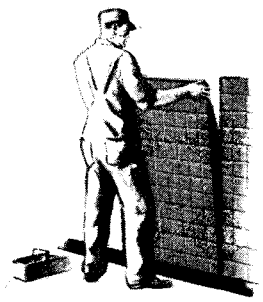

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Collier's, *The National Weekly*

They gave a *new* Thrill

THAT'S WHY THEY GOT THERE....SO QUICKLY

"Give her a hand, nothing . . . buy her a ticket to New York." Joan was part of the cover charge in a night club when a famous producer found her. Next Hollywood heard of her. You know the rest. Her recent picture, "Our Blushing Brides," is a nation-wide hit.

LITTLE STORIES OF FAST SUCCESSES

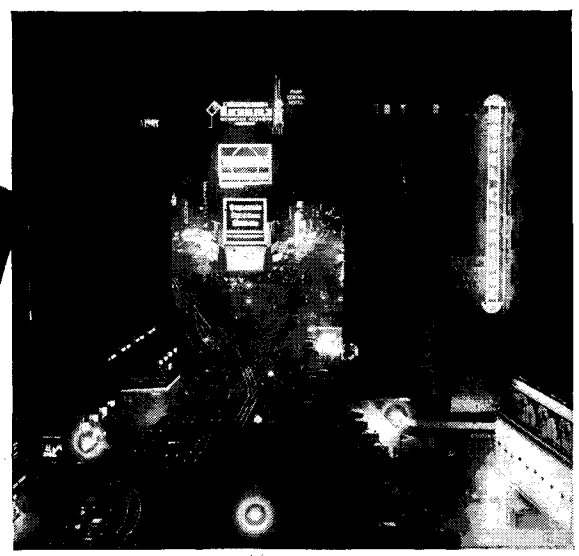
NO. 6 JOAN CRAWFORD

Joan is America's "Dancing Daughter." She danced through school. She danced through college. She danced as an "extra" . . . and danced to stardom. All in a few brief years.

Just as another young star, OLD GOLD, waltzed through New England in barely two weeks. Skipped down the East Coast in a few brief months. Glided through the Middle-West before the end of the winter. Won the whole country in little more than a year.

How account for such success? Ask Mother Nature. For she produced the better tobaccos that gave OLD GOLD its new taste-thrill . . . gave OLD GOLD its famous throat-ease.

Joan Crawfords and OLD GOLDS are Mother Nature's favorites . . . that's why they dance their way to the front.



On March 23, 1927, **OLD GOLDS** made their first "bow" on Broadway. In a month they were one of the four best sellers throughout the New York Rialto.

BETTER TOBACCOS . . . "NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD"

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Robbers' Roost

Continued from page 38

Jim let go, and his reaction was to take refuge in anger: "Miss Herrick, I told you that saddle was no good. It's a wonder you were not killed."

"Oh, don't exaggerate. I've come many croppers cross-country riding at home."

"Barnes, back me up in this," appealed Jim to the cowboy.

"Miss, he's tellin' you true," said Barnes, earnestly. "You was ridin' fast. If this hyar had been stony ground, like it is lots of places, you'd never knowed what hit you."

"I believe I did strike pretty hard," she admitted, ruefully.

"You want a cow-saddle with a double cinch, and overalls," concluded Jim.

"Overalls!" she exclaimed, and she blushed rosy red. "You mean like these blue trousers Barnes has on?"

"Yes. Then you can ride. This is the West, Miss Herrick. You like to run a horse. It's dangerous. I shall have to speak to your brother."

"Don't. I've never ridden astride, but I'll do it, since you are so very fearful about it. . . . Please help me up."

THAT experience left Jim shaky, probably a good deal shakier than it had left Miss Herrick. But it was not fear for her. Jim reveled in the torturing sensations engendered by contact with this beautiful girl. He shook like a leaf at the staggering realization that when she lay on the ground with her arms spread wide, her hair gold against the sand, he longed to snatch her to his breast. A natural impulse, under the circumstances, but for him—idiotic!

Hays was not present that night at supper. His absence in no wise concerned Jim. He was too preoccupied to care or think about the chief. Days passed by, heady or blank, according to whether or not he rode with Miss Herrick.

She took to the Western saddle like a duck to water. She could ride. Moreover, that spirit of which she had hinted certainly overtook her. More than once she ran off alone, riding like the wind; and upon one of these occasions it took the cowboys till dark to find her. That with Hank Hays and Heesemen there to see her gallop away unescorted! Herrick did not seem to mind.

As far as Jim Wall was concerned, however, these rides with her centered him upon the love which had come to consume him; and the several she took alone were more torturing because they aroused fear of Hank Hays. It could not be ascertained whether or not Hays followed her, but when the day came that Jim discovered Hays had been riding the trails frequented by Miss Herrick, it seemed time to act.

This placed Jim in a worse quandary. To act, for a man of his training at such a time and place, was to do only one thing. But how could he kill his leader upon mere suspicion of sinister intent to kidnap the girl? It was a damnable predicament for a man who had always played fair, alike to honest friend and crooked ally.

Jim paced under his dark sheltering trees, in the dead of night, when he should have been sleeping. Days had passed without his once seeking to avoid disaster; and he had not sought because he knew it was of no use. To wish to be with this blond girl seemed irresistible. More than once he had caught himself in the spell of a daring impulse—to tell Miss Herrick that he loved her. The idea was sheer madness. Yet the thought persisted, and when he tried to shake it the result was it grew stronger in a haunting, maddening way.

At breakfast next morning Hays raved about the fact that Smoky had not been there for over two weeks.

"Things air comin' to a head," he concluded, gloomily.

"Reckon they ought to have made two drives by now," rejoined Happy Jack. "I rid down the valley yestiddy eight or ten miles. Cattle thinned out, boss. Any cowboy with eyes in the back of his head would be on to us by now."

"Shore. Haven't I kept them workin' up here. But I've no control over this hossback ridin' after hounds. Pretty soon Herrick will be chasin' down Limestone way. Then the fire'll be out."

"Hank, he wouldn't know the difference," interposed Jim.

"Aw, I don't give a damn," replied Hays, harshly, and that finality intimated much. "Wait till Smoky's outfit shows up!"

EVERY morning when Jim rode down to the corrals he fell back under the spell of something sweeter than wine. The sunny hours with the sage flat ahead, the fragrant pines, the baying hounds, and always out in front this bright-haired girl, were vastly different from the dark hours when the day was done. Nothing could be truer than that this utterly incongruous and bitterly sweet situation could not last. In moments of humility, engendered by the higher emotions this girl aroused, Jim clasped to his breast the fact that he was protecting her from worse men.

(To be continued next week)

"—an' don'tcha let me catch you ninnies out dancin' t'night, either!"

IT MASSAGES THE GUMS AS YOU CLEAN THE TEETH

"Massage the gums," say dentists and doctors. "Massage the gums," say dentifrice makers. "Massage the gums," say Public Health authorities.

You don't need these repeated warnings, if you clean your teeth with a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. It massages the gums *automatically*.

This automatic action is produced by the length, shape, and spacing of the springy tufts. As you polish the teeth to gleaming whiteness, the ingenious design and the quality bristle supply the correct gingival friction.

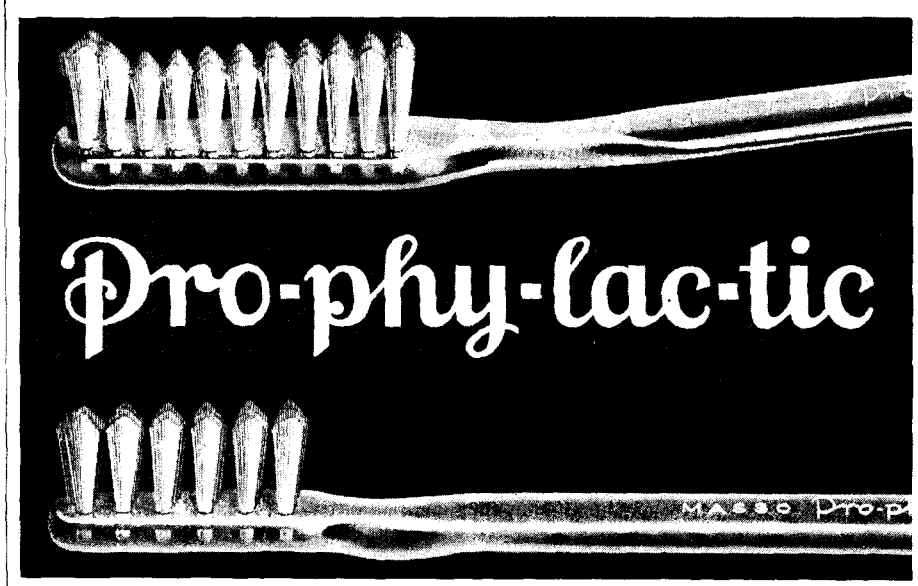
That stimulates the blood supply. It comes up briskly to nourish gums and teeth. Soft, spongy tissue firms to rosy health. The vital gum margins cling more protectingly about each polished tooth.

The heart of any tooth brush is its bristle, and Pro-phy-lac-tic bristle is known round the world for fine quality. Three generations of Pro-phy-lac-tic craftsmen have been selecting and blending bristle, and anchoring it into brushes, for more than forty-two years.

Because of their skill, and because we control every step in the manufacture right in our own New England plant, Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush carries what we believe is the broadest guarantee in the field: ***If for any reason at all its service fails to satisfy, we will send you a new brush without charge or conversation.***

In addition to the brushes illustrated below, Pro-phy-lac-tic makes a Youth's size at 40¢, a Baby brush at 25¢, and a wonderful special brush for artificial teeth, the Dental Plate Brush, at 50¢.

TUFTED Pro-phy-lac-tic. Dentists approve the way the famous big tuft on the end of the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tufted Brush reaches and cleans the back teeth, which are so often neglected and so frequently first to decay. For forty-two years it has been a world leader in sales; 50¢. Also in a larger English type with four rows of bristle; 60¢.



MASSO Pro-phy-lac-tic. This is one of the newest small-type brushes. Note the scientific wide spacing of the groups of bristle and their pointed ends. This nimble little brush, in many mouths, reaches places no other brush can touch. The handle throat is reinforced. If you love a small brush, switch to the Masso. You will feel the difference the first time you use it; 50¢.

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Those who LIVE by WRITING use the CORONA

WALLACE IRWIN, whose latest novel, "The Days of Her Life," tells what happened on the sixteen most significant days in a nineteenth-century woman's history.

WALLACE IRWIN writes, "I cannot even estimate the number of words I have tick-tacked on a Corona. The one I have now has been with me to the South Sea Islands where, I am told, machinery rots and falls apart. Little Corona laughs at this theory, even as I write. Since the Fiji days it has finished a novel for me—done it over at least twice—and turned out any number of short stories. My Corona is something of a poet, too, for it does all my political rhymes while the author just dreams and works his fingers."

FOR YEARS successful writers have used the Corona portable typewriter.

Clarence Budington Kelland, Nina Wilcox Putnam, Edgar A. Guest, Octavus Roy Cohen, Louis Joseph Vance, Albert Payson Terhune—the list is endless.

Their work puts a typewriter to the severest test imaginable. Day after day they pound away on it—novels, stories, articles, plays, scenarios.

C. LYMAN EMRICH, JR., elected editor of the Illio, annual of the University of Illinois. "My Corona," he writes, "hasn't traveled far in land miles, but its 'word' mileage is mounting like that of a car on a perpetual trip around the world."

The little Corona goes on serving them year after year, ticking out thousands upon thousands of words as fast as the public appetite can take them in. Never getting out of whack. Never taking a day off for repairs. Standing firmly on its own feet (not screwed to the bottom of its case) on desk, table, chair, soap box, or camp stool, in all sorts of climates and all sorts of weather.

No wonder they stick to Corona!

And it will serve you equally well. It will do everything the most complicated office typewriter will do. It has a frame cast from a single piece of aluminum—solid, rigid.

You don't have to know how to type to use a Corona. Before a week is out you will wonder why you ever put up with the slow, old-fashioned method of writing in longhand.

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ASK A CORONA DEALER to let you have one of the latest-model Coronas for a week's free trial. For a small down payment, you can acquire one for yourself. There are seven colors, counting black, to choose from. And there are three models:

CORONA SPECIAL, $39.50
(the compact folding typewriter)

CORONA STANDARD, $60.00
(with four-row, single-shift keyboard)

CORONA PROFESSIONAL, $65.00
(with tabulating key)

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The Red Racket

Continued from page 13

policy of penetrating factory groups and worming its way into trade unions, it does work very quietly. But whenever political pronouncements are necessary there is never any attempt at secrecy. You and I, planning to seize the political swamp down in Washington, and to corral Wall Street, would go into a back room, lock the door, pull down the shades and talk in whispers. But not the Communists. They shout their opinions from the housetops; they want publicity. Communists disdain, so they assert in their program of the Communist International, to conceal their views and aims. They openly declare that their aims can only be attained through the forcible overthrow of all existing social conditions, and therefore, disdaining obscurity, it naturally follows that they must look upon Grover Whalen, Matthew Woll and the members of the Fish committee as their most efficient and industrious aides in the dissemination of their propaganda.

Inviting Prosecution

It has always been like that. Back in the early days of the radical racket when Emma Goldman, Johann Most and Louis Lingg were advocating the wholesale destruction of many of our leading citizens they would have gotten nowhere had it not been for the assistance of space-grabbing politicians and over-zealous policemen. These latter were probably directly responsible for the crop of martyrs produced by the Haymarket riots in Chicago. This made anarchy, for the time being, a going concern in the United States. Emma and her crowd kept their names in the headlines, feathered their nests and finally sailed for Europe, leaving the field open to Big Bill Haywood, who immediately jumped into the arena with his I. W. W. and with the aid of William E. Borah, William B. Wilson, Secretary of Labor, and Attorney-General A. Mitchell Palmer managed to grab more front pages, spend more time in jail, secure more followers and make more money than any of them.

Then, on September 1, 1919, along came Communism. As a political organization it was launched in Chicago by the disgruntled, non-English-speaking element of the Socialist party, and when Bill Haywood read its plan he shouted: "Here's the very thing we've all been dreaming about. It's the I. W. W. with the feathers on it, and I'm going to sign up." He did. He became a Communist and as soon as his lecture engagements permitted he went to New York, where he advised the central executive committee of the new party to come out from underground, openly publish their policies and take their place on the public platform. But he himself didn't stay to carry out the campaign. Instead, as there were several unpleasant penitentiary terms awaiting him, he skipped his bail and sailed for Russia, leaving William Z. Foster, who at this writing is happily in jail for having disobeyed an order of Policeman Whalen's, to lead the foreigners and collect from them the rewards of his martyrdom. Running true to form, Foster will probably do it too. He will emerge from prison; he will tour the country; he will pass the hat, and then, like unto his predecessors in the Red Racket, he will pass on.

But how do they do it? Easily. Their appeal is made to discontented foreign laborers, most of whom don't know what it's all about anyhow but are willing to applaud any scheme that will allow them to trade places with their employers.

Here, for example, are a few interesting lines taken from the 1930 election platform of the Communist party in the United States:

"The Communist party is not a pacifist organization . . . As against the demand that the workers defend the interests of the capitalists on the battlefields of a new world war, we call upon the workers to defend their own interests and defeat capitalism on the battlefields of the class struggle. As against the capitalists' call for a victory for 'our own' country we aim at the defeat of our own ruling class. As against the endeavor of the capitalists to secure victory through civil peace we aim to secure their defeat in civil war. . . .

"We do not hesitate to declare that we fight for a workers' Soviet government as against the capitalist democracy in America. We know that the capitalist democracy is a capitalist dictatorship against the workers. Our aim is to establish a proletarian dictatorship in America . . . and we call upon the workers of the United States to join us in this aim."

But, as you probably have not been hanging around Union Square, as I have, let me explain what a Communist means when he speaks of a proletarian dictatorship. It is quite simple. According to Communist views, although they are "class-conscious" and do not believe that any one class has the right to rule the other classes, they nevertheless stoutly maintain that it is necessary, in order to bring about the political millennium, that the *industrial proletariats* take temporary charge of things and run the country until they have gotten it thoroughly socialized. Then, the theory is, it will be ready to run itself.

No one would say that a good automobile mechanic, or even one of the men in white uniforms who push trash-cans up and down Main Street, wouldn't be as able to legislate for us as well as the average senator. But that isn't the point. The point is that after the Communist party, by civil war if need be, has rescued us from the miasmic influence of the capitalistic pool down in Washington, and turned us over to the dictatorship of the wage-earning industrialists, there won't be any more legislation! That part of it has all been attended to in advance. It's all down in black and white in the "Program of the Communist International" and when that program is being carried out it is very easy to see that some people in this country are scheduled to have a very unpleasant time of it.

Pity the Poor Capitalist

The bourgeoisie, for instance, or rather what's left of him at the end of the successful civil war, will be completely disarmed and thereafter: "The victorious proletariat utilizes the conquest of power as a lever of economic revolution; i. e., the conversion of the *monopolistic property of bourgeoisie into the property of the proletarian state.*

"In this sphere the Communist International advances the following fundamental tasks of the proletarian dictatorship."

It then advances them. "The big bourgeoisie and the land owners are consistent enemies of the working class, against whom a ruthless war must be

(*Continued on page 44*)

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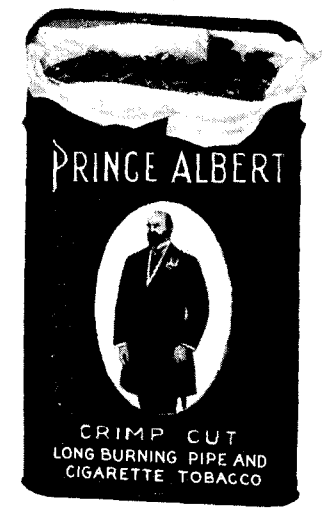
I'm "that way" about P. A.

THE fragrance that floated up when I opened that first tidy red tin told me: "You're going to like P. A.—and like it lots." I could feel my smoke-appetite tugging at the bow-lines. I got under full sail with the very first pipe-load. Right from the start. And I mean "*right.*"

Cool as "I'm sorry . . . I have an engagement." Sweet as "But, Big Boy, I'll break it for *you.*" Mellow and mild and refreshing as a summer breeze on the quarter-deck. Not only on that first fire-up, but on the thousands that have followed. Prince Albert is *my* idea of swell tobacco.

No matter how you take it . . . jimmy-pipe or roll-your-own . . . Prince Albert makes bed-time a nuisance. I mean, when you get going with this man's tobacco, you'll hate to turn off the radio, put up the window, and put out the light. Try Prince Albert—the world *can't* be wrong!



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believe it or not
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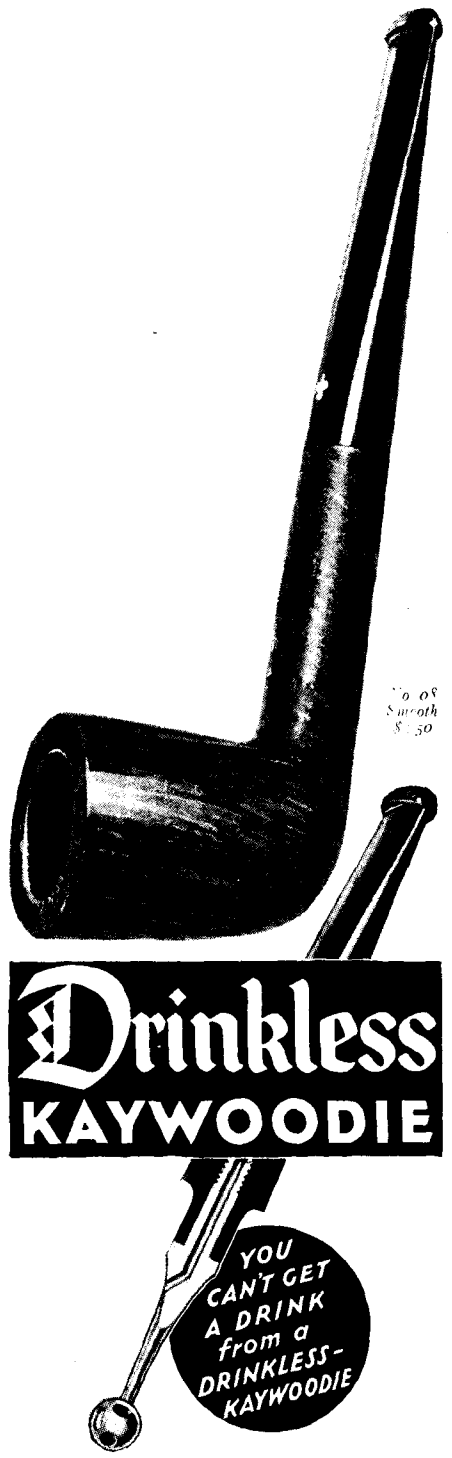

Until you smoke Drinkless* Kaywoodie, you don't know the real pleasure of pipe smoking!
100 Shapes and Styles—$3.50, $4, $5, $7.
KAUFMANN BROS. & BONDY, INC.
120 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. Est. 1851
*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

The Red Racket

Continued from page 42

waged. The organizing skill of a certain class of these strata may be utilized, but as a rule only after the dictatorship has been consolidated and all conspiracies and rebellions of exploiters decisively crushed.

"In regard to the peasantry the victorious proletariat must win them over, but at the same time must mercilessly suppress any opposition on the part of the village bourgeoisie who attempt to ally themselves with the land owners."

These preliminaries having been attended to, the proletarian dictatorship then goes ahead, and, under a special clause which deals with the United States and other countries having powerful productive forces, confiscates everything in the land, from Harvard University to the little red schoolhouse, from the Ford plant to the village blacksmith shop. Then it proceeds to run the works until the mythical, mystical day arrives when the works will presumably be able to run themselves.

The Joys of Communism

In the meantime, of course, the other drastic changes along social lines will have taken place. The industrial proletarians have moved into the residential districts formerly occupied by the bourgeois; Chinamen, Negroes, Pawnee Indians, American flappers, Finns, Slavs and Russian Jews have all been trained to eat at the same table. Maternity has become a "social function" (like bridge or afternoon tea). Medical service will be free to everybody. The motion picture shows will become nationalized. Public laundries and free kitchens will have sprung up all over the country. And on Saturday night when Comrade Bessie Smith, the stenographer in the National Shoe Factory, draws her pay envelope she has the satisfaction of knowing that it contains exactly the same number of roubles as the one handed out to Comrade Sergie Koffilinski, who is the big boss of the entire industry.

In order to obtain a more perfect picture of the joys we are doomed to under Communism, I visited the summer camp which the party maintains at Mount Beacon, New York. There our pet phrases, relating to "Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness," and "Regardless of creed, color or previous condition of servitude," function to just 100 per cent of their meaning. The place is called "Camp No Worry," and nobody does. Not about anything. One man who perhaps didn't have a pair of pants to reduce to shorts—which is *all* that the rest of the men had on—went around in his shirt tail. Quite a number of girls and women, who seemed to have shorts, but were shy on skirts, wore a scarf like a grenadier's belt and let it go at that. Nor was it necessary for me to be introduced to anybody. When I arrived a big bell in front of a large community mess hall was calling everybody to lunch. They were all responding, pouring out of the surrounding woods and out of a lot of little six-by-six shacks. When I asked a man if I could go down and eat he said: "Sure, but hurry up or the grub'll all be gone."

As I was hungry I hurried down the hill, but when I reached the mess hall I didn't immediately enter. A giant Negro, like a beautiful recumbent ebony statue, lay stretched out on the grass a few feet away from me. Sitting beside him and talking to him were two good-looking white girls. A group of men on the other side was pitching a medicine ball about. Every European and some Asiatic countries were represented. But not this country. This situation presented a difficulty and so I asked a young Russian Jew—who had some adhesive strips across his stomach where some free and easy person had either bitten or stabbed him—what the official language of Camp No Worry was. "We have two," he said. "We go *fifty-fifty on Yiddish and English.*" He then told me that 95 per cent of the Communists are foreigners, 84 per cent being Jews of one kind or another. I asked him if all the girls around there (there are over 600 people in that camp, more than half of them women) were party members. He said: "No, not all of them. They don't have to be. Any working girl who wants to can come up here and stay. They like it because they can do as they please. There are no rules. There are no questions asked and there is no gossip."

He told, too, how bitterly disappointed a congressman had been when he visited the camp and found that bombs hadn't been planted for him, nor machine guns set up, and that the Communists didn't themselves wear horns. "We had a parade for him though," he said, "and a Negro comrade, who is a good talker, delivered an address of welcome to him that sent him back over the hill in a hurry."

I bought a Communist Song Book, paid a dollar for a meal ticket and went in to eat. But, even though the young lady who conducted me to a seat at a long table wore a very scanty uniform—a pair of blue gingham rompers—and although the food was good and clean, and worth the money, I didn't enjoy the meal very much. I couldn't because I was too close to a big packing box, from the top of which a burly Finn, or a Laplander or something, was making a terrific speech. I couldn't understand it but I knew it was terrific from the way he shook his fists and tore his hair, and from the way in which the entire multitude responded, now with cheers and now with boos. When he quit another orator took his place and then when this one had finished, a third one mounted the rostrum, held out his arms for silence, opened wide his mouth and cut loose with the first bars of The International:

Arise, ye prisoners of starvation!
Arise, ye wretched of the earth,
For Justice thunders condemnation,
A better World's in birth.

The crowd arose, raised its clenched fists and sang that song, each man in his own language. After lunch I hung around for about an hour, enjoying the spectacle presented by the harmonious blending of the varied color scheme, and then, taking the only American in the place away with me, I left.

It's an old Story

The first thing we notice as we go through the mass of explosive literature is that the pleas they are making to workers are practically identical with those made by the I. W. W. when it started its membership campaign way back in 1905. At that time, when there was a great deal of unemployment in this country, even as there is today, the Industrial Workers of the World were bitterly attacking the *trade unions*, and, even though the mechanical age was but barely beginning, they were loud in expressing the fear that human labor would be replaced by machine labor with the result that the capitalists, who owned the machines, would grow richer and richer while the working men would grow poorer and poorer.

But no such calamity befell. On the contrary, although mechanical production has probably quadrupled since the I. W. W. was organized, living conditions for workers have constantly grown better and better, and although the capitalists have undoubtedly gotten richer and richer, so likewise have the workers, and so the I. W. W., once a much stronger organization than the Communist party in the United States, is now practically defunct.

The lesson that this obvious failure of anti-capitalist propaganda should teach, is, however, *temporarily* lost sight of by certain classes of workers just as soon as they find themselves out pounding the pavements, so that now is the time, while unemployment is a serious problem, for the call to go forth to every discontented toiler to come to the aid of his party. They come, too. They come in droves that frighten the timid. They attend demonstrations; they carry placards; they make speeches; they fight policemen; they howl for everything they are told to howl for. And yet, as at least a half dozen intelligent Communists regretfully admitted to me, just as soon as general business picks up and these people get work their enthusiasm wanes, they forget the principles that last week they wanted to die for, and return to their jobs to enjoy the high standard of living which American labor has established for itself.

A Workers' Democracy

The following extracts taken verbatim from a booklet of the T. U. U. L. (Trade Union Unity League) speak for themselves:

"The T. U. U. L. fights for the interests of the workers as a whole and is based primarily upon the unskilled and the semi-skilled masses, the most exploited and militant sections of the working class. . . .

"The T. U. U. L. unions discard the old local structure of craft unionism. They base themselves directly upon the shops, establishing shop committees and the shop delegate system. The new unions eliminate the autocracy of the craft unions and establish a real democracy among the workers. They systematically carry on a work of education of their general membership as to the real meaning of capitalism and the struggle to abolish it. . . .

"The T. U. U. L. unions develop a revolutionary strike strategy. They seek not, as the A. F. of L., always to surrender to the bosses, but always to fight them. . . .

"The strike strategy of the T. U. U. L. aims to develop the scattered struggles of the workers into the mass political strike. All struggles in the present era tend to take on a political character because the capitalists use the State power more and more aggressively against the workers. It is therefore necessary that the workers bring their fight to a higher political plane, by injecting into it broad political slogans, by widening it to include the masses of workers, by deepening it and giving it more of a class content by directing its attack against the State as well as against the individual capitalists. . . .

"A successful strike strategy requires the adoption of the principles of independent leadership laid down by the

(*Continued on page 47*)

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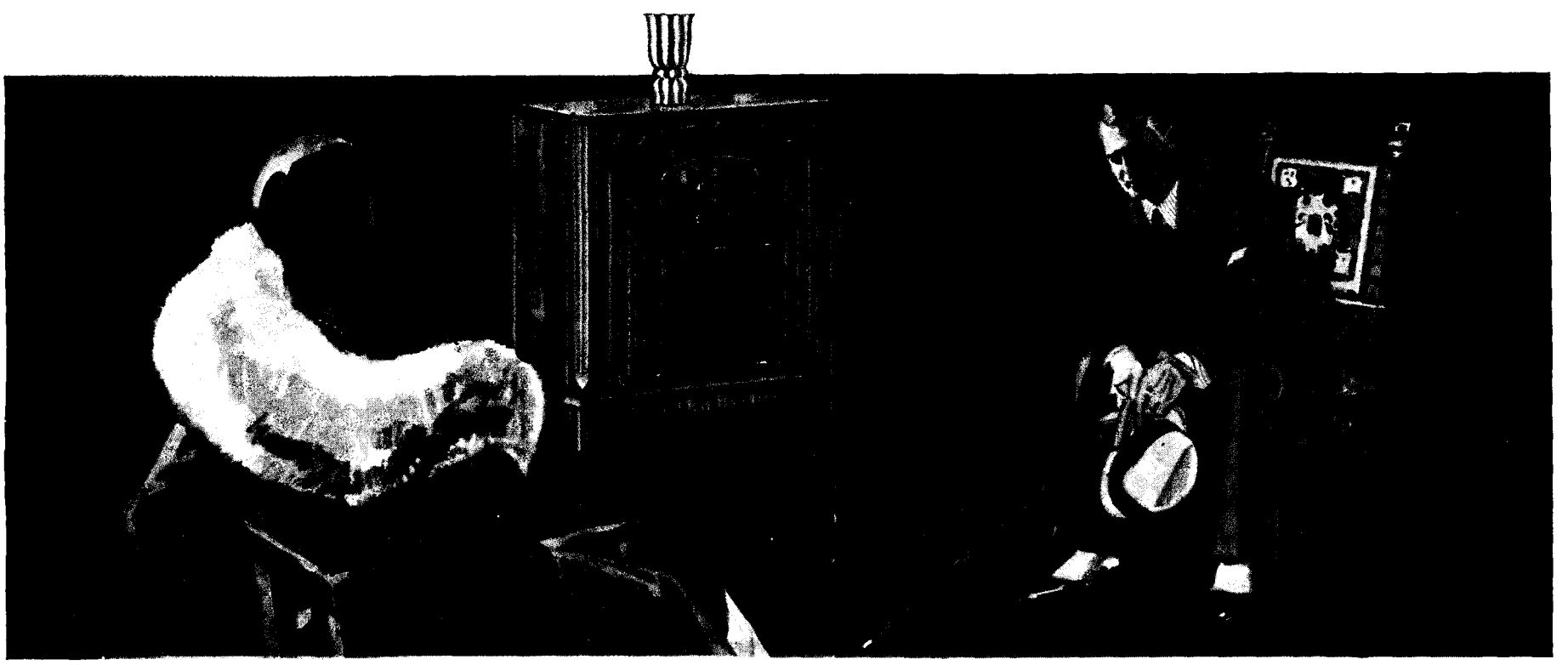
YOU WILL AGREE WITH MARCONI



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Now you can enjoy a new radio instrument so highly developed...so far advanced that it has won praise from Marconi himself...the genius who invented radio...the outstanding leader in radio science for 36 years!

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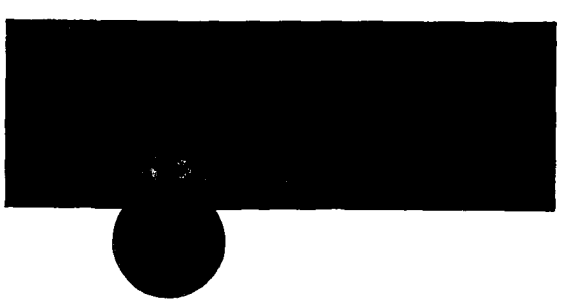
Fascinating New Features!

The new Radiola models offer all the latest features for home entertainment. The combination radio-phonograph model affords all the fun of home-recording—allows you to make actual records of your own voice! Remote control enables you to change stations from your favorite chair! Tone color control permits you to adjust tone to suit your own taste!



Consider the Value!

Four years ago Radiola Super-Heterodyne cost $570. Today you can have a far superior, infinitely more beautiful model for $142.50, less Radiotrons.

Prove these facts for yourself. See your Radiola dealer today. He's a dependable merchant selling the world's most dependable musical instrument—the Radiola. Insist upon the RCA trade-mark—your guarantee of satisfaction in the years to come.

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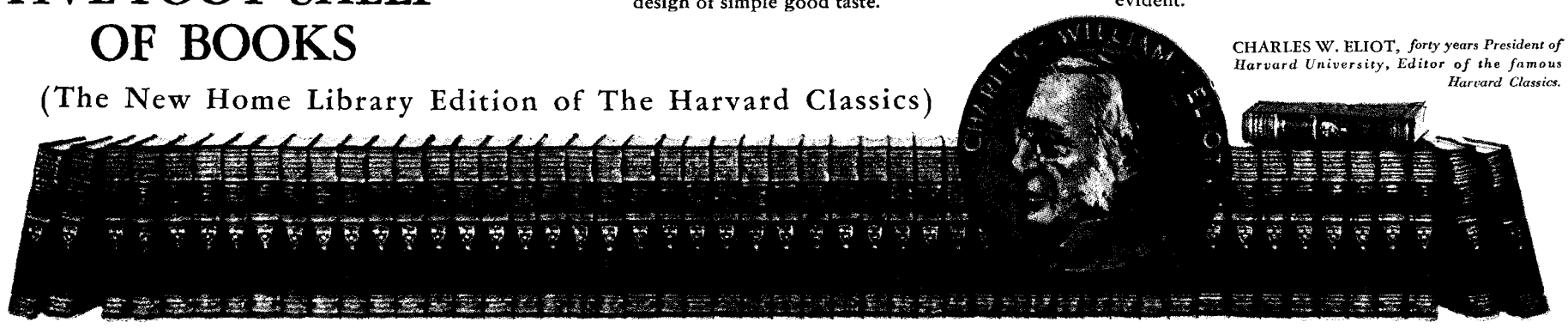

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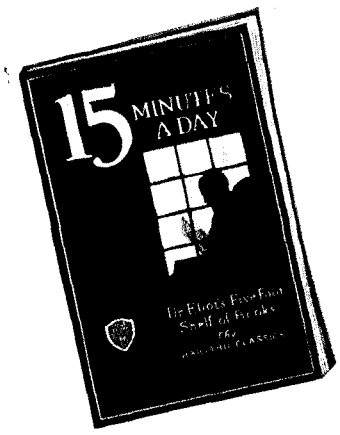

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The Red Racket

Continued from page 44

Red International of Labor Unions, (the R. I. L. U.). That is, the setting up of broad rank-and-file, strike-and-action committees to draw the unorganized as well as the organized workers into the struggle. The organization of Workers' Defense Corps against the Fascist attacks, as at Gastonia where the workers defended themselves with guns in their hands, is an indispensable part of revolutionary strike strategy. The new unionism in the United States, with its industrial form, militant tactics, etc., is the American expression of the new and higher forms of organization and struggle now being developed by the workers all over the world in the present rising wave of struggle. . . .

"The class-struggle unionism is international in character. The T. U. U. L. repudiates completely the nationalistic and patriotic stand of the reformist trade unions. It joins hands with the militant labor movement of the world under the banner of the Red International of Labor Unions. The T. U. U. L. is the American section of the R. I. L. U. . . .

You Get What You Take

"The foundation working principle of the T. U. U. L. is that workers can secure from the employers only that which they have the power to take in active struggle. It supports the revolutionary political struggles and the political organization of the Communist party. . . .

"The T. U. U. L. has a revolutionary goal. It points out to the workers the disaster of the capitalists owning the industries and operating them for their own profits. It advocates the overthrow of the present system of capitalistic ownership and exploitation, and the establishment of a Soviet system in which production will be carried on not for private profit but for social good. Only by such revolutionary action can the American workers, like the workers in other countries, free themselves from unemployment, low wages, long hours, the speed-up, increasingly bad conditions and terrible war."

I called on a man who is intimately associated with organized labor and asked him if Communism was making any inroads in the unions. "No," he replied, "it is not, but up to about five years ago it did cause lots of trouble. A great many Communists had gotten into the unions, they had spread their doctrines, had gained a good many adherents, and after their own methods they did conduct quite a few disastrous and costly strikes. But they are practically all eliminated now, and I do not consider that their present activity, here in this country, is anything for anyone to be alarmed about."

As this man, though, is an avowed enemy of Communism and all its works it would not be wise to accept his statements unless we can support them by facts. We can do that by the strike record in the country. Up to five years ago, especially in the West and in the textile industry, there was strike after strike, all of which were characterized by the Communists' doctrine of no arbitration and no time agreements with employers. Many were rendered lively by sabotage, violence and rioting. But since 1925 there has only been one labor disturbance in the United States to which the Communists point with pride because the workers went to it with guns in their hands—the Gastonia affair—and in which their leadership has been of any importance whatever. The industrial strike, as all their propaganda points out, is their one weapon; they have used it in the past in such an unreasoning, unintelligent manner, as under the leadership of the I. W. W., that organized labor has cast them out into utter darkness and so there they are, a political party with nowhere to go and nothing to do, except hold demonstrations now and then and sign up new members. They do the latter, but as already stated and as ruefully admitted by the radicals themselves—one of whom told me that there are only about 55,000 active Communists in this country—most of the newly-won adherents belong to a class which carries its ideals in its stomach and which will desert the grand cause just as soon as business picks up and work is again plentiful.

Then there is the gaudy Negro element—something for nobody to get uneasy about. To be sure quite a few true blacks (the high and near-yellows, being already aristocrats, are not interested in an equality movement) are patronizingly studying Karl Marx and enrolling themselves under the Red flag of Communism; but what they want is the opportunity to get as much as they can with the expenditure of as little energy as possible, a chance to strut, and the privilege of getting up on a platform and telling the white bosses where to go to. And how those colored Communists can talk!

On August 1st I attended the anti-war demonstration in Union Square and the Negro orators literally took the meeting. There was something wrong with the big amplifier that day. One speaker couldn't address the entire meeting. A half dozen emergency platforms were erected in different parts of the square, and in less than thirty minutes after the show started every one of those six pulpits was being thumped on by an African. Nobody appeared to pay any attention to what any of them said, though.

An Amiable Demonstration

New York is the headquarters of the Communist party in the United States. The party is stronger in that city than anywhere else. And yet at this August 1st demonstration, for which they had been preparing for weeks and to which all members had been instructed to come, it is safe to say there were not more than 2,000 persons present. The crowd, with the exception of the Negroes, seemed to me to be almost 100 per cent foreigners. Nobody seemed happy or enthusiastic and neither did anyone seem to get much excited about the revolutionary bombs which the colored orators were exploding over their heads.

A small group of about twenty school children marched through the crowd singing songs from the "hymn book." A few people cheered and clapped their hands. A man came up and offered me a placard with a red-hot slogan on it and asked me to carry it. About a hundred other men were carrying them, rather perfunctorily. That was all there was to the great demonstration. Except that all the time it lasted a very black Negro woman, dressed in a blood-red cambric dress and wearing a scarlet turban, kept strolling around through the crowd. There was no doubt as to her politics. As I walked away I wondered to myself: Under the proletarian dictatorship which $300,000 apartment on Park Avenue is she going to move into?

Financial History has a way of repeating itself

The public mind swings from one extreme to the other . . . Last year marked the climax of a period during which the conservative attitude toward investment was singularly lacking. The reaction of many is now to seek ultra-safety . . . causing unusual demand for the limited supply of that type of bonds which are best known and most marketable. The usual market for so-called "gilt-edged" bonds is thus expanded and prices have gone up accordingly.

Not everybody needs the kind of bonds which have been most in demand lately . . . Banks, insurance companies, institutions, trustees and corporations are logically the largest purchasers of highly marketable issues . . . to provide quickly liquidable assets or to meet requirements of law governing their investments . . . Most individual investors' needs are likely to be better met by sound bonds which afford ample safety . . . and with it the highest consistent rate of income.

Not since 1920-21 has there been a time when bonds of the sort which may be put away and safely held for income, could be obtained at prices and at rates of yield comparable to those available today.

Many readers of this statement may have purchased bond income back in 1920-21 and enjoyed, in the intervening years, a rate of return which seemed too good to be true . . . Looking back over the records of that former period of bond bargains, we find that this house was then offering a number of diversified 5 per cent coupon bonds at prices to yield the investor from 6.90 per cent to 13.20 per cent in income . . . Now, many of these same bonds are selling to yield from 4.30 per cent to 6.80 per cent.

Such financial history has a way of repeating itself.

There are Many Actual Bargains in Bonds Today

To investors who wish to take advantage of current conditions in the bond market, we shall be glad to send a list of issues which at current prices offer an extraordinary rate of income . . . issues we have underwritten in recent years and which we know, at first hand, are well secured . . . For the most part we do not have these bonds on hand to sell . . . we must buy them on the open market to fill orders. Our purpose in compiling the list is primarily to demonstrate to investors the sound intrinsic values and unusual yields now obtainable . . . but which may not remain available very long. The list, with descriptive information concerning the issues, will be sent on request.

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The Singing Shave

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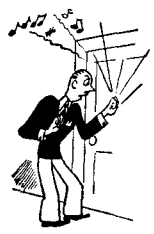

"Hey, why all that singing in there?"... "Haven't you heard? I've joined the Singing Shavers."... "Who are they?"... "They are the bright lads who have discovered how smoothly the Ever-Ready Blade makes away with wiry whiskers."... Treat yourself to a package of these luxuriously keen Ever-Ready Blades. Watch your face perk up. And note how many extra shaves you get. Become a Singing Shaver today. Buy Ever-Ready Blades.

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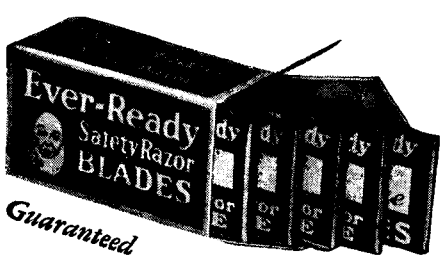

Big Money

Continued from page 22

have made the greatest mistake in disappearing like this."

"But I had to disappear. Didn't the guv'nor explain? I was the hunted fox with the pack in full cry after me. I was the hart that pants for cooling streams when heated in the chase. I couldn't go out of doors without hearing a 'Yoicks! Hark For'ard!' from a shirt merchant or a 'Tantivy!' from a bespoke tailor."

"I KNOW all that," said Lady Vera impatiently. "Naturally it would have been a fatal thing if you had had to appear in the county court. But whatever induced you to tell Ann you had the mumps?"

"A pal of mine suggested that. You see, I had to give some explanation of why we failed to notice among those present the young and popular Lord Biskerton. Couldn't just disappear without a word."

Lady Vera did not snort, for she was a woman of breeding. But she uttered a snort-like exclamation.

"It was an insane suggestion. So idiotic that I am surprised that you did not think of it yourself."

"Harsh words," said the Biscuit, pained. "It seemed to me a ruse that met the case most admirably. Mumps are infectious, so Ann couldn't come calling at the flat and smoothing my pillow and noticing with surprise that the bed was empty and had not been slept in. If you don't think it a good idea, all I can say, Aunt Vera, is that you are pretty hard to please."

"Mumps! And Ann a girl who is so painfully romantic and idealistic."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Good gracious, Godfrey! . . ."

"What a title for a musical comedy!" said the Biscuit with enthusiasm. "Good gracious, Godfrey! Can't you see it on the . . . But I'm interrupting you," he broke off courteously, observing in his companion some slight signs of fermentation.

"What I was about to say was this: I think—and your father thinks—that Ann accepted you—well, shall we say without quite knowing her own mind. That being so, the slightest thing may cause her to change it. And you have deliberately put yourself into a position where, every time she thinks of you, it is to picture you with a face like a watermelon."

"You mean," said the Biscuit incredulously, "you actually mean that a sweet girl like Ann would allow herself to be affected . . ."

"There is something so utterly ridiculous about mumps."

"Well," said the Biscuit bitterly, "if that is what a woman's heart is like, then all I can say is, a pretty sex! Yes, I mean it. A pretty sex!"

"And, in addition to that, I have every reason to believe that Ann has met some other man and become dangerously attracted by him."

The Biscuit gasped. This was news, hot off the griddle.

"You don't mean that!"

"I do. She has been behaving in a very odd manner."

"But, dash it, what can I do?"

"You must come back."

"But I can't."

"Yes, you can. You must tell her that you haven't got mumps, after all. And to account for your absence you must say that you have had to go over to Paris. I have been talking it over with your father, and he agrees with me that it would be a very good thing if you did go to Paris. I can afford to pay your expenses, and I think I might manage to take Ann over there for a week or two. She would like Paris."

"But I shouldn't," said the Biscuit explosively. "I can't stand Paris. I hate the place. Full of people talking French, which is a thing I bar. It always seems to me so affected."

"It is better than talking like an idiot."

"Besides, I want to stay here."

Lady Vera looked at him searchingly.

"Why? What is the wonderful attraction about this extraordinary place?"

"I like it," said the Biscuit stoutly. "It has a quiet charm. I enjoy strolling in my garden of an evening, drinking in the peace of the gloaming and plucking snails off of the young lobelias."

"Are you flirting with some girl down here, Godfrey?" said Lady Vera tensely.

It is possible that at that moment Valley Fields was full of nephews whom an aunt's suggestion had just outraged to the very core. But none of these could have looked half so appalled as the Biscuit.

"Me?" he cried. "Me?"

"WELL, I don't know if you are or not, but I can tell you one thing. If you don't want to lose Ann, you had better leave Valley Fields at once and show yourself again in civilized surroundings."

The seven-ten train rolled into the station. Lord Biskerton assisted his aunt into a first-class carriage.

"I have it," he said jubilantly. "Here is the solution, sizzling from the pan: Tell Ann I haven't got the mumps, but am in reality in the secret service of my country and am away somewhere on a job the nature of which I am not empowered to reveal. That will bring the roses back to her cheeks. That will make her regard her Godfrey with admiration and esteem."

The seven-ten rolled out of the station. It bore with it an aunt thinking poorly of her nephew. Lady Vera's opinion of Lord Biskerton's mentality, never high, had in the last few minutes sunk to a new low figure. She supposed that she had done something to cause Providence to afflict her with a nephew like that, but she could not recall any offense of the colossal proportions which would justify the punishment. She sighed deeply, and fell back on Woman's only consolation in times of stress. Opening her bag, she produced a puff and began to powder her nose.

As for the Biscuit, he picked up his feet and returned to Castlewood on the run.

In Lady Vera's flat in Davies Street, Mayfair, Ann, at the time when this conversation was taking place, had paused in the writing of her letters to have one of her heart-to-heart talks with her conscience. Ever since the night of the Bassinger ball at the Hotel Mazarin this incubus had been making itself more than ordinarily obnoxious.

"Tired?" asked Conscience, with affected solicitude.

"No."

"Then why have you stopped writing?"

"I don't know."

"To think, perhaps? To muse, maybe? About that affair at the Mazarin, possibly?"

"Well, why shouldn't I?"

"A pretty disgraceful affair, that," said Conscience with growing severity. "A very shady bit of work, indeed, I should describe it as. I wonder you don't try to forget it. I suppose you realize that if Toddy Malling hadn't come along at that particular moment, that man would have kissed you?"

"Would he?"

"You know he would. And you would have liked it, too. That's the part that sickens me. That's the thing that makes me writhe. That's the aspect of the matter that . . ."

"All right," said Ann, shortly.

CONSCIENCE was not to be silenced. "A nice girl like you! A girl who has always prided herself on her fastidiousness. A girl who could never understand how other girls in her set could make themselves cheap and let themselves be pawed about . . . Ugh!" said Conscience witheringly. "Necker!"

Ann shuddered.

"Yes! Necker! And you engaged to a delightful young man, heir to one of the finest titles in England. And a young man, what is more, who is at this very instant writhing on a bed of pain, his only consolation the thought of you. 'This may be agony,' he is saying to himself as the spasm catches him, 'and I'm not pretending it isn't. But on the other side there is this to be said—Ann loves me. Ann is true to me. Ann is not going about the place on private petting-parties with men she scarcely knows by sight.' That's what he is saying, this unhappy young man."

"But he's got mumps."

"What of it?"

"It seems so silly."

"Where the heart has been given, the size of the face should not matter."

"No-o," said Ann doubtfully.

There was a pause.

"And this other man," resumed Conscience. "What do you know about him? Coming right down to it, how do you know he's worthy of you?"

"He must be with a face like that."

"Statistics show that fifty per cent of murderers and other criminals have pleasing faces. You can't go by the face."

"And he's the only man I have ever met who was really romantic."

"ROMANTIC! That's the trouble with you," said Conscience, snatching at the point. "Do you know what you are? A silly, sentimental schoolgirl. Yes, you are. Romance! The idea! Isn't it romantic enough for you to be the future Countess of Hoddesdon? I'm ashamed of you."

"I've got to get on with my letters," said Ann.

She resumed her task. It was one she had found laborious of late. All these idiotic people writing to wish her happiness when they ought to have known that marrying Lord Biskerton wasn't going to make her . . . She checked herself sternly. It was just this kind of reflection which had caused Conscience to maltreat her so much in the last few days.

"*Dear Lady Corstorphine*," she wrote doggedly, "*How sweet of you to . . .*"

"Oh, gosh!" said Ann.

She laid down her pen. She simply couldn't.

"?" said Conscience.

"Oh, all right," said Ann.

She worked off the Corstorphine one. Two pages of pretty, girlish spontaneity which made her feel as if she were having teeth dragged out of her. Then she picked up the next in order from the pile:

(*Continued on page 50*)

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How You Can Make From $1000 to $5000 a Month

Your Chance for a Big Clean-up!

Never before in the history of sport has a new game swept into such instant popularity as Tom Thumb Golf.

Introduced but a few months ago Tom Thumb now is a household word. From three to five million play daily with the army of enthusiasts ever increasing.

The profits made by course owners have been enormous—and the game has just started.

One course made nearly $10,000.00 *in* 53 days.

Another made $5.000.00 in 39 days. Another averaged $181.00 per day for 5 straight weeks.

Thousands of Tom Thumb owners make similar profits. And the game has just started.

Now comes the big season for Indoor Tom Thumb Golf.

Indoor Tom Thumb Golf offers an even greater opportunity. For with indoor golf the bad weather does not affect the play—in fact, increases it.

Right now indoor courses are making from $1,000 to $5,000 a month. The possibilities are enormous but—

You must have the right course. That's the original Tom Thumb. You can't afford to take a chance with a makeshift.

The whole secret of real indoor Tom Thumb golf is in the material used for putting greens together with the sporty and unique hazards and the entire beautiful ensemble.

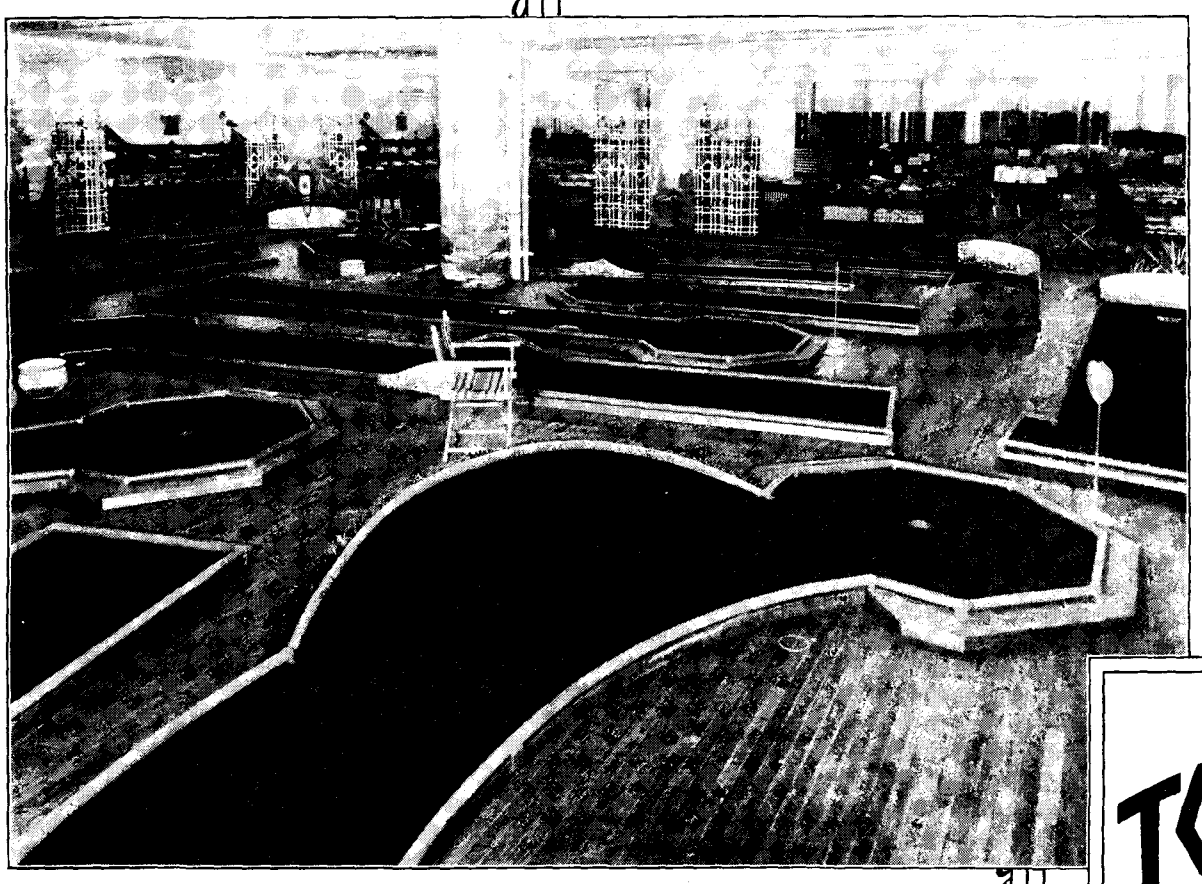
Tom Thumb greens are a patented feature that have proven their merit and worth as a putting surface. The public know the difference. They seek out Tom Thumb courses for they know their putting greens are the real thing that make a snappy, enjoyable putting contest possible.

Tom Thumb courses come knocked down—can be erected for play in 24 hours. Can be moved from one floor or building to another without damage to course or building.

And indoor Tom Thumb courses are the most beautiful on the market.

Remember millions are ready to play—eager to play. All America wants Tom Thumb. *Your profits—enormous profits—are assured.* The coupon brings you the whole story. Pick out your location—send the coupon today and before you know it big profits will be yours in one of the most fascinating businesses in the world.

Here is your chance for a big clean-up. Send the coupon now.



A Typical Indoor Tom Thumb Layout

THE features that make Tom Thumb such an outstanding success are patented. It is the most beautiful indoor course in the world—it is the most popular with the public. Install Tom Thumb and a big trade is already waiting for you to pay you big profits. Fill out the coupon now.

COUPON

I am interested in installing Indoor Tom Thumb Golf

National Pipe Products Corp.
Tom Thumb Division
Rochester, Pennsylvania

Please send me all details of how I can make big money owning and operating indoor Tom Thumb Golf.

Name_____

Address _____

City_____

TOM THUMB INDOOR GOLF

U. S. Patent No. 1,559,520
U. S. Copyright No. 253,949
Other Patents Pending

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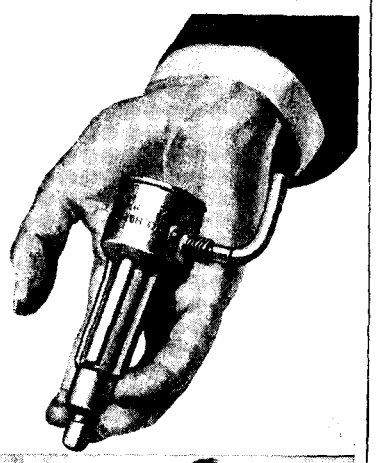
Guardian of your *comfort and fuel*

Accept this FREE *Comfort Test*



Then you'll fully realize the *extra* warmth available from Hoffmanized radiators. By *vacuum-sealing* your steam heat system, Hoffman No. 2 Vacuum Valves bring quick heat—lasting heat—and work wonders in saving fuel.

It's easy to prove this to your own satisfaction. Your heating contractor will be glad to install a Hoffman No. 2 Vacuum Valve on your hardest-to-heat radiator for a free Comfort Test.

You'll be amazed to see how much quicker this radiator heats in the morning. For the Hoffman Vacuum Valve locks out air, the "Heat Thief" and permits steam to quickly reach the radiator when drafts are opened. And, too, this vacuumized radiator will hold heat for hours after fires are checked.

Ask your heating contractor or mail coupon today. It's such a simple test to make and so far-reaching in its benefits to you.

HOFFMAN
No. 2 Vacuum Valves
for one pipe steam systems

Hoffman Specialty Co., Inc.
Dept. R-8, Waterbury, Conn.
I am interested:
☐ Home owner ☐ Home or Apartment renter
Name.....
Address.....
City..... *State*.....

Big Money

Continued from page 48

Castlewood
Mulberry Grove
Valley Fields, S. E. 21

Dear Ann:

I suppose you have quite forgotten me . . .

Ann looked at the signature.

K. Valentine.

A sensation that was like poignant nostalgia swept over Ann Moon. Kitchie Valentine! The girl who had been such fun on the boat, coming over from America—such ages ago. Ann started guiltily. She was a girl who formed friendships with the eager impulsiveness of a kitten, and she had loved Kitchie. When they had parted at Waterloo Station, they had vowed to have all sorts of good times together. . . And here she had been in England weeks and weeks and weeks and had never once given Kitchie a thought.

These steamer friendships! . . .

READING the letter did nothing to heal her remorse. Poor Kitchie! She seemed to be having a wretched time. This uncle of hers might have been the life and soul of the officers' mess of the Royal Loyal Worcestershires, but he was evidently proving a poor companion for a young girl. True, there was some mention of a man next door, a Mr. Smith, who appeared to be agreeable: but there was very little about him and a great deal about the absent Merwyn Flock. Merwyn, it seemed, had not written for nearly a month, and it was this that was distressing Kitchie Valentine almost more than her uncle Everard's habit of falling asleep after lunch and making a noise like a bassoon.

Ann put down her pen. She glowed with altruistic fervor. This letter, happening to coincide with the first free evening she had had for a considerable time, decided her. Tonight, by a curious chance, she was engaged to no hostess. She could, therefore, and would, go straight down to this Valley Fields, wherever it might be, and call at Castlewood, and bring Kitchie back to the flat for dinner somewhere. And after dinner they would come back to the flat and have one of their long shipboard talks.

Her two-seater was garaged just round the corner. Ten minutes later, having been informed that the route to Valley Fields was through Sloane Square, Clapham, Brixton and Herne Hill, she was hurrying on her way. Half an hour later, she had pulled up outside Castlewood. Thirty-two minutes later, she was being informed that Miss Valentine was not at home. She had gone to the pictures, Gladys-at-Castlewood said, with Mr. Smith from Peacehaven.

"Oh? Well, tell her I called."

Ann could not help feeling a little annoyed. She knew that she ought not to be grudging Kitchie any simple pleasures she might be able to snatch from life, but her relief expedition had undeniably fallen somewhat flat.

The gleam of water across the road caught her eye. She walked to the railings and stood looking at the swans. They had little to offer her in the way of entertainment. Twilight was falling on Mulberry Grove, and Egbert and Percy had turned in for the night. Each was floating with his head tucked under the left wing; and if there is any spectacle more devoid of dramatic interest than a swan with its head tucked under its wing, it is two swans in that position. Ann turned away, and, doing so, was aware that her sylvan solitude had been invaded. Over the gate of the house named The Nook a young man was leaning. The smoke of his tobacco floated up toward the smiling sky.

Ann started to walk to her car. There was a cozy smugness about Mulberry Grove which somehow seemed to invest the presence there of two persons of the opposite sex with the suggestion of a *tête-à-tête*, and she disliked this enforced intimacy. She felt almost as if she were shut up in a railway carriage alone with this young man, and had a feeling that he might at any moment open a conversation by asking her if she objected to smoking.

When he did open conversation, however, it was not to make this inquiry. She had scarcely passed him when he uttered the word "Gosh!" in a loud and startled voice. And almost simultaneously the gate slammed and he was at her side.

She stopped. She turned. She arranged her features for a withering look—a look which would say "Sir!" even if she did not say it.

She gave a little gasp. She stared. The withering look went all to pieces, and in its place there appeared one of blank astonishment.

"Oh!" said Ann sharply.

The swan Egbert, roused from his beauty sleep, uttered a crisp oath and dozed off again.

Berry Conway had come out of The Nook to lean on his gate and smoke in no idle spirit of *dolce far niente*. It was not the mere beauty of the summer evening that had drawn him thither. He had come because the Old Retainer had been weeping on his neck indoors and seemed likely, if he remained, to go on weeping indefinitely.

It was immediately on his return from the city that he had first perceived that this woman was not her old, placid self. She appeared to be in the grip of some powerful, though at the moment suppressed, emotion. When she spoke, it was in a low, husky voice. She sniffed once or twice. And as he went upstairs to change his clothes he could feel her eyes fixed on his back in a stare like that of some dumb animal trying to express itself.

THIS was at six-thirty. Descending the stairs at six-forty-five, he found her waiting in the hall. There could be no doubt now that something momentous had occurred. The Old Retainer was plainly in what, if he had been a cross-word puzzle enthusiast, he would have described as a state of excitement, a flurry, twitter, tremor, pulsation, ruffle, hurry of the spirits, pother, stew (*colloq.*) and ferment.

At six-fifty it had all come out. Sergeant Finbow, until that morning Police-Constable Finbow, had celebrated his promotion by making her an offer of marriage.

At seven-fifteen she was still saying that she would not dream of deserting Master Berry. At seven-twenty, arguing forcibly, Berry had begun to try to convince her that, even lacking her protective care, he would manage to get along somehow. At seven-thirty, the weeping had set in. And at seven-thirty-five he had broken from the clinch, lit his pipe, and come out to lean on the gate and adjust his mind to this extraordinary piece of good fortune.

He leaned on the gate, planning great things. Mulberry Grove, now that he was so near to parting from it, had taken on quite an attractive air. There was a girl across the road, inspecting the swans. The sight of her turned his thoughts to their favorite theme, and for some moments a mist hid Mulberry Grove and the rest of the world from his sight.

It cleared away, and he saw that the girl was coming toward him.

Ann was the first to speak. She was still feeling a little breathless. She had just become a convert to the doctrine of Predestination, and was finding the experience somewhat overwhelming.

She spoke with a childlike wonder.

"Is there any place where you aren't?" she said.

BERRY continued to stare. The idea of Predestination had not yet occurred to him. His theory, as far as he was capable of evolving any theory, was that this extraordinary occurrence had something to do with will power. His tense meditations about this girl had evidently had the effect of drawing her from somewhere in the center of London to Mulberry Grove, Valley Fields. Which, considering that the distance was about seven miles, was not bad going.

"Is it really you?" he said.

Ann said it was.

"Well, I suppose all this is happening," said Berry, "but I can't believe it. What? . . ."

"What? . . ." said Ann, simultaneously.

"I beg your pardon."

"Go on."

"I was going to say, what are you doing here?"

"So was I. I came to see a friend who lives here." Ann paused, trying to assimilate an idea. "Do *you* live here?" she asked, surprised. Of course, one knows that secret service men must live somewhere, but one somehow does not associate them with fragrant backwaters in the suburbs.

Berry would have given much to deny it. He glowed with shame for Mulberry Grove. Beastly smug, placid, prosaic place. Black Joe's opium dive in Deptford was the only fitting address for the man he would have liked to be.

"Yes," he admitted.

"But why?"

Berry was frank about it.

"They don't pay us much in the secret service," he said.

"What a shame!" cried Ann. "Considering all the dangerous things you have to do."

"Oh, well!" said Berry.

There was another pause.

"What . . ." said Ann.

"What . . ." said Berry.

"I beg your pardon," said Berry.

"Go on," said Ann.

"No, you go on," said Berry.

"What became of you the other night? At the dance?"

"I was ejected by a man with a walrus mustache, who seemed to be someone in authority."

"That was your host."

"Not mine."

Ann's eyes widened.

"Do you mean to say you were not invited?"

"Only to get out."

"But why? . . ."

"To see you, of course."

"Oh!" said Ann.

"I was in the lobby. I saw you getting into the lift."

"The elevator?"

"The elevator," said Berry, accepting

(*Continued on page 52*)

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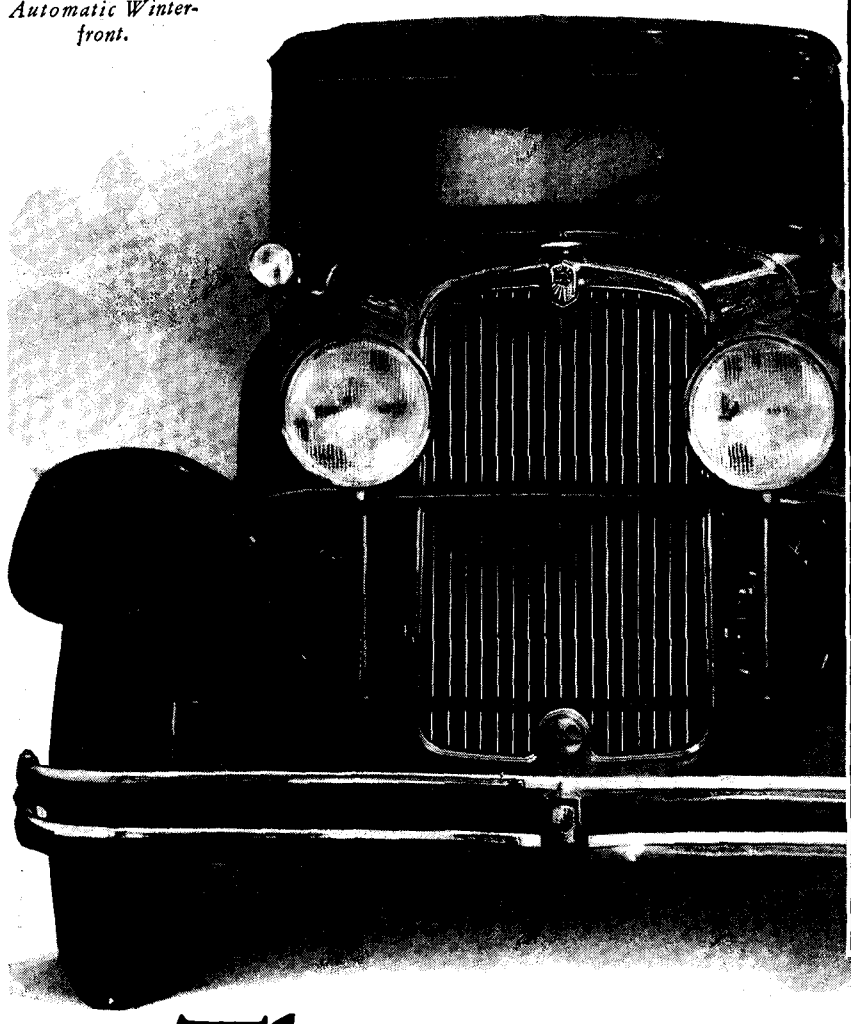
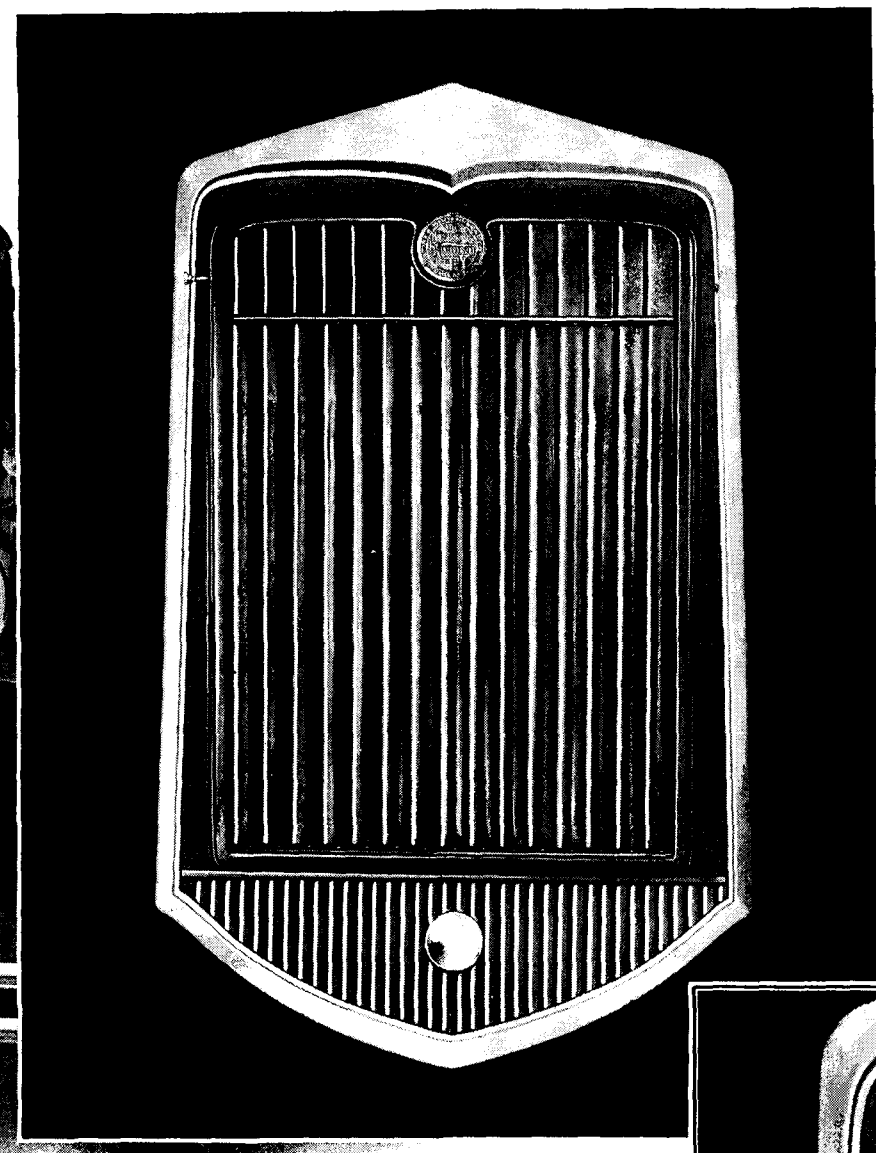
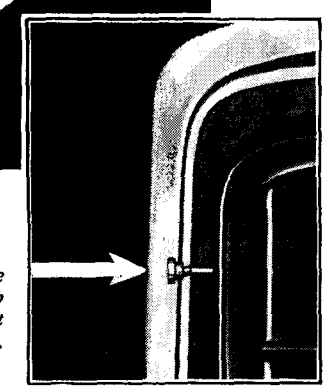
IMPROVED MODELS . . . REDUCED IN PRICE

Illustrating a Nash equipped with Pines Automatic Winterfront.







The *new* Pines Automatic Winterfront

Now brings automatic motor protection within the reach of all car owners

NOW! New Closing Device

An ingenious invention now enables you to close the Pines Automatic Winterfront the moment you stop your car. Thus all heat is retained. When you start your car, Winterfront opens again—automatically.

The same vital protection which 25 leading car makers have adopted is now available for all cars at exceedingly low prices

EVERYONE who drives a car that is not equipped with a Pines Automatic Winterfront will welcome this announcement. For now they, too, can have the same, sure automatic motor protection which the leading automotive engineers consider essential to the safe operation of a car in cold weather. At only $15 for the small size and only $20 for the large size there is now no reason for any car owner taking chances with substitutes or makeshift methods.

Modernize your car

The industry's leading engineers will tell you that no motor can operate safely, efficiently and smoothly in cold weather without automatic motor protection. No car can be called up to date without it.

The beautiful new Pines Automatic Winterfront is designed after the models built into costliest cars. The same streamline beauty. The same dependable action. The same vertical type shutters. And now—to place this vital motor protection within the reach of every automobile owner—prices are substantially lowered. $15 buys the new type Winterfront for small cars—$20 for the larger cars.

$15
FOR SMALL CARS
$20
FOR LARGE CARS
Special Models for Auburn, Pontiac, Studebaker and Graham

Protect your motor

There is no higher authority than the engineers who build fine cars. 25 of the leaders will tell you a motor cannot operate safely and efficiently without automatic motor protection. They have learned the real facts in their own laboratories—on their own testing grounds. They build Pines Automatic Winterfronts into their cars because it's the only way yet discovered to guard costly motor mechanism against cold—to prevent excessive dilution, fouled spark plugs, "over-choking," high carbonization, deadly friction, and a score of cold-weather driving evils. No other method can accomplish the same result.

Beware of false economy!

The authority is overwhelming! You cannot trust this vital protection to memory. 25 great manufacturers bear the cost of installing Pines Automatic Winterfronts in their cars because they know the danger of cold. These cars represent the height of engineering accomplishment. Your car needs this vital protection. Go today—have the new Pines Automatic Winterfront installed. Protect your motor!

If you're buying a new car, beware of radiator obstructions and worthless substitutes which may be designed to "look like Pines Automatic Winterfronts." Millions who know will continue to demand an Automatic Winterfront equipped car—or a car built to permit quick, easy installation.

Pines Winterfront Company, 1133 North Cicero Ave., Chicago, Ill.

▼ ▼ ▼

IMPORTANT! *If your car is equipped with a hot water heater, Pines Automatic Winterfront will more than double its efficiency.*

PINES WINTERFRONT—*It's Automatic*

THE GENUINE WINTERFRONT IS MADE ONLY BY PINES. LOOK FOR THE NAME

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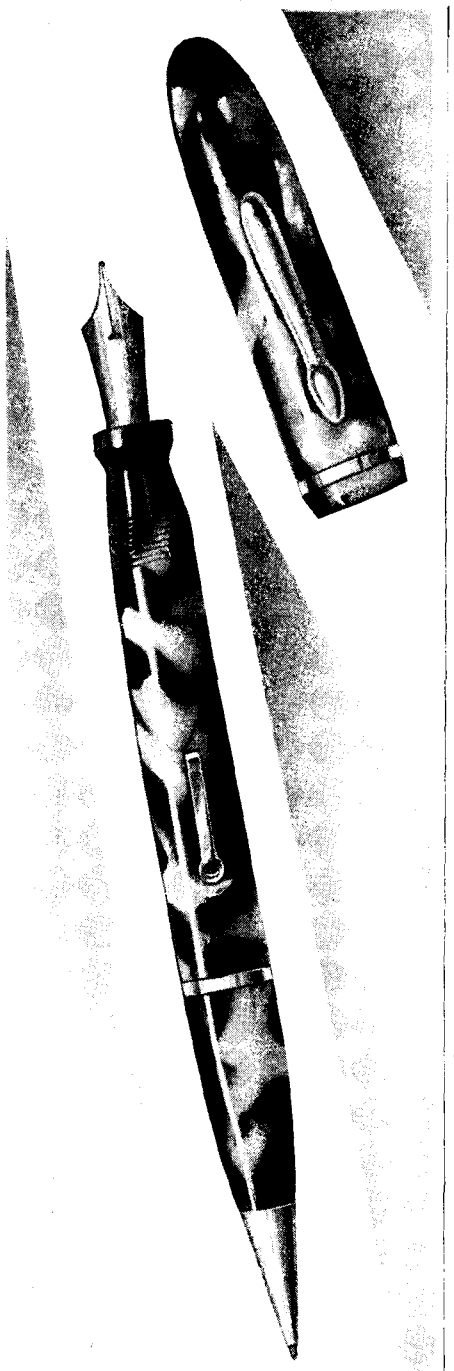


And What A Gift!

How many do you know who would be inexpressibly pleased to find one of these beautiful new ... and superlatively handy ... Conklin Ensembles on the Christmas tree?

Here at last is a real pen-and-pencil-in-one. Both ends write. Made with true Conklin skill and care of finest non-breakable materials. Non-leakable. Generous ink capacity. Capacious lead magazine. Complete eraser assembly. In four beautiful color combinations. At $7 and $8 in stores everywhere that make room for the new things. Conklin Endura Pens $5, $6, $7 and $8 .... pencils to match $3.50, $4 and $4.50.

THE CONKLIN PEN CO.
TOLEDO, OHIO
Chicago San Francisco

Conklin
ENSEMBLE
A Pen and Pencil

Big Money

Continued from page 50

the emendation. "They told me there was a dance going on upstairs, so I went up."

An odd shyness had taken possession of Ann. She was annoyed to find herself trembling. A sense of something momentous about to happen was making her feel strangely weak.

To counteract this, she endeavored to keep the conversation on a light, chatty note.

"What a lot of people there were at that dance," she said brightly.

"Only one, for me," said Berry.

The light, chatty note seemed to have failed. And Ann began to see that, if this interview was to be kept within bounds which would meet with the approval of a rigid New England conscience, she would have to be more adroit than she had been up to the present.

"I couldn't think what had become of you that night," she said.

"You mean you missed me?" said Berry hungrily. "Do you mean you missed me?"

Ann's conscience, which up till this moment had been standing aside and holding a sort of watching brief, now intruded itself upon the scene.

"I don't want you to think I am always shoving myself forward," said Conscience frigidly, "but I should be failing in my duty if I did not point out that you are standing at a girl's crossroads. Everything depends on what reply you make to the very leading question which has just been put to you. I don't know if you have been observing this young man at all closely, but I ought to inform you that there is a gleam in his eye which I don't at all like. The slightest encouragement at this point will obviously be fatal. I would suggest some such answer as 'Oh, no,' or 'What makes you think that?' or even a wordless raising of the eyebrows. But, whatever you do, let me urge upon you with all the emphasis of which I am capable not to drop your eyes and say 'Yes.'"

"Yes," said Ann, dropping her eyes. "Of course I did." She raised her eyes again and looked straight into his. She was a girl who was lost to all shame. "You had just begun to tell me something, you see, and naturally I wanted to know what it was."

Berry clenched his hands. He coughed. And, having coughed, he uttered a sort of high-pitched bark. The swan Percy woke up and hissed an opprobrious epithet at him.

"It was only this," said Berry, choking over each syllable: "I've loved you from the very first time I saw you."

"I thought that was it," said Ann.

HE WAS gazing into her eyes. He now folded her in his arms. She hung limply to him. What had become of her conscience she did not know. It appeared to be dead or unconscious. In a situation where she should have been feeling nothing but shame she felt only a happiness that seemed to be tearing her asunder.

She drew away, and gave a little sigh.

"I knew this would happen," she said. "That's why I ran away that day."

Berry caught her in his arms again. The swan Egbert turned to the swan Percy and said something in an undertone. Percy nodded, and both birds then sneered audibly. Swans, like subeditors, are temperamentally incapable of understanding love's young dream.

"Of course, we oughtn't to," said Ann reflectively. "It's all wrong. I'm engaged." It sounded silly to her, even as she said it. Such a trifling objection.

"I love you," said Berry.

"I love you," said Ann.

"I knew I loved you the moment I saw you that day at the Berkeley."

"I suppose I did, too."

"Some day I'm going back to the Berkeley and I'm going to ask the management if I can put up a tablet on the wall. When I came out of the inn that afternoon and found you gone, I nearly died."

"AND now you've found me again, you probably will," said Ann. A happy smile lit up her face. "The row there's going to be about this!"

"Row?" said Berry. In his exalted mood it seemed incredible to him that the whole world would not greet this wonderful consummation of all his hopes and dreams with cheers and enthusiasm. "Do you mean," he demanded incredulously, "that you think anyone's going to *object?*"

"I do."

"Who?"

"My fiancé, for one."

"Oh! . . ." Berry dismissed this negligible unknown with a gesture.

"And my father. And my mother. And my uncle. And . . ."

Berry laughed scornfully.

"Let 'em!" he said.

"I knew you would say that. That's what I love about you. How awful it would be if you were—just ordinary."

Berry started.

"Ordinary?"

"Like all the men I've ever met. They work in offices and . . ."

"Work in offices," said Berry dully.

But Ann had come closer, too, and that made him forget the thunder. She was holding the lapels of his coat.

"I've just had an idea," she said.

"What?"

"Why shouldn't we tell each other our names? Think how nice it would be to know who we are."

"My name's Conway."

"Well, you don't expect me to call you Mr. Conway."

"Beresford Conway. All my pals call me Berry."

"All my pals call me Ann. Moon is the other name."

"Ann Moon?"

"Ann Moon."

Berry wrinkled his forehead.

"But it's familiar."

"Is it?"

"I mean I've heard it before somewhere."

"Have you? Where?"

"I can't remember. Or did I read it somewhere?"

"Perhaps."

"Ann Moon. Moon. Moon. I know I've heard it before, but I can't place it."

"Perhaps you're thinking of some other Moon. There are lots of us, you know. June, Oh Silvery, My California . . . dozens and dozens."

Berry became aware that in a futile discussion of names golden moments were running to waste.

"What does it matter, anyway?" he said. "You're you."

"And you're you."

"And here we both are!"

"But we won't stay here. I don't like those swans."

"*I* don't like those swans," said Berry, scrutinizing them.

"They're sneering at us."

"They *are* sneering at us."

"WE'LL fool them. We'll get into my car and we'll drive up to London and we'll have dinner somewhere—Mario's is a good place. One needn't dress in the balcony—and then we can talk without having a bunch of birds listening to everything we say."

"Splendid!"

"That'll make them feel silly."

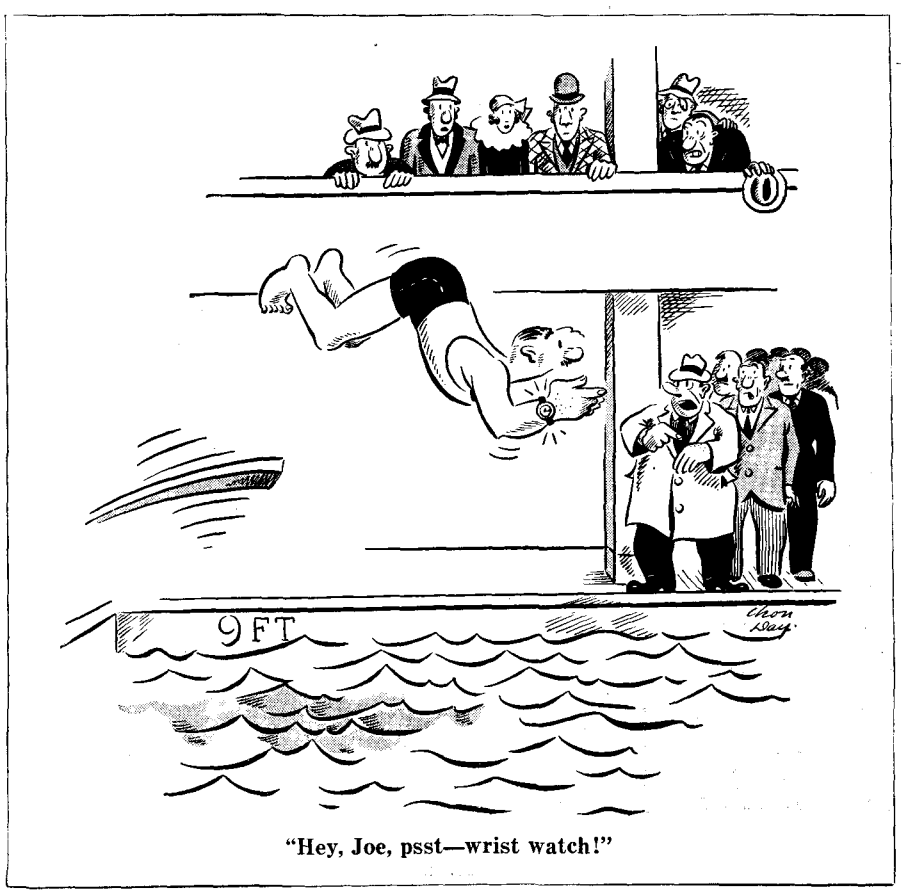
"It will make them feel about as silly as two swans have ever felt."

Egbert looked at Percy. Percy looked at Egbert.

"Well!" said Egbert.

"These young couples!" said Percy. "Another minute and I should have been sick."

(*To be continued next week*)



"Hey, Joe, psst—wrist watch!"

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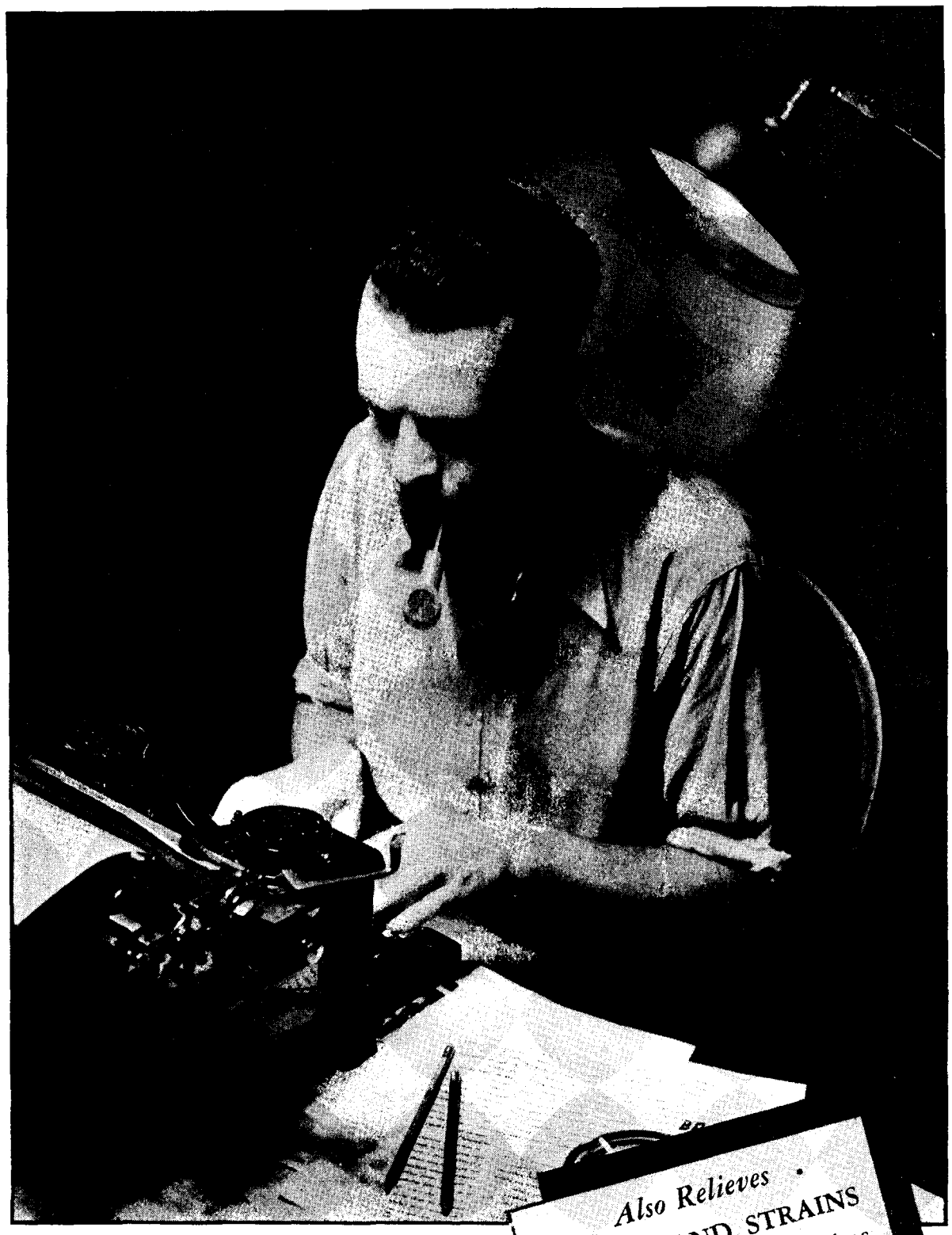
HIS TRAVELS ARE ALL ON A TYPEWRITER . . . . YET HE HAS "ATHLETE'S FOOT"



WHAT a life of adventure he leads! Daily he projects the exploring craft of his mind into the far corners of the world. His brain seethes with the plots and counter-plots of buccaneers and pearl-poachers. His nimble fingers click off the daring hazards of great deeds. But his feet wouldn't know the difference between a "trek" and a trolley-ride.

Yet this writer, at ease in his study and a stranger to leg-work, has a well developed case of "Athlete's Foot." It's an attack by an enemy he can't describe or dispose of. *He doesn't even know what it is.*

*Many Symptoms for the Same Disease—So Easily Tracked into the Home

"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways,* but it is now generally agreed that the germ, *tinea trichophyton,* is back of them all. It lurks where you would least expect it—in the very places where people go for health and recreation and cleanliness. In spite of modern sanitation, the germ abounds on locker- and dressing-room floors—on the edges of swimming pools and showers—in gymnasiums—around bathing beaches and bath-houses—even on hotel bath-mats. It thrives on damp floors everywhere.

And from all these places it has been tracked into countless homes until today this ringworm infection is simply *everywhere.* It is so easily overlooked at first that it has stolen up on the entire nation until now the United States Public Health Service finds *"it is probable that at least one-half of all adults suffer from it at some time."*

And authorities say that half the boys in high school are affected. There can be no doubt that the tiny germ, *tinea trichophyton,* has made itself a nuisance in America.

*It Has Been Found That Absorbine Jr. Kills This Ringworm Germ

Now, a series of exhaustive laboratory tests with the antiseptic Absorbine Jr. has proved, by bacteria counts and by photo-micrographs, that Absorbine Jr. penetrates deeply into flesh-like tissues, and that wherever it penetrates it *kills* the ringworm germ, *tinea trichophyton.*

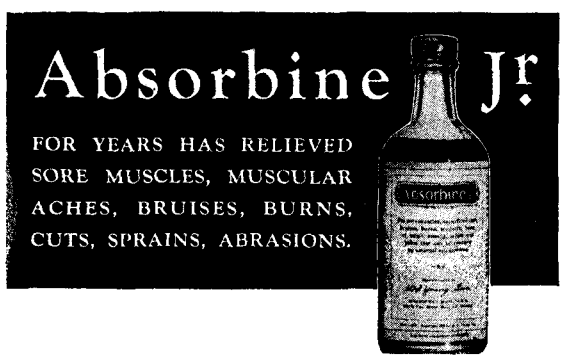
This will be good news to many thousands of people who have worried over a threatening foot condition without knowing how to get rid of it.

It might not be a bad idea to examine *your* feet tonight for distress signals* that announce the beginning of "Athlete's Foot." *Don't be fooled by mild symptoms.* Don't let the disease become entrenched, for it is *persistent.* The person who is seriously afflicted with it today may have had these same mild symptoms like yours a short time ago.

Watch out for redness, particularly between the smaller toes, with itching—or a moist, thick skin condition—or a dryness with scales.

Read the symptoms printed below at the left very carefully. At the first sign of *any one* of these distress signals* begin the free use of Absorbine Jr. on the affected areas—douse it on morning and night *and after every exposure of your bare feet to any damp or wet floors, even in your own bathroom.*

Absorbine Jr. is so widely known and used that you can get it at all drug stores. Price $1.25. For free sample write W. F. YOUNG, INC., 357 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.



*Also Relieves SPRAINS AND STRAINS Rubbed in, quickly soothes pain; reduces inflammation and prevents stiffness and lameness

*WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist, or it may develop dryness with little scales. *Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!* If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your doctor without delay.

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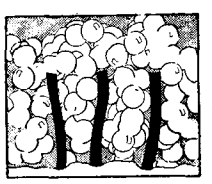
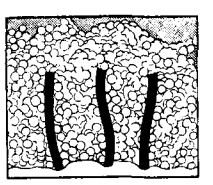
The minute you lather up with Colgate's two things happen: first, the soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair. Second, billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard . . . crowd around each whisker . . . soak it soft with water.

A comparative test is easy—just mail the coupon, now. We will also send you a sample of After-Shave, a new lotion . . . refreshing, delightful . . . the perfect finale for every shave.



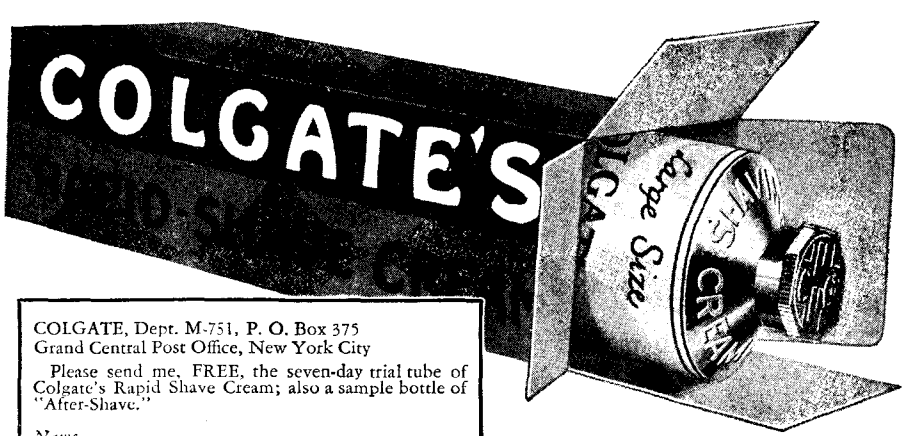
ORDINARY LATHER

This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard; and how they hold air, instead of water, against the whiskers.



COLGATE LATHER

This picture of Colgate Lather (same magnification) shows how myriads of tiny bubbles hold water, not air, in direct contact with the base of the beard. This softens every whisker right where the razor works.



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Please send me, FREE, the seven-day trial tube of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream; also a sample bottle of "After-Shave."

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Looking for Trouble

Continued from page 17

so eager to coöperate with doctors and educational centers in keeping their children well. Parents have a pride in the health of their children. What we need to do now is to inculcate on the adult a pride in his own health.

The aim of the present campaign for health is different in principle from the ambition of our forbears to live to threescore years and ten. So many systems for prolonging life have been tried and found wanting that we have discarded them all. Just when we think we have found something—to eat or not to eat, to do or not to do—which will make us live to a ripe old age, some octogenarian comes out in the newspapers and announces that he has broken all the rules.

Watching for Danger Signs

So what's the use? We have decided to try the system of staying healthy, or as healthy as possible, while we live. For this reason a great interest has sprung up in preventive medicine and public health, and movements to educate the public in the latest knowledge of what constitutes perfect health, and what are the early signs of a disturbance in the working of the body.

As it is the business of the doctors to keep themselves posted on such things, they have offered the suggestion that every adult should submit to an annual examination or check-up of his health and habits.

Most of us, when we go to a doctor, go for some specific reason, to get help for some definite ailment. As a rule we object if the doctor investigates anything further than what we are complaining of, although sometimes a complete examination is necessary for him to find the cause of the trouble. But the examination now advocated will cover the entire body, whether it is apparently functioning properly or not. Although incidentally it should discover trouble if there is trouble, and at the time when discovery is of the most use, when that trouble is incipient and may be checked, the main object of the health examination is to reassure both patient and examiner that there is as near perfect health as possible.

In order that any system of annual examinations may be a success, two things are necessary: First, the doctor should have the willingness and the time for it: any complete examination is a rather laborious business, and requires patience and good nature on the part of the doctor as well as the patient. Second, the patient must be anxious for the examination, and confident in the man who performs it. In short, it must be a friendly, leisurely and detailed performance, with interest on both sides, and the desire to help and be helped. The thorough examination should include an inspection of:

The head: Eyes, for activity of the reflexes, behavior of the muscles, efficiency of vision, and for correction with glasses.

Nose, for obstruction and condition of the membranes.

Ears, for wax, condition of the drums, and hearing.

Mouth, for condition of the teeth, tonsils, tongue and membranes.

The neck: Glandular enlargement, thyroid and lymphatic.

The chest: Heart, resting and after activity.

Lungs, by percussion and with stethoscope, followed by X-ray if the examiner is doubtful of his findings.

The abdomen.

The extremities, for reflexes, muscular activity and power.

The blood, for hæmoglobin, or red coloring matter, and further details of the cells if symptoms indicate it.

The urine, for albumin, sugar, casts and pus.

Further, the blood pressure should be taken, and in women the breasts should be examined and a pelvic examination made. In men the prostate gland should be examined. If there are any abnormal findings in such an examination the doctor will go into further detail and have laboratory tests made. In the immature person the doctor will give a maximum of attention to posture, spine and feet.

A good deal of the resistance to the routine examination is due to the fear on the part of the patient that the doctor will feel he must find something to make suggestions about, and also to the fear that he will really find something serious. Of course if there is something serious present, it should be found.

We are surely grown up enough not to be afraid to know the truth about ourselves, and to do something about it while doing something is of use. But neither doctor nor patient will feel, in this sort of examination, that if nothing serious is found the examination will have been pointless.

Maybe this present generation of adults will never be really educated to the idea of an annual check-up, but an ideal to be looked forward to is the education of our children to the idea, as soon as they get out from under the maternal wing. The young people of this day have a great start on us anyway. They live in an age when physical development and attainments are the order of the day. They wear clothes which allow their bodies freedom, and reveal the fact that health and beauty of the body are nearly synonymous. There is no reason why they should not continue in their healthful habits after they reach their majority; why they should not learn to direct their energies, and determine to keep fit.

Trifles Make Trouble

A crotchety but charming gentleman of my acquaintance, who thinks it amusing to pick flaws in my profession whenever possible to get a rise out of me, heard about the present campaign for health examinations and could hardly wait to scoff at me for it. "I see you doctors have found another way to drum up trade," he said.

"Use your reason," I suggested. "Could anything be more disinterested in us than to try to improve the health of the nation? Any surgeon will tell you that a stitch in time saves nine."

And any general practitioner will tell you that it is the apparently unimportant things which make up the disability and what the statisticians call the "morbidity" of his patients. How often he hears this sort of thing:

"I ought to be ashamed to come to you; I am not really sick, *but* I am—" such and such. And he finds that his patient has labored along under the weight of such and such for years.

That minor ailments uncorrected for years may lead to more serious things is a matter of common knowledge. But still we do not want to emphasize that fact so much as that minor ailments interfere with the activity and happiness of their victims, with the general sense of well-being and efficiency which is the heritage of every human.

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Big Man from the North

Continued from page 16

rather have Balchen along than any man I know. Come what may, the Norwegian would find a way through."

The variety of things he does, and does well, is astonishing. An expert with skis, he trained most of the expedition in this art. In the winter months at Little America, when the intense cold and blizzards imprisoned the expedition in its huts, he constructed a sledge showing real craftsmanship. For Gould he restored a shattered set of very delicate measuring dividers. He is that rare kind of pilot who is also an excellent mechanic. His love for motors may explain a certain callousness in him.

No Words Wasted

Some years ago, while he was in the Royal Air Force of Norway, one of his squadron mates crashed and was killed. Balchen was sent out to bring back the body. His terse story of the incident is characteristic of him.

"I found the plane all smashed up," he said. "The force of the crash had driven the motor half through the poor fellow's body. Well, I worked like the devil and finally got it out. I fixed that motor, put it in another plane, took her up two days later, and she flew just as well as ever."

Now this is not callousness; it is simply that Balchen looks at things in a rather practical way. There is much of the same strain in his uncle, Captain Dietrichsen, a bluff and knotty seafaring man of the Conrad school, with a love for sail, and distrust and hatred for steam. Byrd purchased the icebreaker Samson (since renamed City of New York) in Norway, for his Antarctic expedition, and engaged Dietrichsen to sail it to New York. The Samson is a rerigged barkentine, with auxiliary steam power; and so long as she was under steam the engineer was superior to and contemptuous of the man on the bridge, which greatly irked the old sailorman.

But deep in the North Sea a gale fairly smothered the stout little vessel, the boilers became disabled and steam power became a minus quantity. Far from land, with little or no food on board, her cabins waist-deep in water

(*Continued on page 56*)

WORD HUNT

In the English language there are exactly seven words (each having just nine letters) that begin with the letters O-B-S-C. One of them is OBSCURING. You supply the others.

1	O	B	S	C	U	R	I	N	G
2	O	B	S	C					
3	O	B	S	C					
4	O	B	S	C					
5	O	B	S	C					
6	O	B	S	C					
7	O	B	S	C					

Darkening; hiding.

(Rare) Obscurantism.

In an obscene manner.

In an obscure manner.

Impure language or acts; moral impurity; lewdness.

One who obscures, or strives to prevent enlightenment. Also, obscuring.

Darkness. State of being inconspicuous, or uncomprehended. Also, an unknown person, place or thing.

An unabridged dictionary has been used in compiling Word Hunts. All proper nouns, obsolete words, words that would offend good taste, plurals formed by the addition of s or es, and verbs in the present tense, singular number, third person, have been excluded

Here are the answers to the Word Hunt published in Collier's for November 1st

1. Revery
2. Revert
3. Revete
4. Revest
5. Reveal
6. Reveil
7. Revere
8. Revera
9. Revend
10. Revent
11. Revers

Collier's will send you free, on request, a booklet containing 27 Word Hunts with their answers. Send for a copy today—Address Word Hunts, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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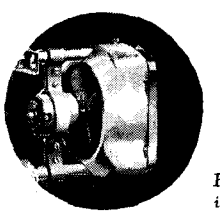

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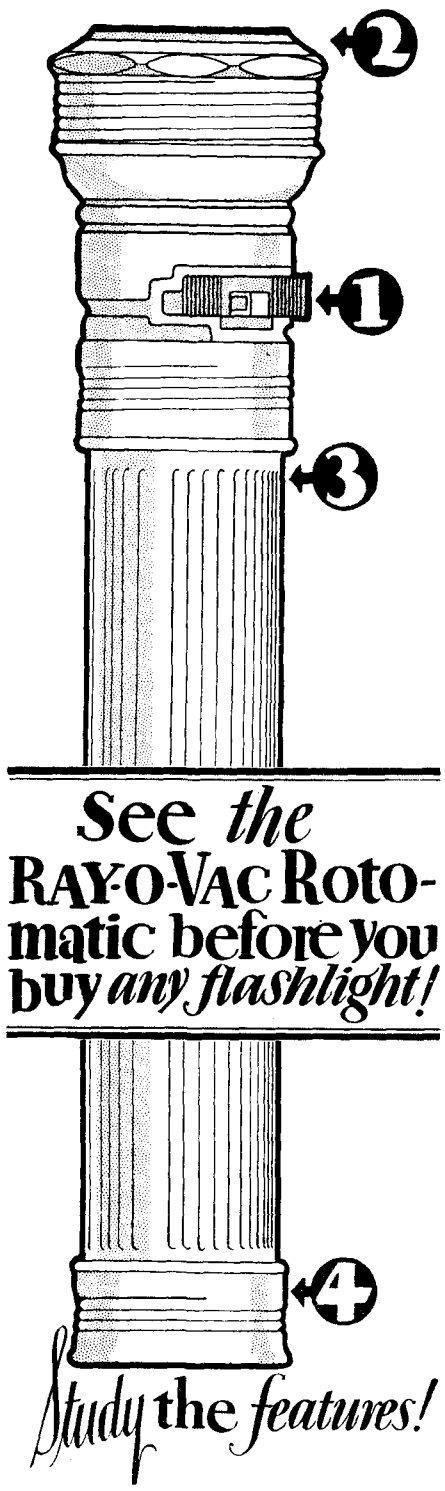

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3. *Sturdy metal case,* ribbed for extra strength. Protects the batteries . . . comes in colors, in black, or in nickel-plate.
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(*Continued from page 55*)

as she reeled, the Samson was indeed in trouble. But Captain Dietrichsen smiled in recalling it.

"I was never so glad in my life as when that boiler blew up," he said. "I kicked that damn' engineer back to his broken stink pots, ran up sails and sailed a sailing ship as she should be sailed."

Balchen was pilot of the relief plane which the New York World sent to the Bremen flyers who had been forced down at Greenly Island, at the tip of Labrador. As the World's representative on the expedition, I had a splendid opportunity to observe him in action, and to note particularly his great determination and the enormous amount of physical strength that underlies it.

With the late Floyd Bennett we flew from New York to Detroit, where we were to get the tri-motored Ford plane that was to be used on the 1,600-mile hop to Greenly Island. The westward trip was made on a bitter cold and bumpy day; we all appeared so wretched when we got out of the plane at Detroit that Edsel Ford, after a single glance, secretly phoned the Ford hospital for an ambulance.

Flying with Bennett

Balchen, with a temperature of 103, and Bennett, with 102, were taken from their hotel half an hour later in wheel-chairs. But the following day they were up and superintending the final preparations of the plane. Against the advice of physicians, Balchen and Bennett took off on the second day for Lake St. Agnes, an ice-covered lake set in the hills not far from Murray Bay, Quebec.

Bennett got the plane off the ground; but the fever had eaten away his strength. Slumping in his seat, he gave the controls to Balchen, and without further word the Norwegian flew steadily for eight hours, and without relief, to his destination. When reporters asked him who piloted, he pointed to the senior pilot, saying: "Bennett did, and I helped."

When it became evident that Bennett could go no farther Colonel Fitzmaurice was pressed into service as relief pilot.

The Ford plane refueled at Clark City, 250 miles away, and was loaded with supplies and spare parts for the Bremen. After spending the night in a farmhouse we had to walk five miles through deep snow to the plane. Three times on that journey Balchen's stomach rebelled. Yet an hour later he lifted the Ford, with its heavy load, across the face of a mountain rising from the lake. Barely twenty feet of space showed beneath the wheeling ski in that take-off. Fitzmaurice, distressingly aware of the sharp edge of the spare propeller at his back, said: "Jolly well done, Bernt. I owe you a drink for that."

Balchen was offered ten thousand dollars for his share in the flight. I know that he gave half of it, inconspicuously as he could, to Bennett's widow. For publicity is a thing he does not understand and distrusts. The day New York City welcomed the Bremen flyers the official reception committee scoured Broadway for him. He was found at last, reveling in a test flight. "Don't you know the whole city has turned out to see you?" one of the committeemen exclaimed. "You can't disappoint us like that!"

Balchen grinned. "I thought you had enough for a parade," he said.

One thing, however, of which he is extremely proud is his great strength. He is really very strong; he weighs about 184 pounds, and that is all iron. He might have become a famous heavyweight, for he has not only the skill and the strength, but the intelligence and the personality that make a champion.

In his early twenties Balchen was amateur middleweight champion of Norway; and he is still remembered in his home town, Christianssand, for a phenomenal feat. The two rival athletic clubs of the city put on a boxing show to determine the championship of the community. Much money was wagered on the results. In the preliminary bouts all the contestants from Balchen's club, with the exception of himself, were eliminated. Whereupon he assumed the entire responsibility of driving back the invaders. Within three hours he fought four bouts, the last with a postage stamp covering a cut over his left eye, and scored as many knockouts.

He still boxes for exercise. At Little America he worked out regularly in a snow-block gymnasium, where the temperature sometimes reached 40 degrees below zero.

Balchen never makes unfair use of that strength. I once saw a drunken sailor, whose slackness and boastfulness had always irritated Bernt, swagger up to him and, with no other cause than ill temper, spit out a dirty challenge. The high color drained from Balchen's face, and for a moment I thought he would smash the man down. Instead, he turned on his heel and almost ran to the cabin. He was calm when he came out, perhaps half an hour later.

"I was afraid," he explained, "I might hit him and kill him." And he was in deadly earnest.

The charm of Balchen is his modesty, and this quality shows his superb mental balance. He still has difficulties with our language. And a few words he never uses are danger, risk, hazards, etc. The transatlantic flight was always "very fine" or "very good." The South Pole flight was "very nice" or "very interesting." He rarely elaborates.

I think he is so grateful for being allowed to make these flights that he feels obligated to respond as one thanks a hostess for a very pleasant evening.

Balchen is so lacking in normal responses to danger that you might suspect him of being nerveless. Two years ago I had to sound him out on a newspaper project that would have involved a transatlantic flight. This was at a time when this flight was still a novelty, and when none of the successful flyers showed any disposition to repeat the experience. "Sure, I'll go," said Balchen. And within fifteen minutes he had a program drafted.

Magnificent Trinkets

With the same impetuosity he flew to Hartford, Connecticut, from New York, shortly after his arrival in this country. Everything in America was new to him then and he had nothing to guide him but a tattered automobile map which a motorist loaned him.

But unscientific risks he steadily rejects. A short time after the polar flight he was invited to act as pilot on a round-the-world flight. He accepted on the single condition that a three-engined plane be used. And when this was not forthcoming, he withdrew.

"It doesn't pay to fool with the Atlantic and Pacific oceans," was his comment.

Balchen is now a citizen of the United States. While he was still a Norwegian subject, in recognition of his accomplishments, the king recently bestowed upon him the Cross of St. Olaf, a decoration given only under extraordinary circumstances; it is equivalent to knighthood. But within a few hours the magnificent trinket was jammed in his pocket, forgotten, and no doubt it is now at the bottom of the well-worn bag that serves as the receptacle of his well-worn blue serge suit and as a symbol of home.

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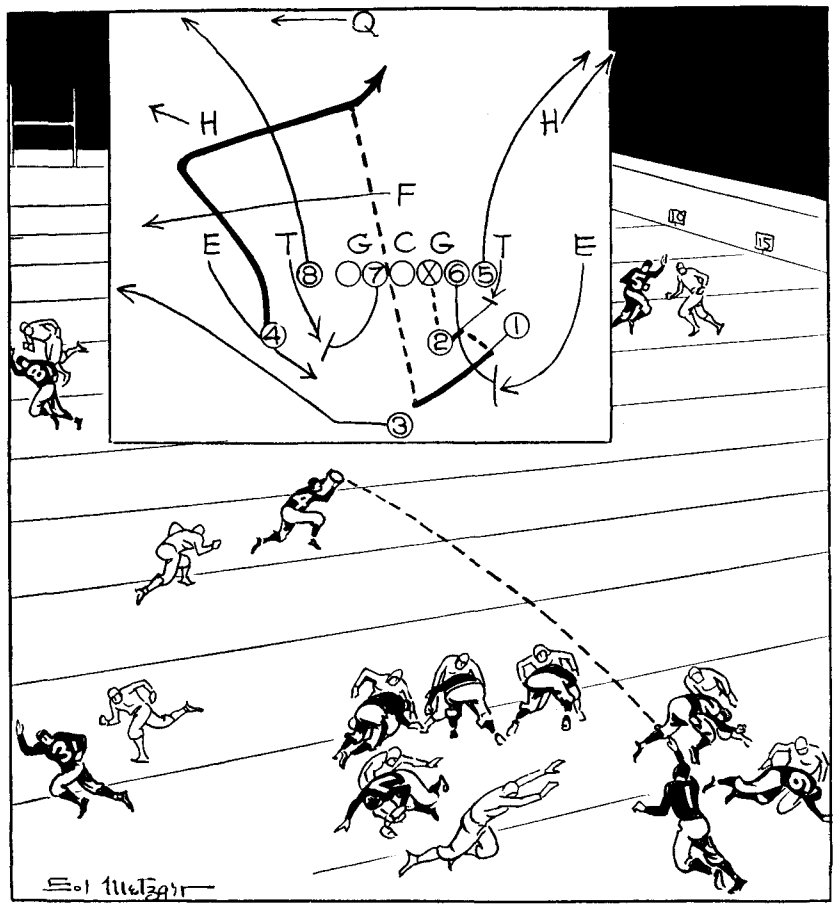


Pittsburgh's Winning Forward Pass

By Sol Metzger

MEETING Jimmy DeHart, former All-America back at Pitt, following the 52 to 7 defeat of his Duke University team early last fall by Jack Sutherland's Panther eleven, I asked what forward passes the winners had used to amass such a total.

"None," snapped DeHart. "And if Jack ever lets that combination toss a pass he ought to be shot. No team can hope to stop its running attack."

But the Big Nebraska eleven did that very thing—stopped Pitt's running attack—and Pitt had to pass. And, luckily for her, Pitt had a great passing game. Had she failed to use the pass here described, she would have been in a sorry plight indeed.

Its vaunted running attack had been stopped by the forward wall of powerful and skilled Cornhuskers, a wall of traditional power which smothered all of the famous double and triple reverses that have made the Panthers feared. Big Parkinson could not drive through it. Even the brilliant Uansa could not flank it throughout the first quarter, when Pitt habitually wins its games.

It was near the close of this period and Pitt's ball near midfield. Something had to be done. It was. Baker, quarterback (3), evidently knew recent gridiron history, for he called for the pass that had beaten Nebraska the two preceding seasons.

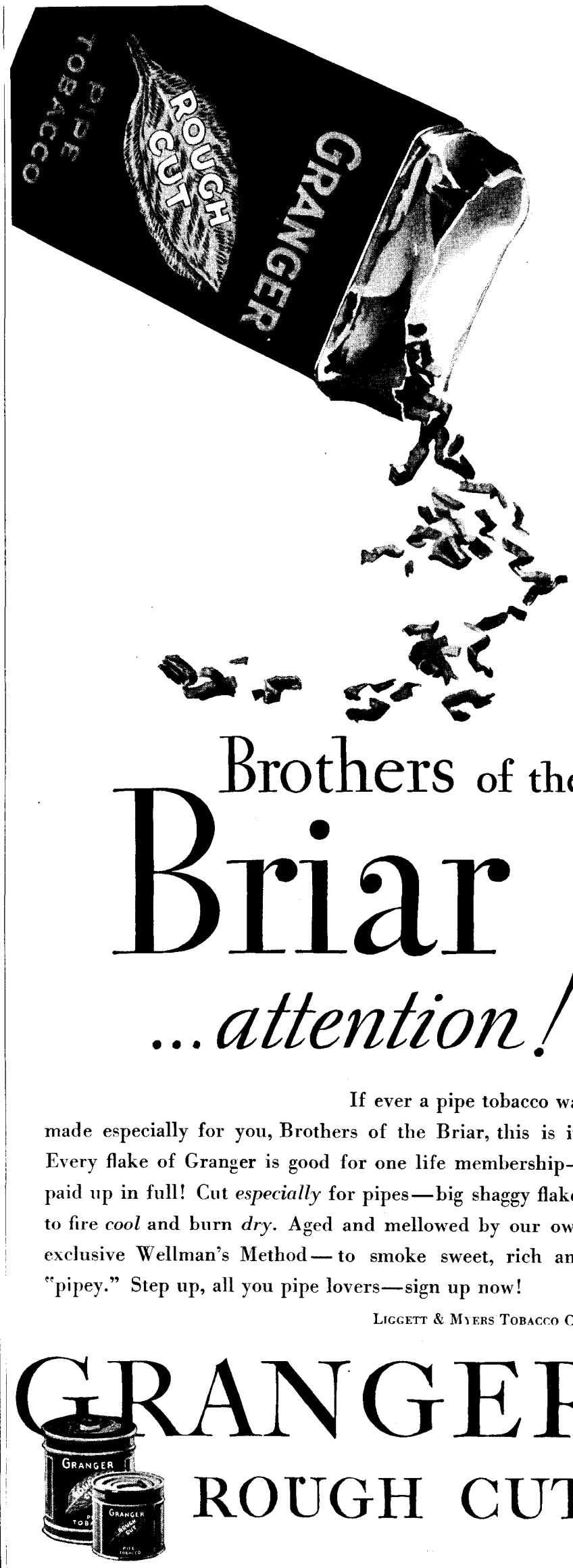
The ball came to Parkinson (2), who plunged for the right side of his line. Walinchus (1) started to the left rear, Parkinson handing him the ball. The latter ran as if on a reverse to the left. Simultaneously Pitt's ends (5 and 8) sped down the field and out toward their respective side lines, drawing the defensive halfbacks with them, while its guards (6 and 7) blocked the charge of the opposing tackles. Baker (3) was off with the others, running into the flat zone to the left, decoying the defensive fullback out of position.

Enter Uansa (4). He rushed downfield, somewhat to the left rear of the course of Baker, who drew Nebraska's safety man over into this territory. Partially screened by Baker, Uansa quickly turned right and ran into the unguarded space behind the Nebraska line.

Walinchus stopped. He whipped a flat pass into the hands of the fleet Uansa, who caught it and broke for the goal, failing to make it by only five yards. But the break had come. Parkinson, pile-driving plunger, ripped through the hitherto invulnerable Cornhuskers' forward wall for the first score. A short while afterward Uansa broke loose on a long run to win the game, 12 to 7. That pass had broken Nebraska's spirit enough for Pitt to win.

The old stock in trade, Pitt's cleverly planned pass, had turned the tide again as in the two preceding games. A handy play in a pinch, I'd say, this pedigreed forward.

Southern California used its passes with telling effect last season and, like Pitt, is depending on them this fall. So in the next issue of Collier's we'll turn the spotlight on Howard Jones' conception of a sound overhead game.



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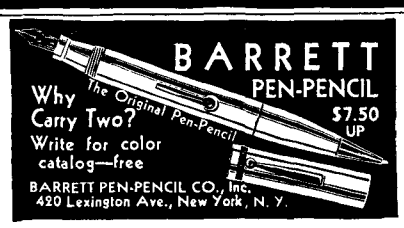

Tuning up the Team

Continued from page 21

halls, never failed to have two bits on the Varsity in every game. When we won he bought five cigars and smoked them amid wreaths of smiles. When we lost he consoled himself and annoyed everybody else with alibis.

Returning from a defeat at the hands of Iowa in 1921, the boys made much of a little curtain lecture I'd delivered to them, the purport of which was that in an evenly-balanced game (score 10-7) the other team's better mental poise had beaten us.

Old Adolphus got the returns downtown and went back home in a huff. The next day, Sunday, instead of going downtown as was his wont, Adolphus stayed at home and when the team returned from Iowa City about two-thirty in the afternoon, there, standing at the head of the steps of Soren Hall, waiting to meet them, was old Adolphus, irate.

"What was the matter with you boys, anyhow?" was his first question, in broad Hungarian dialect. "Who lost this game out to Iowa City?"

And Harry Mehre, center, now coach at the University of Georgia, quite a wag, replied:

"Old mental poise lost the game."

Replied Adolphus, in disgust:

"That guy never could play, anyhow."

Testing A Quarterback

A boy entering Notre Dame from prep school finds himself at once part of an organism complete in itself, a wholly masculine democracy animated by a single spirit. There is, of course, no compulsion to play football, although quite naturally it is insisted, for the sake of health and character, that the boy take part in some branch of athletics. It does not seem to be generally known that in sports other than football—track and basketball and baseball—the school has an enviable record.

If the newcomer decides to come out for football he realizes at the beginning that he must make his mark in the face of much competition. There are five or six men fighting for each place on the Varsity team, and about twice that number contesting for each place on the freshman team or on hall teams.

As typical, take the case of Carideo, All-America quarterback. He's generally regarded as one of the smartest field pilots in the game. When he came to South Bend from Mount Vernon, New York, his high school reputation was good; but in his first appearances with the scrubs there seemed nothing to warrant a prophecy that within three years he'd become the country's outstanding player for his position.

To start, Carideo had—as a mere novice—the three things I regard as essential in a quarterback: a good, resonant voice to call signals with authority; a cool, alert head, and a dominating personality. This is the kind of quarterback who inspires confidence and respect.

Carideo, with other aspirants for the job of field general, is given a thorough drilling by the coaches. He has a few flaws—principally being too conservative in his choice of plays. These are corrected. He may be occupied for an entire afternoon, or for two afternoons, doing nothing but passing the ball back to a carrier until deftness of motion becomes automatic. Finally, he is picked to go in with a scrub freshman team for a practice game against the regulars.

He doesn't know that a test has been devised—as it always is devised—for promising players. The center on his side is a veteran and in my confidence.

Carideo, aspiring quarterback, goes in to run the second scrub eleven. He's told that he's boss on the field—absolute boss, warned that the coach will watch every play and only intervene when he makes a glaring mistake. He doesn't know that it has already been arranged for him to make a few glaring mistakes.

Play begins. Carideo's team receives the kick-off, which is brought back to the fifteen-yard line. The logical thing to do is to punt. Probably Carideo has this in mind. But the Mephistopheles center suggests a running play. Carideo falls for it and calls for the run. Our arch-conspirator, the center, makes a pass from center so bad that it can't be caught—and, of course, it's fumbled. No need to tell Carideo after the scrimmage that he was in the danger zone where, with the conditions as they were, the thing for him to do was to get out of there quickly and safely by punting.

A little bit later one of Carideo's halfbacks is tackled near the side line. Carideo's next play should be to take the ball out of bounds or run it back into the center of the field. But now the veteran Iago, playing center, suggests the punt. Carideo calls for a punt. The center passes the ball over to one side towards the side line, so that the kicker is lucky to catch the ball at all, and facing in the wrong direction (the bad pass having pulled him out of position) the kicked ball can't help but go out of bounds almost immediately. No need for me to tell Carideo that he should never punt when close to the side lines. That phrase would have meant nothing to him, but with the experience of this mistake seared into his soul, rest assured he will never repeat it.

Remember, all the time this is going on I am acting as timekeeper of the game, and so I can lengthen or shorten the periods as I wish. In this particular scrimmage Carideo's team scored early in the first period and then threatened a score near the end of the same period. They reached the five-yard line. Carideo then calls for a play and our ever-ready center turns around and calls: "Check." Carideo repeats the play. The center comes back and argues with Carideo regarding his choice of play, giving his reasons why the play shouldn't be called. They line up again. Carideo calls for another play. Center turns around and says, "No, no, Frank." Then he goes back and whispers to Carideo: "Shoot the play right over me and we'll go all the way for a touchdown." The play doesn't gain an inch—or, at most, about a yard. Again, Carideo calls signals.

A Common Mistake

Again the same heckling delay and advice by the center. In the midst of this I fire the gun announcing the end of the half—Carideo's chance for a score having been lost through indecision and unnecessary delay when seconds were mighty precious. In between halves Carideo asks me: "What would you do under the same situation?" I privately and to one side tell him, because I never criticize my quarterbacks in front of their teammates and the public. You can't do this and build up confidence in the boy himself or confidence of the players in the boy. What will Carideo do the next time a similar situation occurs? He will tell the center to mind his own business, listen to the play, pass the ball and get his number-twelve shoes out of the way so they won't interfere with the ball carrier. He will also keep in touch with time left to play so he can hustle his plays as quickly as necessary.

In the next game, where our center and Carideo are still working on the same organization, we allow Carideo to make just two mistakes purposely. The first time he gets down to the goal line our veteran center will suggest a forward pass on first down. Carideo calls for the forward pass, and if it goes over the goal line for a touchback for the opponents, great! He has made one of the most common errors a quarterback can make and one which he will never repeat.

Trial and Error

The second mistake we purposely make is to have him wait till fourth down to kick when deep in his own territory. Again, the center makes a bad pass, the kicker is unable to get the ball. Results: opponents get the ball next to Carideo's goal line. No need for me to discuss these mistakes with Carideo. They are self-evident. We now have the working basis for quarterback play and the center, who, by his timely misplays and bad suggestions, has helped to educate Carideo, now retires from the scene, with the satisfaction that he hasn't done such a bad job of educating. As a matter of fact, Carideo will visit me in my home some evening and go over with me these mistakes which we purposely had him make. He does most of the talking. I then give him a little theory, which he takes in spoonfuls—homeopathic doses, as it were—so as to make sure that every drop is fully assimilated. I could tell him a vast amount of football just then, but he would only get mental indigestion.

I now give him the four basic principles of quarterback play, which, with the other lessons he's learned, lead him towards the secret byways through the maze of field generalship.

When in doubt, punt!

Know when *not* to forward pass.

Remember what plays are working and what plays are not working—particularly the former.

Look up and see who makes the tackles. It may suggest a play to you.

One or two more practice games and then Carideo is ready to study the strategy map; ready to learn fifty-eight don'ts and sixty-two do's—for a quarterback. He begins to develop his powers of observation so he can recognize a defense when he sees it. He begins to get a sense of values and personnel, both as regards offensive players and defense. He studies when to hustle the play and when to slow it up. He reasons when to gamble and when to play safe. He begins to use plays in logical sequence, one play being used to make the succeeding play good. He learns how to pick out a weak spot and avoid strong parts of the defense. He learns when to use Loose-Hipped Harry, who either gains twenty yards or loses five; when to use One-Yard Elmer, who never gains much but always is good for a yard; when to use plugging Pete, who never gains much, but whose off-tackle drive is generally good for three yards. And, as he develops, all through experience and a kindly word of advice now and then, he begins to map out plans of campaign against certain teams and certain defenses, always trying to outguess them, never wasting any energy and saving up, for the goal line and special scoring, plays he has carried all the time under cover.

That is the development of a quarterback, and we try to train every player

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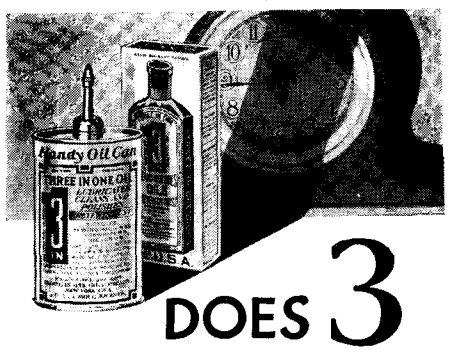

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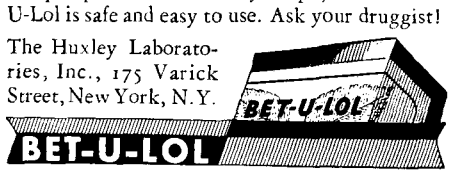


on the team to think along the same lines, so that every player can play smart football defensively.

That, elementally, is the system of trial and error. I don't know of any other that can be successful in the intensive training necessitated by the short football practice season.

If it is asked, as it probably will be, whether or not a keen-eyed coach can pick a player of character at first glance, the answer is that a coach with such keen sight would be more of a marvel than any player. The only man who can pick men by taking a look at them is a night clerk, who's suspicious by nature of men without baggage.

They Must Be Thorough

Savoldi, who's so popular on the Notre Dame team that the Chicago newspapers refer to him as "the people's choice," is a native of Italy. A sturdy, muscular chap, I confess to having had doubts as to his gameness. I confided this to Moynihan and told him to test Savoldi in scrimmage against the scrubs. Moynihan relished the assignment. At the first opportunity he walloped Savoldi—under cover, of course. On the next play Savoldi ripped through at Moynihan again and took another wallop for his pains. A third play and Moynihan once more cracked him. This time Savoldi knew it was no accident.

Turning to his quarterback, Savoldi said:

"Just keep calling for me to carry the ball through Moynihan—he can't stop me."

And the way that terrible Tuscan tore through Moynihan for gains of five to ten yards was an eye-opener for everybody.

After the scrimmage, Moynihan said to me:

"Don't you worry about that boy's courage. He can take it and he likes it. And what he'll do to these other teams this fall is going to be just too bad."

Every player is taught how to protect himself in the system I follow. A raw recruit will receive tiresome drill in self-protection during scrimmage. He will be taught to bob his head to avoid slaps and be kept bobbing it for ten minutes at a time; he will be taken to the tackling machines, and put through a routine for half an hour at a time at an exercise that teaches him the correct torso position for charging and blocking. His footwork will receive particular attention—how to spread and grip the ground for impact both before and after a run, how to apply the charging power of hips and thighs.

All the varied attitudes on offense and defense that a player must assume to save energy and induce speed and strength are reduced to the toil of slow motion. So that the practice field at times gives the appearance of a crowd of eccentric classical dancers taking their time over the rhythm. All movements are executed simply and individually for a relatively long time until they are thoroughly mastered. Then they are combined and performed simultaneously so that at the end of six weeks, by repetition, repetition and still more repetition, movement becomes automatic.

I have often been asked why I start a whole second team and then later, generally at the end of the first quarter, insert eleven new men—the Varsity. In a terrific schedule like Notre Dame's I am continually faced with the problem of saving regulars. The second team acts very much in the capacity of shock absorbers. We know by experience that two football teams generally hit the hardest in the first quarter. With a light backfield, like the Four Horsemen particularly, why not save them from this bruising and unnecessary thumping? The second reason is psychological. The Varsity, sitting on the side lines and watching the second string play, becomes keyed up unconsciously. The third reason is to enable the Varsity quarterback to look over the defense carefully and decide his plan of attack.

This, however, is incidental. The main reason is to save them as much as possible from Saturday to Saturday, for boys will be boys—and often they must be guarded against their own zeal for play.

One particular sophomore, I recall, was much too eager for the fray. He could hardly be blamed. His sweetheart was watching the game. He came to me, time after time, and asked to be allowed to go in for at least one play.

"I'm saving you," I said.

This didn't hold him. Back he came, pleading to get into the game, overlooking the fact that if he had been vitally important he would not have had to apply; also that he was a sophomore with two years of play ahead of him.

"I'm saving you," I said again.

In desperation, as he saw the third-string lads rush in for the final few minutes, he resumed his annoyance. By this time it became evident that this young man needed a quick, clear lesson in deflation. The game ended. Morose, he trudged by my side as we left the field.

"The game's over," he complained. "The season's over. What are you saving me for?"

"The Junior Prom," I said.

A wise-crack—if you call it that—of this type is a necessary adjunct to a coach's oral contacts with his players. Youngster, in their late 'teens and early twenties take more meaning from a pointed quip than from prolonged preachment, and if a coach seeks a sure way to have control of his boys, he'll be quicker if not sharper-tongued than they are.

One of the best nifties uttered at the right moment by a big-league coach assuaged the grief of his own team and smoothed the ruffled feelings of its opponents and prevented a possible rift in relations. Wisconsin was playing Minnesota. The score was 12 to 6. In the last minute of play Wisconsin tried a long pass, which a Minnesota back knocked down; but the field judge ruled that a Minnesota man had interfered illegally with the receiver. Wisconsin was given the decision and the score became a tie. There were growls and murmurs. The captains of the two teams, as per custom, claimed the ball. There was an impassé which Coach Spears of Minnesota good-humoredly solved by remarking:

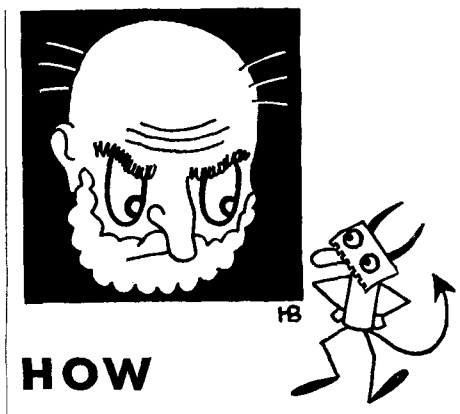
"Give the ball to the field judge. He won the game."

Strategic Humor

Every good coach I know spices his relations with his own personnel, with his opponents and with officials, by using the flavor of humor. The student body is full of it—sometimes too full of it. As when the Carlisle Indians went down to play St. Louis, to be welcomed by the St. Louis rooters with the spectacle of a funeral hearse containing a cigar-store Indian, followed by a cortège of wailing mourners. A boomerang joke, for it infuriated the braves, who beat a superior team by 3-0.

In the thousand and one details of contact with everybody connected with the sport, unless the coach has a saving grace of humor, he is certainly to be counted among the lost. I've known of rivalries between star players that would inevitably have developed into bad blood—jeopardizing the prospects of the team and breaking the morale of the entire squad and student body by pro-

(*Continued on page 60*)



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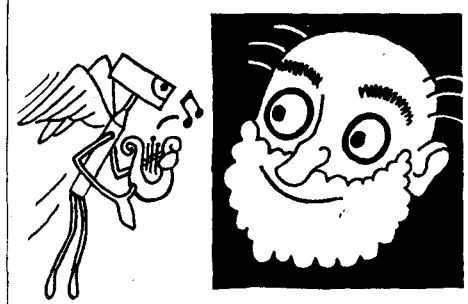

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(*Continued from page 59*)

ducing factions and cliques—unless the coach employed good humor plus firmness in handling the situation.

Two of the finest players that ever wore the blue and gold of Notre Dame provoked a situation where my fairly well-trained patience became exhausted.

They were John Mohardt and Norman Barry. Mohardt was the most industrious of players. He was always first man out to practice and last man in. He tried hard to make the team in 1919, but wasn't quite good enough. In the spring of 1920, it was reported to me that Mohardt would spend hours on the practice field alone, trying to specialize in blocking. He had heard that I was on the lookout for an A-1 blocker for George Gipp. Mohardt became that blocker, and in addition he developed into an accurate forward passer.

Tempering Temperament

But Norman Barry, not so hard-working, was brilliant in his way. Uncertain as to the ability of either boy to sustain his quality through the season, I decided to alternate them as halfbacks. This made them rivals. In a game with Nebraska, Barry played well; Mohardt lagged. Then in a game with Army, Mohardt shone while Barry looked poor. Things reached an impasse when the two boys were glaring at each other during practice the Monday following the Army game. So I called them out and ordered them to return their suits.

Realizing that this was too severe punishment—banishment from the squad—for two boys whose offending arose from their eagerness to shine for their school, I relented. On Friday before the Indiana game they were told they could rejoin the squad. Reports had come to me that the two had been near a fist fight on the campus, so it was up to me, as coach, to stop further trouble. Yet there was a problem—how to balance them in the game for the benefit of the whole team. I started Mohardt and Gipp at the halves. It was a game we expected to win easily. But Indiana gave us a surprise. At the end of the third period the score was 10 to 0 against us, and George Gipp—our best offensive and defensive star—was injured.

The team didn't seem to be going anywhere. The only time any player was off his feet was when he was knocked down. What should I do? Suddenly I took Gipp out of the game.

"Barry," I called, "here's your chance. Go in there and insult them if you have to."

"Yeh," said Barry, tearing off his blanket, "and especially Mohardt."

Barry had no sooner taken position than the quarterback called Mohardt's number for an off-tackle play where Barry was supposed to block the end. Barry blocked him with a vengeance, carrying him almost to the bleachers on his back to let Mohardt through for an eighteen-yard gain.

On the next play it was Barry's turn to carry the ball. He said to Mohardt in the huddle:

"Listen, you, take your end out the same way I did mine when I carry the ball or I'll sock you so hard on the jaw you'll have fallen arches."

The play came. Barry carried the ball—and Mohardt carried the end—out to where the head linesman carries the sticks. Barry gained twenty-five yards. Four more plays between those two and Notre Dame had a touchdown. The game was pulled out of the fire in the last minute by 13-10.

In the dressing-room afterwards I planned to make the boys shake hands. That was unnecessary. All the bile in their systems had been worked off clearing paths for each other to carry the ball. They've been the best of friends ever since.

Cannon, the All-America guard, presented, for a brief time, one of those studies in temperament that a coach must gauge carefully before deciding whether or not he'll josh the player with a humorous sally or prod him with some other psychological weapon. Everybody who saw last year's game between Army and Notre Dame will remember the bareheaded guard who happened to be in every spot where he was most needed to stop the Army ends and backs. By actual count Cannon took out more than twenty-five rushers that afternoon, gamboling like a lamb in pasture on a gridiron that was literally as hard as iron. Yet Cannon was not always a whirlwind at play. Even after he had made the team he seemed halted at times by lethargy. At practice before one of our biggest games the entire first string performed beautifully—with the exception of Cannon. This was on the day before the game. I was going to take him out of practice, but that might have been interpreted merely as a move to save him for the game. Some sharper tactic was necessary. In the middle of the third practice period I called a halt.

"All right, boys," I said. "You might as well go to the showers now before Cannon spoils any more plays."

This had the effect of hitting Cannon with a brick—a psychological brick. He said nothing. I thought he might call at my home, as the boys sometimes do on the eve of a big game, to seek advice or argue with me. He didn't. This proved I had him sized up correctly.

Just before we went on the field for the game I walked up to him where he stood, calmly wondering whether or not he'd play.

"You go in with the first string, Cannon," I said.

His eyes lighted. When the first string was summoned for action, Cannon went in—and what a job he did! The gentlemen of the visiting team said afterwards they were highly honored to have had a presidential salute of at least twenty-one Cannons!

Just as in the classroom, so in managing college athletes, firmness and consideration and the knack of letting the boy know that you know his capacities and failings better than he does win implicit confidence for the coach. Boys are generous in their loyalty when they are convinced of your fairness.

One-Play O'Brien

As a shining example of unselfish effort for the team I always recall the work of a lad whom the newspaper writers dubbed "One-Play" O'Brien. With the score 6-6 in the Loyola game of 1928, O'Brien caught two passes and won the game.

In the Army game of that same year at the Yankee stadium two dogged foes had fought their hearts out, and with just a few minutes to play the score stood 6-6. Notre Dame had the ball on the Army forty-yard line, second down, ten to go. Chevigny had just been removed from the game, exhausted, which meant that our running attack could no longer function. It was time to gamble. I called for O'Brien and said:

"All right, Johnny. Out you go!" Nothing more.

Carideo, the quarterback, saw him and, in spite of what stupid critics may say, it was not necessary for any message from the coach to inspire Carideo to call for the right play.

O'Brien had a specialty in which he excelled—a particularly pet pass play which he and Niemic, the halfback, had worked often in practice. It didn't require any master-minding on the part of Carideo to call for it. On the crack of the whip O'Brien started down the field, veered to the left and then suddenly cut towards the right-hand corner of the field. He received the forward pass, ran for the touchdown, and was promptly withdrawn.

O'Brien was six feet four and had an unusually long reach. This made him an ideal receiver. For the brunt of the game he was unsuited. When he realized this, he took his rôle as a one-play man with splendid spirit—went into each game, took the pass aimed at him and came out. The play in which he figured was always picturesque, unusually sensational: the crowds, for that reason, always expected more of him. But O'Brien contentedly did his job and sacrificed his personal ambition for the good of his team.

That, perhaps, is the best contribution football makes to character building. It teaches the boys the necessity and value of coöperation and self-sacrifice. As boys, they will, of course, be boys. The coach's problem is to train them not to be too boyish in the sense of being too selfish.

The Rules Are Rigid

To make the team and to stay with it they must submit to regulation of their personal habits. In diet all pastry is banned. Fruit replaces it, to supply alkaline balance. The diet for the Notre Dame squad—for all Notre Dame athletes in training—is scientifically prescribed. They eat meat once a day, roast beef preferred. They can only have coffee once, for breakfast. We insist on nine hours' sleep—all lights out at 10 P. M. There is no toleration of smoking or drinking in any form, for they must certainly diminish the efficiency of youth. On Fridays before games and on Sundays after games, the boys are encouraged to eat liberally of figs and dates to supply sugar, which is concentrated energy.

Rarely does a boy break the rules. He knows they are meant for his good. He knows, also, that he is never threatened. Action quickly follows default, where threats mean nothing. I remember a baseball coach who said he'd fire any boy off the team who left the hotel to visit a soda fountain late at night. Result: the whole team marched out in a body and had ice-cream sodas. The coach was helpless—his authority impaired.

The Notre Dame boys see me smoke, and they know my answer to the old taunt: "Don't do as I do, do as I say. It all depends on who you are and what you're planning to do. A doctor advising a diabetic to avoid sugar doesn't need to follow the same advice."

My policy has always been to be firm rather than strict: to act rather than talk. It builds the best morale.

Walking through South Bend one afternoon, I saw a boy—in the old days before prohibition—come out of a saloon. He was one of the best, and the only good hurdler on our track team. On investigation I learned it was his habit to take a drink, usually beer, now and again. He may have done it again—but not as an athlete. When he was suddenly dropped from the squad, everybody rushed in consternation to my office to ask why.

"Ask him," I said.

It was a long time before it was necessary to discipline another boy for breaking training rules.

Another article by Mr. Rockne, Coaching Men, will appear in Collier's for next week

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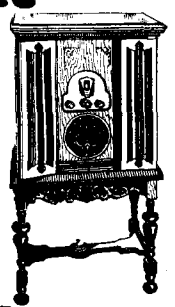

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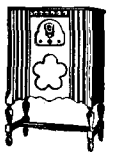

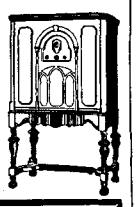

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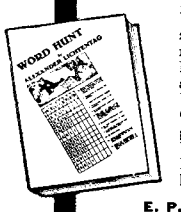

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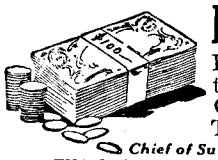

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"Elmer, do you realize I was making a grand slam?"

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

	North	
	S. J-2	
	H. 7-5	
	D. 10-9-3	
	C. A-6-5-4-3-2	
West		East
S. 9-7-6-4		S. Q-10-3
H. Q-9-8-3		H. J-10-6-2
D. A-J-7-2		D. 8-6-5
C. K		C. Q-J-9
	South	
	S. A-K-8-5	
	H. A-K-4	
	D. K-Q-4	
	C. 10-8-7	

WITH the above hand, which was given in last week's Collier's, South's Auction Bridge bid would be one No Trump, followed by three passes.

At Contract Bridge there would be considerable doubt about South's original bid. He has the 19-count, which warrants a bid of two No Trumps even with one unstopped suit, provided that suit is composed of three or more cards or is a doubleton headed by Queen, Jack or better. On the other hand an unstopped suit is always dangerous for a No Trump bidder and therefore, when his hand has the strength to bid two of a suit, that is often wiser, because the partner is going to raise, or bid another declaration, over two of a suit if he has any excuse for doing so.

Therefore, this hand might be bid in two ways in Contract: (1) South two No Trumps, West pass and North three No Trumps (an Ace and an additional count of one is sufficient to bid three No Trumps over two; North has the Ace, and the additional count is furnished either by the long Club suit or the Jack of Spades); or (2) South two Spades, West pass, North three Clubs (lack of normal Spade support and the length and strength of the Clubs necessitate this bid), East pass, South three No Trumps.

West would have a difficult choice of opening leads against a No Trump. It usually is best to open a four-card major rather than a four-card minor; but this does not necessarily apply when the minor is much stronger than the major.

In this hand it happened that the lead from the Queen would have saved game, but the West who played it guessed wrong and led the Diamond Deuce. Dummy of course played the Nine. There was every reason for this play; it might hold the trick, and by keeping South's King-Queen intact the Declarer would stop the suit a second time. If the Nine does not hold the trick because East has the Jack, Declarer, winning with the Queen, will have the King and Ten in sequence; so the suit cannot be run by the adversaries without allowing Declarer another trick. Of course if East wins with the Ace, the King and Queen in South's hand are good as gold.

In this case the Nine won and the Declarer could see a game assured by establishing the Clubs. It necessitated losing two Clubs; but West's lead of the Deuce of Diamonds had shown a four-card suit, so the adversaries could take only two Diamond tricks and that, with two Clubs, would not enable them to save game. If they shift to a major, South is amply prepared to repel it.

Consequently to trick 2 dummy led a small Club, East played the Jack (he did not want South to finesse the Ten with King-Ten if he happened to hold that combination) and West won with the King. West was afraid to lead Diamonds again as South might have a small Diamond protecting his King-Queen, so West switched to Hearts, leading his fourth best. He knew he was "swapping horses while crossing a stream," but seemed to have no alternative. East played the Ten and South won with the Ace (a false card).

South led the Club Ten and, when West discarded, ducked in dummy. This was essential for two reasons: if the Ace of Clubs had been played, it would have been the last Club trick that the Declarer could take—East would have had the Queen to block the suit; but even if East's last Club would fall on the Ace, the duck still would have to be made because South's Eight would block the suit if the Ace would draw all the remaining adverse Clubs.

With the Club Ace held up, East won the trick; but regardless of whether he returned a Heart (his partner's second lead), which would clear the suit, or a Diamond (his partner's initial suit, in which he possibly holds Ace-Queen), Declarer is sure to make game.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

	North	
	S. Q-6-2	
	H. J-10	
	D. K-J-8-4	
	C. A-9-4-2	
West		East
S. 9-5-4-3		S. J-8-7
H. A-9-8-7-3		H. Q-5
D. 10-9		D. Q-7-6-3
C. 7-3		C. K-8-6-5
	South	
	S. A-K-10	
	H. K-6-4-2	
	D. A-5-2	
	C. Q-J-10	

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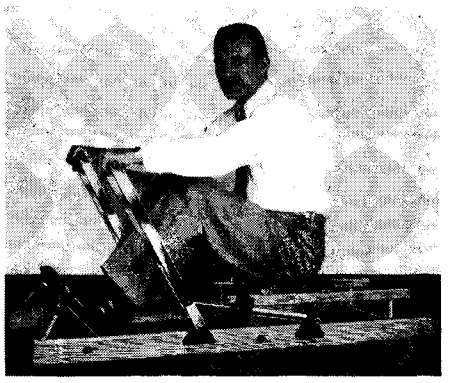

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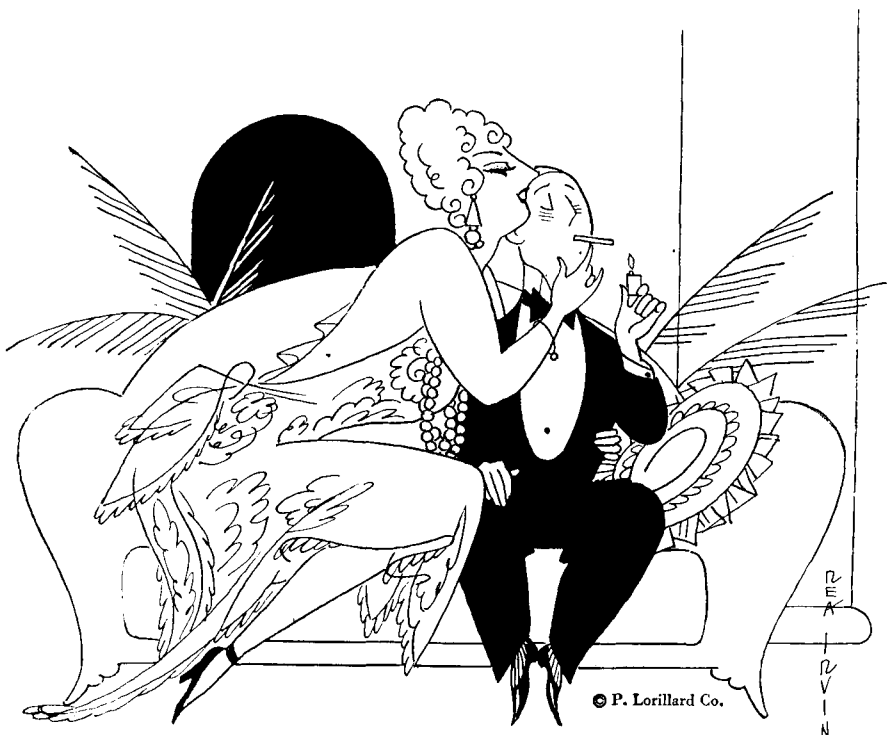

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The Long Grind

Continued from page 10

you'd show me those messages you write before you drop 'em at the airport. I don't want you to go giving the public no wrong ideas about who's who on this flight."

Shultz half turned in his seat. "Say, listen, buddy, hey, go easy on that stuff. Don't let's start that argument again."

"Oh, I'm not arguing. I'm just telling you something. And another thing, I'm getting sick of climbing out to work on that motor every day. Why don't you take your turn at it once in a while?"

"I will," said Shultz. "Why, sure I will, if you're getting cold feet."

"Cold feet?" Kennedy snorted. He opened the door, and worked his way forward along the six-inch cat-walk that led to the nose. The walk, the wing-struts and the cowling were slippery with oil, but crooking his knee over a drift-wire, he leaned precariously against the roaring gale from the propeller and proceeded to adjust the motor.

Shultz watched him through the forward window. "I wonder what's eating that bird?" he said. "He's getting pretty nasty, all right."

THENCEFORTH, save for occasional bickering, they flew in morose silence. They no longer played the radio, Shultz having smashed it when its interminable blare and chatter had driven him almost to madness.

On the thirtieth day, their halfway mark, a great bundle of letters and telegrams came aboard. Kennedy was at the stick, so Shultz went about opening and reading them. Kennedy was watching him narrowly.

"Hey," he said suddenly, snatching a letter from the pile in Shultz's lap. "Gimme that. That's for me."

"O. K.," said Shultz. "You don't have to get tough about it." But as Kennedy thrust the envelope into the pocket of his khaki shirt Shultz suppressed a start. He had glimpsed familiar handwriting and the Salt Lake postmark. He wished that he could have another look at that handwriting.

He thought about it all night. In the morning he set the pad upon his knee and wrote a note. Two days to Salt Lake and two days back—that would make it Thursday at earliest before he'd have an answer. He thought of telegraphing, but remembered that the ground crew and the reporters and everybody would know about it. Well, his family troubles were none of their business.

"What you writing?" asked Kennedy. "Say, let's see that before you drop it. You know the agreement."

"Nothing doing," Shultz answered. "You aren't the only guy in this ship that's got personal affairs."

Thursday brought no answer, nor did Friday or Saturday. On the following Tuesday he broke a seven-hour silence.

"Who do you know in Salt Lake?" he asked.

Kennedy smiled to himself. "Oh, lotsa people," he said. "Why?"

Shultz grunted, and said no more until late afternoon. "Er—" he began, trying to make his voice sound casual. "Know anybody out on Tabernacle Street?"

Kennedy shot him a swift glance, and then deliberately inspected the instrument board. "Oh, maybe," he said insolently. "Supposing I did?"

"Nothing," said Shultz, licking his lips. "I was just asking."

Saturday, the sixty-second day of their flight, was stormy. Refueling contacts were made with difficulty. Plane and motor were in bad shape, and both pilots were verging on collapse.

Along toward dusk, "Think she'll run till 9 P. M.?" asked Shultz. "Feel how she's vibrating."

"I don't give a damn if she falls apart," growled Kennedy. "But if you're getting nervous, why don't you climb out and change the plugs? Or maybe you're even a-scared to do that. . . ."

Shultz did not reply. Instead, he went back to the hatch to handle the final refueling. When the gasoline was piped in, the food can was let down to him. He dragged it into the cabin and unscrewed the top. Lying on the sandwiches was a letter, addressed to Kennedy and postmarked from Salt Lake. With a quick glance at Kennedy's back, he crouched down behind the seat and tore it open. He felt a stinging blow across his eyes.

"Excuse me, you rat," said Kennedy. "That's my letter."

Shultz sat down on a two-inch steel tube which spanned the fuselage, and wept. That is, he tried to weep, but the tears would not come, and the dry sobs which came instead felt like kicks and blows within him. But suddenly a thought flashed through his mind, and with it came an icy calmness which even wiped away his fatigue. "O. K.," he said, in a level voice. "I'll take her for a while. I'll take her for the landing."

"O. K., glory-hog," said Kennedy. "An hour and three minutes more, and the world is yours. And as long as you're afraid to change those plugs, I'm going out there to do it before the motor quits altogether."

Shoving tools into his pockets, he opened the door and stepped out into the gloom. Miles away to the left were the flood lights of the airport, augmented now by ranks of motor-car headlights. The road from town sparkled like a necklace as the sightseeing thousands came out to witness the landing of the record breakers.

"Hold her steady," called Kennedy. "Everything's slippery as hell out here."

Peering forward, Shultz could see his head dimly silhouetted against the sky. Down below them, now, everything was inky black. Suddenly, he jerked the stick and kicked the rudder savagely. The ship snapped into a wing-over. When he straightened it out of its plunge, Kennedy was gone. Well, it had been an accident—let 'em try to prove otherwise!

THROTTLING the engine, he started a long, flat glide back to the airport. He'd have to stretch it, to take up time. Well, he'd spent enough time in this—this kennel! As his eyes flickered over the familiar and hateful surroundings, they focused suddenly upon a square of white upon the floor—the letter!

Holding the stick between his knees, Shultz reached over and retrieved it. "Salt Lake City, Oct. 14," he read. "My dear Son Elmer. . . ."

"Oh, God!" said Shultz.

As his wheels touched the ground, it was exactly nine o'clock.

Motor horns were blowing, and a great cheering crowd was all around him dragging him from the plane.

"It's O. K., Shultzy!" somebody was shouting. "Kennedy was caught on the landing gear. He's passed out, but he's all O. K."

"O. K.," murmured Shultz; and he passed out too.

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Mr. Nolan's World

Continued from page 9

"Sullivan, the man I have on the truck, is leaving in another month," said Martin Nolan. "Going with the chain stores. He'll show you the hang of driving in New York. Then we'll get you a license. You'll learn the business quicker if you go to market than just clerking."

"That's what I'd like," said Tom. "It's a fine business, groceries."

"It is," said Martin Nolan. "The best."

IT MADE things different, having one of his own family in the store and living in the house. John McCue was just poking fun when he said, "You'll have the boy ruined. You're dotty over him." Martin Nolan was sure he wasn't spoiling the boy. He made it a point to answer him short several times a day so he wouldn't get too full of himself.

Joe Vaccarelli's card still lay on the desk in the back room. Martin Nolan would never have used it if Mrs. Brady hadn't come in again to ask if he couldn't find her some sherry and maybe a little good Scotch.

"It's for the judge's sake, Mr. Nolan. I wouldn't ask it for myself, but he was always used to his little nightcap. He's all the time reading and studying his law books—and maybe another important man dropping in to see him. It seems inhospitable not to offer him a sip of something. If the judge was to know I was buying now in spite of the law, he'd have me bag and baggage out of the house, he's that strict. I'd never let on it wasn't all bought before. There's liquor to be had, Mr. Nolan, and I'd rather get it from you, seeing we've been customers so long and I could depend on you for the best."

Standing there, looking at the cameo pin on Mrs. Brady's ample chest, hearing Bessie talking over the phone, smelling the good smell of the store, Mr. Nolan realized that things had come to a crisis. If he should lose Judge Costello's trade, it would be the beginning of his business' slipping away from him.

"I'll see what I can do, Mrs. Brady," he said.

The next morning Joe Vaccarelli's truck made its first delivery at Martin Nolan's store. The stuff came in cases, like mineral water, and was carried down to the vaults in broad daylight.

Herzog was around in an hour, all smiles and jokes, and when he left he had a hundred dollars to sprinkle around where it would do the most good.

It was all quite simple. Martin Nolan wondered a little that he had delayed so long. Four old customers came back within a week. The stuff seemed to be first-class or, anyway, fair. Orders came in over the phone, and the bottles were delivered right with the groceries, wrapped up in paper like vinegar, or in cases—a case of mineral water, a case of ginger ale, a case of Scotch, all at once.

Bessie Shields had to know because she answered the phone, and because she knew she was perhaps a little bit saucier than usual, but that couldn't be helped. Martin Nolan didn't intend to say anything to John McCue, but the old man was like a ferret, darting into secret places, and nosing out what was hidden. It was really the behavior of Sheehy, the patrolman, that gave John the hint.

Martin and John were sitting in the back room when Sheehy strolled in.

"Afternoon, Mr. Nolan," he said. "We're having the police games next week. I brought in some tickets."

"What would I want with—" Martin Nolan began.

"Herzog told me you wanted some," he said. "Six, wasn't it? A buck apiece."

Martin Nolan gave him six dollars.

"Well, so long." Sheehy strolled out.

"SO YOU'VE bought him," said John McCue, "and sold your right to give him hell for his impudence. Oh, it's a fine law, and uplifting in its workings. Who's supplying you?"

"Vaccarelli," said Martin Nolan.

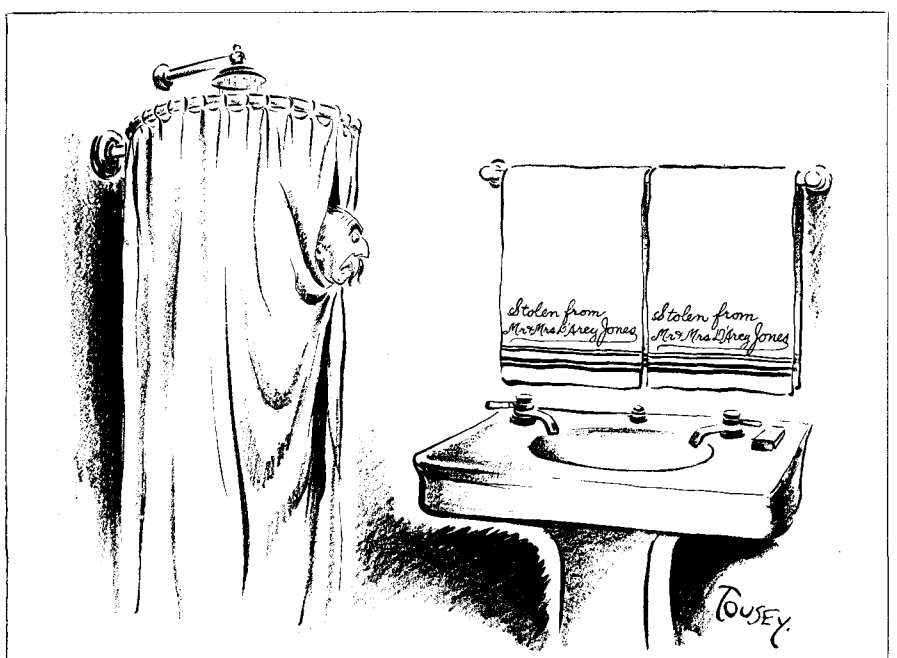
"I hear he's doing big business," said John McCue. "He and his kind will run the city in another year."

"You're crazy," said Martin Nolan.

"I'm not," said John McCue. "We'll be having elections in the fall. There's a lot of bootleggers' money going into it. The aldermen are courting them as if they were sweethearts. It's all tied up. Look at this district. Herzog's in it, up to his neck. He's collecting two ways—from you and from the bootlegger."

Bessie Shields' sauciness, and a new knowing look in Connor's pale eyes, bothered Martin Nolan. It was hard to stomach Sheehy's impudence, hard to

(*Continued on page 64*)



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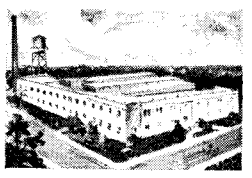

The million-dollar "proving ground" of the Laundry Industry at Joliet, Ill.

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(*Continued from page 63*)

hand out money to Herzog, but all that was nothing compared to the call he had one morning from Vaccarelli's brother.

"I'm John Vaccarelli, Mr. Nolan. Joe's brother."

"Yes," said Nolan.

"You been doing business with Joe."

"And what's that to you?"

"Oh, nothing, Mr. Nolan. Not a thing. Only I thought maybe you like to do a little business with me, too."

"What kind of business?"

"Right in your line, Mr. Nolan. I'm in produce down to the market. Peas and beans."

"Well," said Nolan.

"Very fine, Mr. Nolan. You buy from me, see. Everything the best. You buy from the others, they're all crooks. You get bad stuff. I take care of you. My boys look after your truck. Lots of accidents these days. But you give us your trade, see, everything be all right."

MARTIN NOLAN'S face got red. He was going to explode into words, and he stopped.

"Well," he said, "we'll see."

He had a talk with Herzog later in the day.

"What's the odds, Mr. Nolan? You don't play ball, what does that get you? John Vaccarelli's all right. His vegetables are as good as the next man's, and on account you being Joe's customer, and him knowing it, you got to go a little easy."

"It's blackmail, that's what it is."

"All right, Mr. Nolan, all right. Only you ain't in such a good place to call in the law, see?"

One evening, walking home from the store, Tom said: "Uncle Martin, that Italian in the market, the one you told me to get the peas and beans from—"

"Well," said Martin Nolan, "what's wrong with that?"

"Nothing, only his stuff is high and there's another man farther down a penny a pound lower on the peas, and fresher."

"You'll do as you're told," said Nolan, and didn't speak again all evening. What kind of training was that for the boy? Make a merchant of him! A fine business to bring a boy into, taking orders from crooks like Vaccarelli, paying out, paying out all the time, for "protection," taking everyone's impudence.

Martin Nolan wondered afterwards why he'd never found out about Connor. Right under his nose, and he never suspected. That greenish-white look he had. He'd never liked the man, but he should have known why. The strange-looking people gave him the first hint, and then it was too late.

There was one day when a man came in, and Martin Nolan went to wait on him himself. A shifty-eyed man, dirty, with a funny look to his eyes, the pupils big, like holes in his eyeballs. No one from the neighborhood. He stood by the counter, looking around, half-scared.

"What can I do for you?" said Nolan.

"Oh, that's all right," said the man. "Connor here?"

"He's eating his lunch in the back," said Nolan. "What was it?"

"Oh," said the man, "I'll—I'll take a loaf of bread."

Martin Nolan wrapped it for him and he left, but he was back later, when Connor was out in front, and bought something else. Martin Nolan watched them from the storeroom. A smallish package, all tied up. Connor got it from his coat. It didn't come from stock. The man passed three bills across the counter and went out quickly. Nolan came out into the store.

"What was he after?"

"Oh, him," said Connor in his high, meek voice. "He's a fellow from my rooming-house. He asked me would I buy his wife some medicine on my way to work."

"Why couldn't he buy it himself?"

"I couldn't just think of the name of it," said Connor. "I was to ask the druggist for the same as I had before. The doctor—"

Martin Nolan walked away. Connor was lying, and his fluttering little lying voice made Nolan feel sick. After that day he watched Connor every hour he was in the store.

Two weeks later he found out.

It was a woman this time, a youngish woman, painted brightly, but sick-looking under the paint. She spoke to Connor and he went back to the washroom where the clerks kept their coats. Martin Nolan walked in on him as he pulled the tiny package from his pocket.

Connor wheeled around. "Oh, hello, Mr. Nolan," he said. He was a nasty color, like a fish's belly, from fright.

Martin Nolan held out his hand. "Give me that," he said.

"It's just—"

"Give me that."

"It's—"

Connor's damp fingers were gripped around it like a parrot's claw. One of Martin Nolan's strong square red hands closed over Connor's thin wrist. The other pried the clutching fingers away. He tore the little packet open—white powder, like snow. He ran out into the store, but the woman was through the door, running.

The blood was churning in Martin Nolan's head. It was in his eyes, misting everything. Pounding in his ears. Connor was still in the washroom, hanging onto his coat on the hook. Martin Nolan was going to grab him, shake him, but he couldn't touch him, couldn't go near enough to hurt him. He'd feel soft under your hands. His pale head would roll about if you shook him.

Nolan's own voice surprised him. It was small and tight with his fury. He wanted to roar the words out, but he was too angry.

"Dope in my store!" Then names, filthy names. Names that he'd never called anyone in joke or in anger. "Get out!" he said. "Get out! I've never informed on any man, but you're not a man, you with your fish-belly face. They'll find you. They'll hunt you out. They'll put you away."

"You can't," said Connor. "I'll tell them about the booze. I'll tell them. You can't!" He was screaming. "If I go up, you'll go, too, you dirty bootlegger!"

Martin Nolan pulled the back door open and Connor went out into the alley. He moved quickly, gliding sideways like a spider, watching Nolan, afraid of him.

TOM was standing by Bessie Shields' coop, his blue eyes wide open, staring at his uncle.

"Close the store," said Nolan.

"It's only three," Bessie began.

"Close the store," he said. There was still that mist before his eyes. He still held the broken package of white powder in his hand.

Bessie and Tom pulled down the shades, locked the cash drawer, closed the safe, padlocked the front door. Bessie went into the washroom and got her hat. Tom stood beside his uncle, looking at him, at the broken package in his hand.

"Come, Tom," said Martin Nolan. They walked out together. "We're going to the police station."

The man behind the desk in the station house had his tunic unbuttoned.

"I want to see the sergeant," said Nolan.

"What do you w—"

"Get the sergeant."

The sergeant came out from the back

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room. Nolan handed him the package, spilling some of its white contents on the floor.

"Patrick Connor, who clerked for me, was selling this over my counter," said Nolan. "He rooms around the corner from here. Three doors west of Broadway on the north side."

He and Tom went out. Martin Nolan began to talk, looking ahead of him.

"I've been selling liquor."

"Sure, I knew that," said Tom.

"I paid protection."

"Yes," said Tom.

"It didn't seem wrong to me. It's the law that's wrong. But dope! Connor was selling dope in my store. He felt safe because I was paying protection. I would have killed him only I couldn't make my hands touch him. He says he'll squeal on me about the liquor."

"Yes," said Tom.

"Let him," said Nolan. "If they send me away, you and Bessie run the store till I get back. But run it square. No liquor. No protection."

"No," said Tom.

"I had to buy from Vaccarelli."

"I thought so," said Tom.

"When you go to market tomorrow, buy what's best and cheapest."

"I will," said Tom.

THE store hadn't been open an hour next morning when Herzog came in. It was two minutes later that Herzog went out, with Martin Nolan, crimson in the face, following on his heels all the way to the door. "And stay out," he said, and banged the door shut.

It was getting on toward ten when Martin Nolan began to watch the street for signs of the truck. Tom had never been so late. By twelve o'clock, he knew in his own heart—but he must have had some hope left, because he felt so sick when the call came from the hospital.

He was in a taxi speeding down Columbus Avenue, in and out among the elevated pillars, before he realized that he had on neither hat nor coat.

"He's strong. They didn't kill him. Anyway, they didn't kill him. He'll pull out of it."

It took so long getting there, getting past all the people who asked questions. Getting to the side of the bed.

"Tom!' said Martin Nolan.

"He's unconscious," said the nurse. "He can't hear you."

"Tom!" said Martin Nolan. "Tom! Oh, Heavenly Father! Tom!"

They made him come away. It was hard for him to understand what they were telling him. Another truck had swung around the corner, crowding Tom over into the pillar. The other truck had driven away before anyone saw. He might get better.

"He will," said Martin Nolan. "Why do you say he might? He will."

"Well, we hope so."

He went back to the store. There was nothing he could do. They'd phone him when there was any change. Even if the eyelids fluttered open for a second they were to phone him.

Bessie Shields made him a cup of tea when he got back, and made him drink it. She was a good girl, too saucy, but it was kind of her to make the tea. John McCue came in and sat with Martin. The old man was quiet. It was good to have him sitting there with his pipe in his mouth.

"How is he?" was all that John McCue said.

"He's hurt bad, John," said Martin Nolan.

It was in the early afternoon that the Federal men came with the search warrant.

"The stuff's downstairs," said Martin Nolan. "Take it away."

"You watch," said John McCue. "They'll put what they want themselves in the second truck." But Martin Nolan didn't watch. He didn't care.

"It'll be jail for me," he said.

"Maybe not," said John McCue.

"Yes, it will," said Martin Nolan. "The law is plain. I'm guilty."

"If you get Costello, it'll be all right," said John McCue.

"How will it be all right? He's a fine judge. A real just man."

"Um-hmm," said John McCue. "You were a first-class customer of this Vaccarelli. He's in right with the organization. Costello's a great organization man."

"That means nothing," said Martin Nolan. "Nothing comes before justice with Judge Costello."

"Um-hmm," said John McCue. "But it's many a bottle of good Scotch he's had from you."

"He never knew. Mrs. Brady told him she had it all put by before prohibition."

"Um-hmm," said John McCue.

"If the hospital should call, you'll go down, you and Bessie?"

"I will," said John McCue.

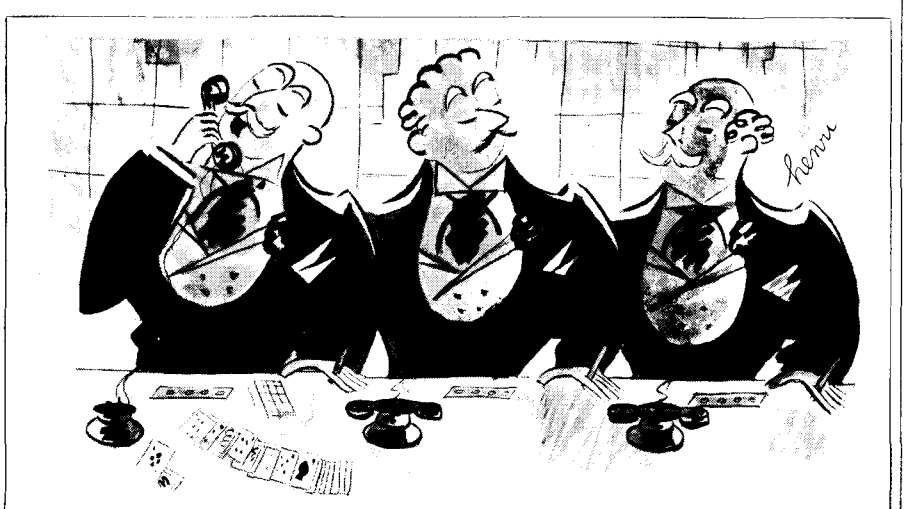
BESSIE SHIELDS and John McCue were in the store when Martin Nolan came back after the hearing. He saw them there, by Bessie's desk, as he closed the door and walked towards them. He walked slowly, because his feet were heavy. He was tired. Tired of living in a crazy world. Tired of the smell of his own shop, that smell of the best of everything, that once was perfume.

"Martin!" said John McCue. "Martin, what's happened to you?"

"It was Judge Costello who heard the case," said Martin Nolan.

"He didn't jail you?" John McCue's reedy old voice went high with fear.

"No," said Martin Nolan. "He didn't jail me. The dirty crook dismissed the charge."



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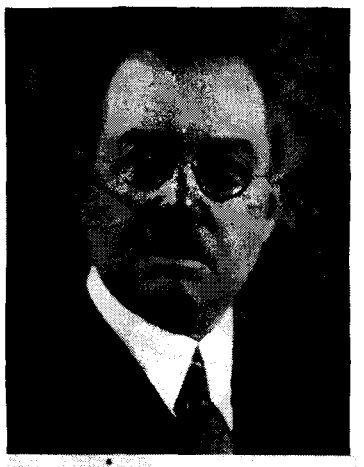

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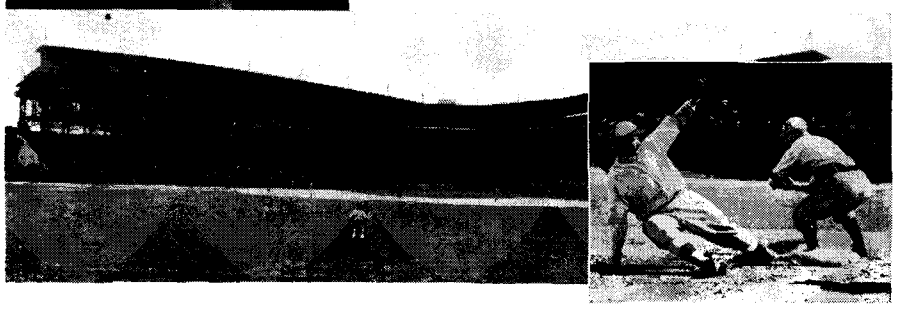

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"On my advice, my son, who recently graduated from Bucknell, has enrolled for the I. C. S. Building Course. I want him to master that end of my growing business first, and I know I. C. S. will help him. There are advantages of college study and there are advantages of home study that I. C. S. initiated. My son, for instance, as a college man has many academic and cultural benefits that are important to any man. On the other hand, there are distinct benefits in undergoing the tough knocks of hard-fisted, flat-footed actual experience. There is inspiration, too, in the thought that, through I. C. S. study, a man can create a college for himself. Any college graduate can extend his ability and equipment by home study and thereby win advancement."

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WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor*

CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor

Vote as You Think

AS OUR votes are counted this week Herbert Hoover may well reflect upon the perversity of the times. After two years in office any President is inevitably the principal issue in the mid-term election. These last two years would have been unhappy ones for any occupant of the White House.

Mr. Coolidge got the breaks. Unprecedented good times made his task relatively easy. Mr. Hoover came along just as the business cycle was about to dip downward, and a President can't do much about that. He might as well try to postpone the next crop of sun spots.

For all that, millions of us will carry into the voting booths a feeling that somehow the party in power is responsible for business conditions and many of us will mark our ballots accordingly.

In an almost perfect world we might behave differently. Still, there is a certain rude justice in our custom.

Two years ago each party solemnly told the country that it possessed the key to prosperity. Bunk, of course, but we can't object if our performances are measured by our promises. Any attempt to identify a party with good times is just nonsense.

During these two years four important issues have occupied Congress and the Administration. Our votes this week ought to express our verdict on these matters.

Three of the questions have been domestic and one international. This last has been settled, satisfactorily it seems, for the time. Everybody is eager to make peace more probable. The London Arms Conference did not bring about a millennium of good will but it did result in a rational contract. The three largest naval powers agreed not to indulge in unrestricted naval competition. Nearly everybody except naval officers approved. Consequently, that issue won't figure heavily in the present election.

The domestic questions are much more controversial. Farm relief, the tariff and prohibition still divide us into factions. Neither Republicans nor Democrats can speak simply and plainly on any one of these issues. What Mr. Hoover has done or failed to do in these matters has been criticized as sharply by Republicans as by Democrats.

A law was passed to aid the farmers and intelligent men were employed to administer the law. Farm prices, however, were not bettered by the law or by the Farm Board.

The trouble with agriculture lies, for the most part, outside of the politics of any one country. We are accustomed to export our surplus crops and export prices are made by world conditions. The man who fixes the price of wheat has got to control Canada, the Argentine, India, Russia and Australia, as well as the Central States. We haven't got to that stage yet.

This leaves just two really important issues by which the success or failure of Mr. Hoover's administration can reasonably be measured. These are the tariff and prohibition.

The tariff has not many friends, even among those who advocated certain of the duties. It certainly did not express Mr. Hoover's recommendations. He asked for a limited revision in the interest of farmers. He got and accepted a general revision, which is harshly criticized by farmers as well as by most of those concerned about our export business.

Many believe that the tariff is in effect an embargo upon important imports. If this proves to be true, as general business becomes normal, then unquestionably the tariff will again be revised, either by Congress or by the new tariff commission. Certainly our export trade is too large and too important to our prosperity to be abandoned.

Congress was allowed by Mr. Hoover to drift into writing a tariff law which powerful business groups believe to be economically unsound. The tariff will divide our votes.

Drift, also, is the word to describe the national prohibition policy.

The President has not said much about prohibition as a policy, however, since the campaign days when he called it an experiment noble in purpose. The Wickersham commission has been mute, not to say dumb, for almost two years. Members of the Cabinet have nimbly avoided the subject and Mr. Hoover was as cordial to Dwight W. Morrow as to any of the successful dry candidates. Meanwhile, the illicit trade in liquor continues despite every appeal in behalf of the Constitution.

Our votes this week may clarify what is now very confused. Voting is important but it is far more important to vote without prejudice and with unmistakable purpose. More than in many years past we have the opportunity to choose between policies rather than men.

1. James Rolph, Jr.	5. Dwight W. Morrow	9. J. Thomas Heflin
2. Gifford Pinchot	6. Huey P. Long	10. Charles H. Tuttle
3. Albert J. Galen	7. J. Hamilton Lewis	11. Thomas J. Walsh
4. Franklin D. Roosevelt	8. Ruth Hanna McCormick	12. James J. Davis

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